THE LITERARY DIGEST

PUBLIC OPINION (New York) combined with THE LITERARY DIGEST

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TOPICS - OF - THE - DAY

AUSTRIA CALLED TO ACCOUNT FOR "WANTON SLAUGHTER"

AUSTRIA has in her time written sharp-edged diplomatic notes—"witness the formidable demand she made on Servia in 1914"—but, adds the New York *Evening Post*, "it is doubtful if she ever received one more curt or cutting" than the American note of December 6 on the *Ancona* affair. In unofficial circles in Vienna it has even been referred to as "a note couched in terms of open insult." This communication, as so many of our editors point out, substituted a "demand" for a "request." The Philadelphia *Public Ledger* called it "in effect an ultimatum." Secretary Lansing, so it also seemed to the Cincinnati *Commercial Tribune*, "couched his communication in such frankly truculent language that it assumes the form of an offensive ultimatum." And this journal did not see how the Austrian Government could do otherwise than refuse to meet our demands, thus precipitating a diplomatic break. But most American newspaper-writers welcomed the peremptory tone of the document as fully justified by the circumstances. Some, deeming evasion or procrastination impossible, expected a prompt settlement through Austrian compliance. Such hopes were, however, dashed by the first cabled quotations from Austria's reply, which the New York *Journal of Commerce* denounced as "a pettifogging evasion of a perfectly plain issue," and which seemed to the New York *Evening Post* to be "drawn up for the purpose of starting a series of sparrings on points of form and technicality." The Vienna reply, as the New York *Globe* sees it, "makes further discussion useless and impossible," and in the Pittsburg *Dispatch's* opinion, it forecasts an early severance of diplomatic relations, tho the St. Louis *Times* thinks our Government might well make some of the explanations for which Austria asks.

From the beginning, a certain mystery has enshrouded the *Ancona* negotiations. The ship was torpedoed and sunk in the Mediterranean on November 7, with a loss of 205 lives, including those of eleven American citizens. It was long impossible to get a detailed official account of the tragedy, and the United States Government started an investigation of its own. Doubtless as a result of this inquiry, the State Department sent a note to Austria on December 6, which was withheld from the press for a week. Mr. Lansing's brief recital of the facts of the sinking as obtained from survivors may be considered the official account of the event from the view-point of the United States. He says that "a submarine flying the Austro-Hungarian flag fired a solid shot" toward the *Ancona;* that thereupon the liner "attempted to escape, but being overhauled by the submarine she stopt; that after a brief period and before the crew and passengers were all able to take to the boats the submarine fired a number of shells at the vessel and finally torpedoed and sank her while there were yet many persons on board; and that by gun-fire and foundering of the vessel a large number of persons lost their lives or were seriously injured, among whom were citizens of the United States." A public statement issued by the Austrian Admiralty is held to confirm the essential points in this narrative. The Austro-Hungarian Government is reminded that it has been advised through the negotiations with Berlin of the attitude of the United States toward "the use of submarines in attacking vessels of commerce." The submarine commander's act is characterized as "wanton slaughter," but the United States prefers to believe that he acted without authority. The note proceeds:

> "As the good relations of the two countries must rest upon a common regard for law and humanity, the Government of the United States can not be expected to do otherwise than to demand that the Imperial and Royal Government denounce the sinking of the *Ancona* as an illegal and indefensible act; that the officer who perpetrated the deed be punished, and that reparation by the payment of an indemnity be made for the citizens of the United States who were killed or injured by the attack on the vessel.
>
> "The Government of the United States expects that the Austro-Hungarian Government, appreciating the gravity of the case, will accede to its demand promptly, and it rests this expectation on the belief that the Austro-Hungarian Government will not sanction or defend an act which is condemned by the world as inhumane and barbarous, which is abhorrent to all civilized nations, and which has caused the death of innocent American citizens."

But from the "sharpness" and "firmness" of this note, says the Austrian reply of December 14, as cabled to the press, the American Government might be expected to "clearly give the actual circumstances." Yet it "allows numerous doubts and gives not at all sufficient reasons for blaming the captain of the submarine"; it does not "indicate the persons to whose statements it refers and to whom it apparently believes it must attribute a higher degree of trustworthiness than to a commander

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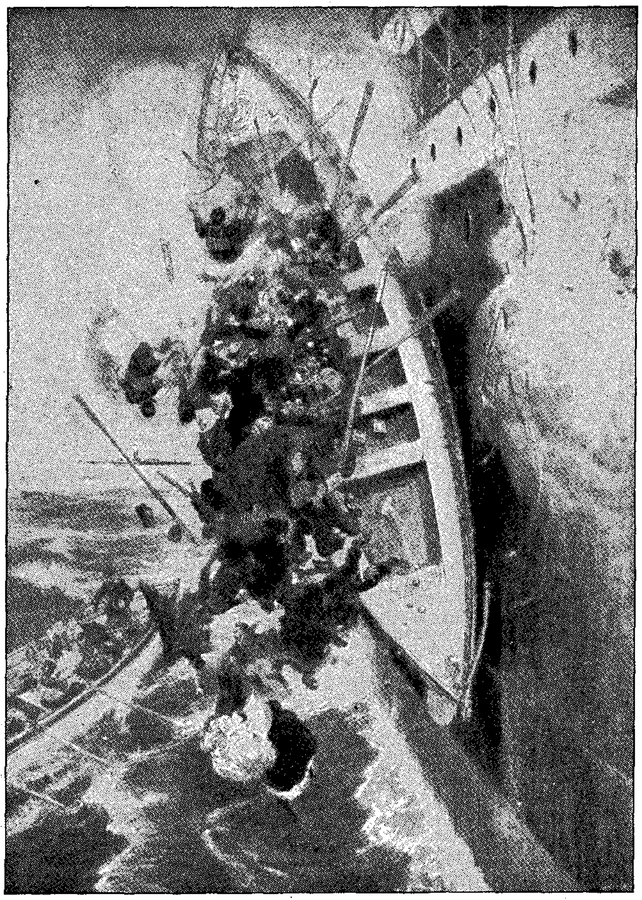
of the Imperial Royal Navy"; nor does it mention "the number, names, and the details concerning the fate of the American citizens who in the critical moment were aboard" the *Ancona.* But since "subjects of the United States came to grief," to the great regret of the Austrian Government, that Government "is prepared to enter into an exchange of opinion." But it knows nothing of any correspondence which the United States had "with another Government about another affair," and "must leave it to the Washington Cabinet to draw up the individual legal maxims which the commander of the submarine is alleged to have violated when sinking the *Ancona.*"



From the "Illustrated London News."

AN INCIDENT OF THE ATTACK ON THE *ANCONA.*

Drawn by Percy F. S. Spence from the reports of eye-witnesses. In the panic many of the *Ancona's* boats, overloaded with frenzied passengers, were capsized in the attempt to launch them.

This note may be a "delicious" and "refreshing treat" to German journalists, as they confess, but among us it is generally looked upon as a play for delay, and one which will fail. Early editorials commenting on it contained such phrases as "pure evasion," "side-stepping," "sparring for time," "Austrian quibbling," "hair-splitting," "sarcastic in the last degree." The United States, observes the St. Louis *Post Dispatch,* "is weary of delay." If our Government is "beguiled" by this note, says the Boston *Transcript,* "it will fail of its duty"; and the Philadelphia *Inquirer* sees "signs that it does not intend to be thrust aside." The New York *Journal of Commerce,* quite out of patience, calls the request for "individual legal maxims" a "thinly veiled insult." It recalls that "these maxims were stated as long ago as May 13, in a communication from the Secretary of State in Washington to the American Ambassador at Berlin—a communication also transmitted for the information of the Government at Vienna." It points out how our Government's position with regard to the use of submarines against merchantmen was fully explained in the correspondence with Germany, and the Austrian Government "had copies of this correspondence as it took place." In its "cynical reply," concludes the New York paper,

> "the Government at Vienna proposes to continue to sanction attacks by its submarines on merchant vessels when opportunity offers and without any regard to the generally accepted principles of international law and humanity. Thus it refuses to regard the question of sacrificing the lives of non-combatants and neutrals as having any relevancy to the discussion. With a Government which thus places itself outside of the pale of civilized intercourse by refusing to recognize anything criminal in the 'wanton slaughter of defenseless non-combatants,' the United States can not continue to have diplomatic relations and must take into its own hands the finding of some means of redress for the outrage perpetrated upon its citizens."

A less common attitude is that of the St. Louis *Times,* which says:

> "There is all the reason in the world why the American Government should be firm. But there is no reason why the Administration should not set forth in detail the exact legal maxims and principles which have been violated. If Austria wants to be taught something in the way of legal interpretation let's go into the matter thoroughly. Austria admits that she is willing to learn. That's a concession."

Praise of our note is as nearly unanimous as the condemnation of Austria's. This note, "the most direct, uncompromising, and severe that has emanated from our State Department in this Administration," as the Philadelphia *Press* characterizes it, is declared by the New York *Globe* to be "satisfying to the American conscience and intelligence." To the Brooklyn *Times* it "is a revelation in statesmanship for which the country is thankful." Similar expressions of satisfaction have appeared in the editorial columns of representative journals in Boston, Providence, New York, Rochester, Syracuse, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Pittsburg, Washington, Richmond, Raleigh, Louisville, Indianapolis, and Chicago.

From Austria's attitude in this affair, the New York *World* thinks it "reasonable to assume that Austria no longer desires to maintain diplomatic relations with the United States." But several editors can see no reason why the Central Powers should prefer our enmity to our friendship, and it is pointed out that they would suffer seriously by breaking off relations with the United States. In "representing" the Central Powers in the countries with which they are at war, United States diplomats are really engaged in a stupendous task of friendship, says the Washington correspondent of the New York *Tribune.* For instance, "hundreds of American diplomatic and consular officers in Europe devote their time exclusively to inspecting prison-camps, distributing relief to prisoners, investigating complaints of ill treatment, making inquiries concerning 'missing' soldiers, and arranging exchanges of captured officers."

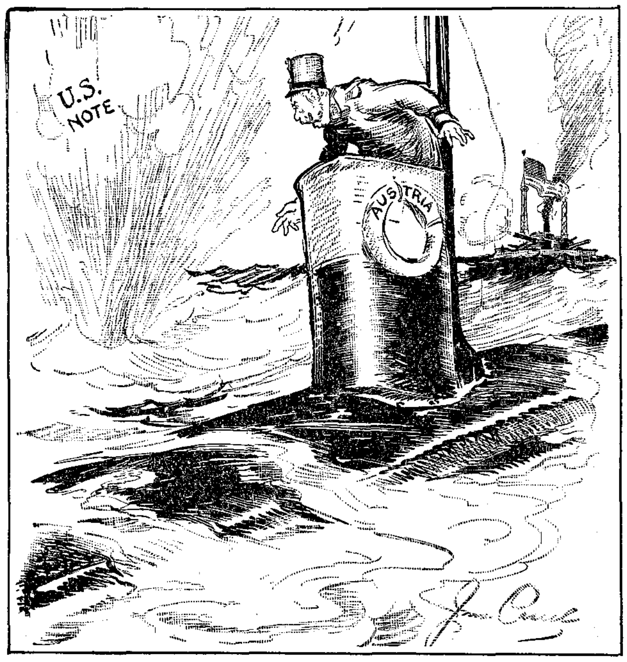
On the other hand, "observers who have been guided by facts rather than by optimistic theories," according to the Richmond *Times-Dispatch,* hold "that relations between the United States and the Teutonic allies are strained well-nigh to the breaking-point." The real danger, explains the careful and conservative Springfield *Republican,* "is cumulative; the existing friction between the two countries is a growth whose origin antedates the torpedoing of the Italian liner. The crisis, perhaps, is as grave on that account as any that has arisen during the war." But the Cincinnati *Commercial Tribune* (Rep.) finds the *Ancona* disaster and Secretary Lansing's "offensive ultimatum" directly responsible for the crisis. It says:

> "There can be little doubt that Franz Josef's Government will refuse to denounce the action of the submarine commander, who undoubtedly was given wide latitude in his orders to destroy the shipping of enemy nations. Thus it may readily be seen that this country is nearer a break with the Teutonic Alliance than at any time since the outbreak of the war, provided, always, this is not another of those flashes in the pan which have characterized Wilson's foreign policy from Vera Cruz to the Mediterranean."

While the Philadelphia *Inquirer* and *Public Ledger* have only praise for the note sent to Austria by Mr. Lansing, these two Republican dailies declare that a note of this sort should have been sent to Germany after the sinking of the *Lusitania*. Then, says *The Inquirer*, "there would have been no *Arabic* case and probably no *Ancona* case." Another Republican journal, the New York *Press*, explains rather picturesquely its lack of enthusiasm over the possible results of the communication to Vienna:

> "The American people, sick beyond endurance of talk that can never impress those who are guilty of the submarine piracies when nothing is ever done, can not but think how, when after more than a year we have reached the stage where the submarine atrocities are only transferred from the German to the Austrian name, the end of the next year may merely see the same things done under the flag of the unspeakable Turk. Then, after another era of State Department notes, we may expect to see the Bulgarian colors run up over the undersea pirates for yet more of the old horrors. Then, while we are still sending notes to Germany, to Austria, to Turkey, and to Bulgaria in protest against the butchery of unarmed American citizens along with other defenseless humanity, the Central Powers can avail themselves of the flag of the Cannibal Islands to go on murdering neutrals, Americans, or anybody, while the State Department under the administration of Woodrow Wilson—if it holds out, in control of the United States Government as long as the Teutonic league holds out in its submarine program—talks!"

In the London and Paris press, recognition and praise of the firm tone of our *Ancona* note were mixed with doubt whether it would not after all end in smoke. German newspapers praise the Austrian reply and contrast it favorably with the "arrogant" tone of the Lansing note. The Berlin *Kreuzzeitung* thinks the United States should hold the captain of the *Ancona* responsible for the loss of life. The *Rheinisch-Westphälische Zeitung*, of Essen, another daily considered representative of the military party, finds two flaws in the note to Austria: first, that arrangements with one belligerent—Germany—have no validity for Austria; secondly, that the firing on the *Ancona* was the only way to prevent an actually attempted flight, and was therefore justified. Austrian opinion in advance of the Government's reply to our note had its most emphatic expression in a statement from the Admiralty, which said that from the submarine captain's report—



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THE WARNING SHOT!

—Cassel in the New York *Evening World*.

> "His ship was in danger; indeed, in double danger; first from the fact that an enemy boat was approaching on a line that threatened to cut off his retreat, and the enemy ship and the *Ancona* could have established his radius of action and could have set a torpedo-boat flotilla on him; and, secondly, there was danger of the *Ancona* escaping, which, according to his instructions, was to be prevented in all circumstances.
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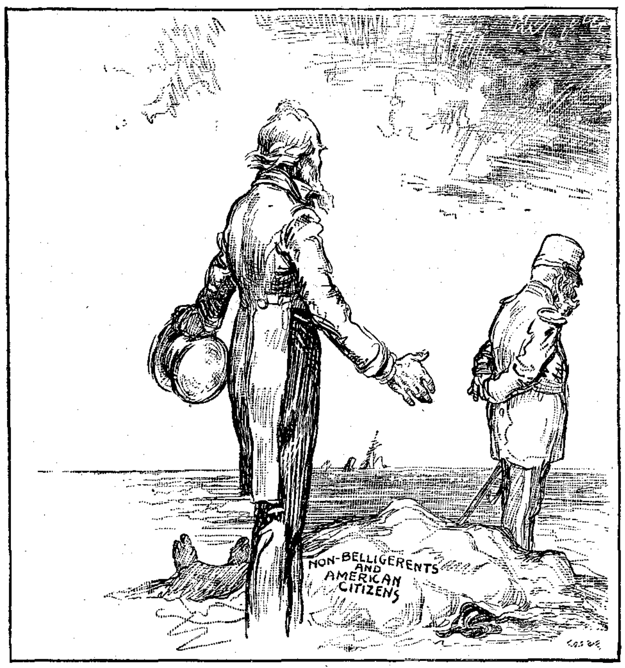
> "Hence the conduct of the commander, much as the loss of innocent lives must be regretted and deplored, can not be disapproved."



DO YOU APPROVE OF THIS?

—Cesare in the New York *Sun*.

A leading citizen of Vienna has been quoted in an Associated Press dispatch as saying:

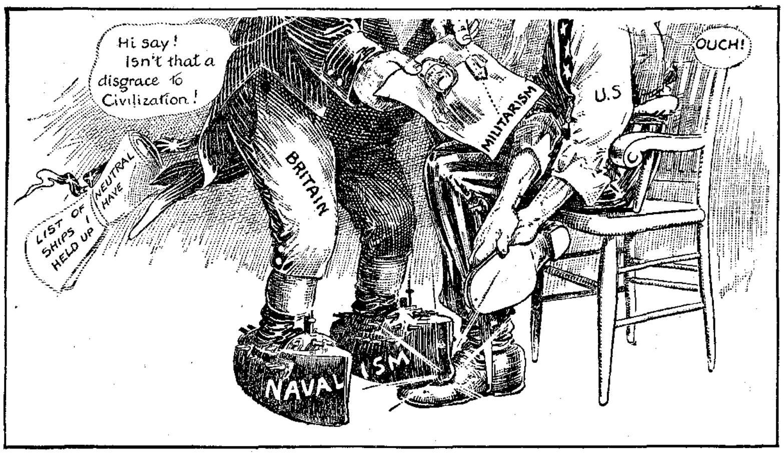
> "Now we have received a note couched in terms never before addrest by one nation to another, a note couched in terms of open insult. America considers us bound by a former warning delivered to Germany regarding submarine warfare. That note was not communicated to us, and can not be considered binding on us. Austria-Hungary is not an appendix of Germany, but a sovereign State."

In this country, the German-American press naturally lean somewhat toward the Austrian view. "There was nothing in the *Ancona* case," declares the *New-Yorker Staats-Zeitung*, "to require any such belligerent communication as that sent to Vienna." And the Cincinnati *Volksblatt* firmly declares that the "counter demands of Austria are so conformable to justice, to common sense, and to the practise of civilized countries that the President can not reject them without incurring the reproach that he carries chips on his shoulders." Several German dailies point out the contrast between the President's dealings with the Central Powers and with the Entente. The "overbearing attitude" displayed in the *Ancona* note, remarks the Cleveland *Wächter und Anzeiger*, "ill becomes a Government which takes submissively every kick by the British boot."

But whatever may be done about the *Ancona*, "there still remains the great *Lusitania* crime," says the New York *Globe*, speaking for a number of its contemporaries. Yet the New York *Herald's* Washington correspondent offers a word of explanation and prediction on this subject:

> "Obviously, satisfaction from Austria in the *Ancona* case, with an issue with Germany over the *Lusitania* unsettled, can not be the ultimate objective of the United States. For that would be straining at the gnat and swallowing the camel. . . . .
>
> "Even now these steps in the issue with Austria are being studied with a consideration of what is to come in the struggle for a settlement of the *Lusitania* issue. . . . . .
>
> "The *Ancona* note might accurately be described as the second gun to be fired in the advance toward victory in the *Lusitania* issue. The first gun was the demand for the recall of Captains Boy-Ed and von Papen. The third gun probably has already been loaded and is awaiting the command to fire."

GREAT BRITAIN'S "HALF-CONCESSION"


Hi say! Isn't that a disgrace to Civilization!
OUCH!
U.S
MILITARISM
BRITAIN
LIST OF NEUTRAL SHIPS I HAVE HELD UP
NAVAL
ISM

THERE ARE OTHERS.
—Bradley in the Chicago *Daily News*.

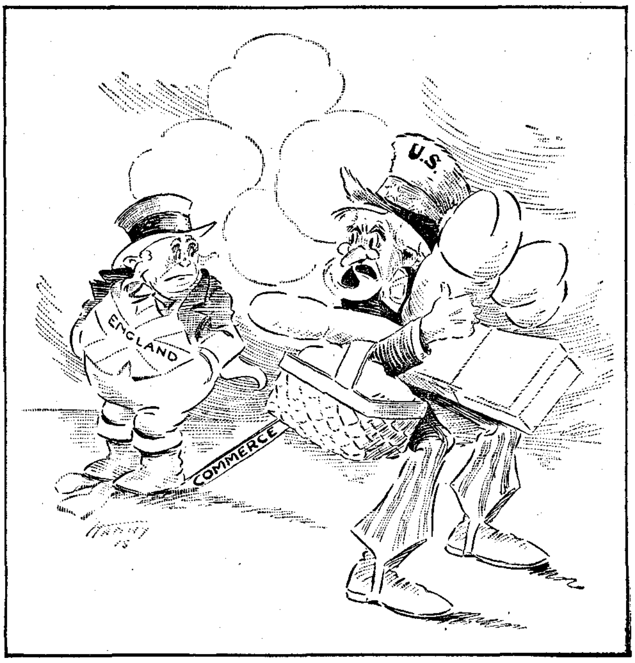
THE CRIES OF PROTEST against "British piracy" raised in some quarters on account of the seizure of certain vessels of the American Transatlantic Company as being of hostile ownership became more numerous and angry when it was learned that three of the captured craft had been commandeered for England's merchant marine without trial before a prize-court. Yet when, in answer to the State Department's complaint, Great Britain cancels the requisition of the *Hocking* and the *Genesee*, promising a prompt hearing before a prize-court in London, and releases the *Kankakee* under bond, some dailies—for instance, the Milwaukee *Journal* (Ind.) —credit the Administration with "a great diplomatic victory." But *The Free Press* (Ind. Rep.) of the same city says that John Bull is not a whit more imprest by the Administration than he ever was; he is merely aware of the fact that a new Congress has just convened. This is why he retreats from a course altogether unsupportable, *The Free Press* adds, a course which would "place an irresistible club in the hands of the embargo Congressmen." At the same time we are reminded that Great Britain still holds the ships, that a British court will try the case, and that "by going through the form of a legal procedure and at the cost of a little delay she can gain her end and impress the ships just the same." Pending the outcome of the trial, we learn from Washington dispatches, the British Government assures the United States that it will seize no more vessels of the American Transatlantic Steamship Company. The difficulties of this concern, charged by the British authorities as being largely owned by German capital, began with the taking of the *Hocking*, which was recorded in THE LITERARY DIGEST for November 13. The officers of the company, the press inform us, have submitted affidavits to the State Department that every share of its stock is owned by American citizens. The trials of the *Hocking* and the *Genesee* are to be held as test cases. These ships were transferred, after the war began, from the Danish to the American flag. If the prize-court decides adversely to the owners, Great Britain will feel free to continue to seize vessels of the company, otherwise they will be immune. Great Britain's "half-concession" to the United States falls far short of friendliness and justice, in the opinion of the New York *World* (Dem.), which adds:

> "Nothing in the law of nations justifies the British seizures of ships purchased by Americans from neutrals, as in this case. Even if it were conceded that Germans had an interest in them, the case at law would be the same. We have admitted these vessels to American registry; they never were owned or operated by a belligerent; their transfer from one neutral to another could not possibly have been for the purpose of escaping any of the hazards of war.
>
> "If we are ever to have a merchant marine, Great Britain must not only keep its hands off in part, but altogether."

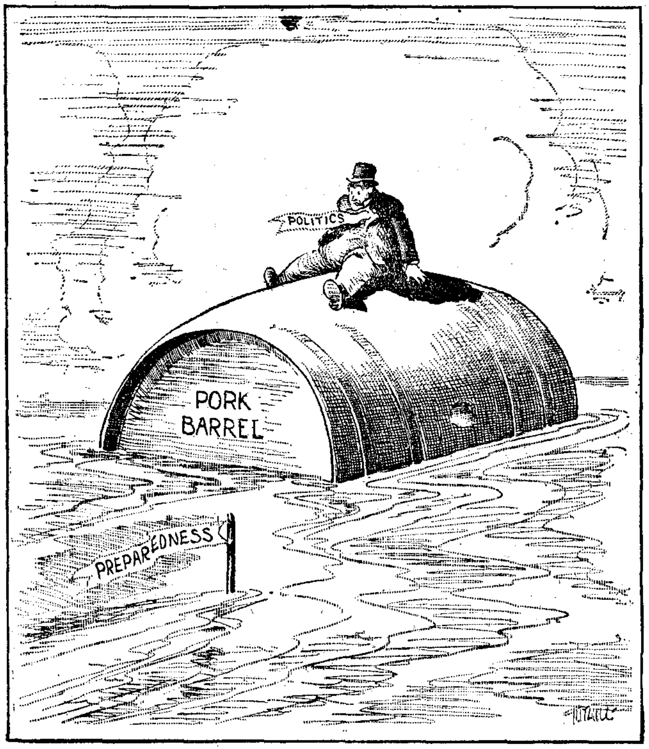
Even if the vessels had been wholly German-owned and had flown the German instead of the Danish flag, the Philadelphia *Record* (Ind. Dem.) points out, *bona-fide* American purchasers would have had the right to raise the flag of the United States over them and claim its protection. Nor can the controversy be deemed closed, this journal goes on to say, "until the law of nations on the subject shall be recognized without reservation by the British Government." The Kansas City *Journal* (Rep.) notes with reassurance in this connection that a committee of Republican Senators is already at work on the matter of the validity of American ship-registry and "will weigh the charges that the Administration in dealing with Great Britain is actuated either by prejudice in favor of the Allies or by fear of British sea-power. And it is hinted that when the report of this committee is given to the public it will 'disillusionize the nation.'"

It would be a mistake for either England or the United States to assume that either of them alone can make international law governing these disputed questions, says the New York *Times*, which points out that the matter is in the courts, "the very best place for it," because "it is a lawsuit in essence, not a diplomatic question, like the protection of life or national honor." But the Philadelphia *Public Ledger* (Ind.) observes:

> "What the British Government might well ask is whether the irritation these seizures are bound to excite in the United States may not prove more dangerous than any injury the ships might have done. That view of the case seems to have occurred both to Lord Lansdowne and to Lord Bryce. Their speeches in the House of Lords are in effect warnings against the transgression of neutral rights.
>
> "Lord Lansdowne, who is a member of the Government, emphasized the duty of arbitrating any case that could not be decided satisfactorily by the law courts. Probably no responsible statesman, in either Great Britain or the United States, would think of urging any other course. But it does not follow that the disregard of neutral rights is justified simply because a remedy short of war is available. Lord Lansdowne pointed out the danger of such a course and argued that every effort should be made to spare neutrals from needless inconveniences or hardships. Lord Bryce, after reminding his hearers that the shattered fabric of international law would have to be rebuilt, justly observed that it would be most unfortunate were Great Britain 'to make her own will and her own necessities the judge of her actions.' That is the real peril in the present situation."

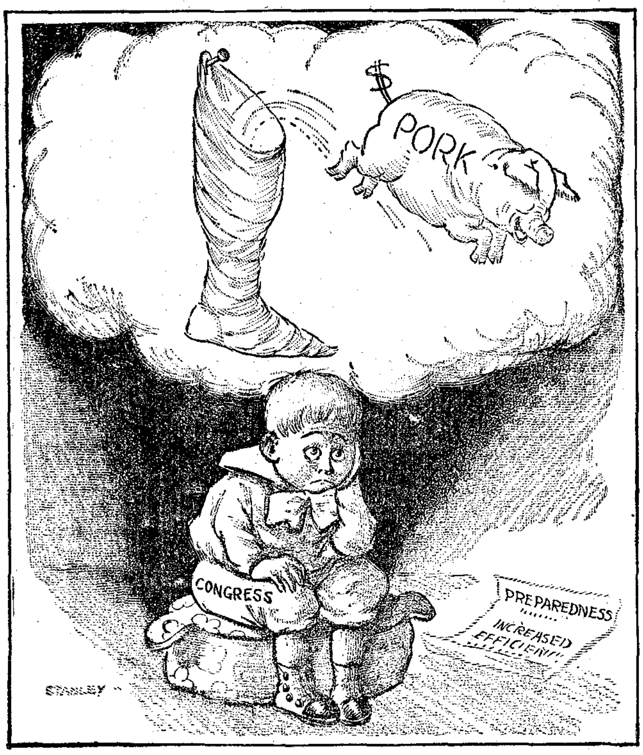


"GET OFF MY COAT-TAILS AND STAY OFF."
—Hanny in the St. Joseph (Mo.) *News-Press*.



THE LAST VOYAGE.

—Tuthill in the St. Louis *Star.*



VISIONS OF AN EMPTY STOCKING.

—Stanley in the South Bend (Ind.) *Tribune.*

CONGRESS SEES ANOTHER MEAT-FAMINE COMING.

FRANCE SEARCHING OUR SHIPS

IN ITS EFFORTS to defend American rights on the high seas this Government is now involved in diplomatic disputes not only with Germany, Austria, and England, but with France as well. When last week the French cruiser *Descartes* stopt three American ships, the *Coamo*, *Carolina*, and *San Juan*, plying between New York and Porto Rico, and seized four Austrians and four Germans who were on board, our press unanimously denounced the act as an indefensible violation of international law, and our State Department promptly dispatched a protest to the French Government. While there seems to be a wide-spread editorial expectation that France will accept our view of this incident and accede to our demand that these eight prisoners be released, there is nevertheless much irritation over this new challenging of a point of international law which, as the Philadelphia *Record* remarks, "we had supposed was settled by the *Trent* case"—that famous and almost parallel international incident of Civil-War days when an American cruiser stopt the British ship *Trent* and took from among her passengers the Confederate commissioners Mason and Slidell. This seizure, denounced in England as "wanton piracy," caused a furor which brought the two nations to the verge of war, but trouble was averted by President Lincoln's recognition of the justice of England's protest and by the release of the two prisoners. Altho France was not involved in this affair of 1861, *The Record* recalls the fact that "she deemed it worth while to put on record her belief that the British claim was perfectly just." "Are England and France," asks this Philadelphia paper, "now prepared to say in so many words that they are going to do what they denied our right to do?"

We are also reminded that these seizures near Porto Rico make the second incident of the kind between this country and France during the present war. In November, 1914, the French cruiser *Condé* stopt the American steamer *Windber* about 250 miles south of Kingston, Jamaica, and seized her steward, August Piepenbrink, a German who had filed his declaration of intention to become an American citizen. Diplomatic protests from Washington brought about his release "out of courtesy to the United States," the French Government at the same time declining to concede the principle for which our State Department contended—namely, that "there is no justification in international law for the removal of an enemy subject from a neutral vessel on the high seas bound to a neutral port, even if he could properly be regarded as a military person."

"It is hard to see how the French Government can possibly justify the action of the cruiser *Descartes*," remarks the Indianapolis *News*, "for even if the specific acts complained of prove to have been within the law, the instructions under which the commander of the cruiser seems to have acted certainly are not." These instructions, according to an officer of the *Descartes*, as quoted in an unofficial dispatch, were "to take all subjects of Germany and her allies from ships' crews, beginning December 8, and to take all such persons from among the passengers after December 18." To quote *The News* again:

> "The subjects of Germany and her allies, as such, have a perfect right to travel on American ships. And American ships have a perfect right to carry them. Under the *Trent* precedent even active civil agents of Germany would be safe from seizure on an American passenger-ship going about its ordinary business, and plying between neutral ports. There may be no grievance in this case, but the instructions under which the action was taken are, if correctly given, indefensible."

"The most extreme act which any of the Allied Governments has yet attempted against the United States," is the way the Buffalo *Express* characterizes these seizures; and it affirms its belief that "if the attitude of the United States toward various incidents of the war affecting it had not convinced all Europe that we could hardly be provoked by any affront, we probably should not have to consider such an incident as the action of the French cruiser *Descartes*." This is "going beyond all tolerable limits," exclaims *The Express*, which goes on to say:

> "These steamers are American coastwise vessels, not ships that have been transferred to our flag since the war began. They are engaged in regular coastwise trade between two American ports and can have nothing to do with the war or with war-commerce. The French Government might as well land a force at a dock in New York to march up to Broadway and seize a German there as board these American ships on the high seas and remove men therefrom. . . . . . .
>
> "There can be argument for the right to take Germans from neutral vessels touching at Allied ports, or even from vessels

entering the North Sea, since that is a recognized war-zone. But some insanity must have taken possession of the French Government if it has directed a naval officer to come to this side of the Atlantic and remove Germans from American coastwise ships."

"And at the very moment that France offers us this affront," continues the Buffalo paper, "Germany adds to our difficulties by refusing to recognize as American ships that have been transferred to the American flag since the war began." That, we read, "is the unmistakable meaning of the decision of the German prize-court confiscating the *Pass of Balmaha*," a ship which had changed from British to American registry and which was seized with a cargo of cotton for Russia early in the war "at a time when Great Britain was freely allowing the shipment of American cotton to Germany." If the United States accepts Germany's view in this matter, argues *The Express*, "all its efforts in behalf of such ships as the *Hocking* and the *Genesee*, seized by the British, and, in fact, about all of its other efforts in behalf of trade with Germany, must go by the board." Thus "on neither side has there been the slightest regard for neutral rights," remarks the New Orleans *Times-Picayune*, which calls upon the United States as "the mightiest of the neutrals" to "put a veto, once for all, on the pernicious doctrine that in international matters the end justifies the means."

A GERMAN-AMERICAN EXODUS?

RUMORS of the transfer of large amounts of German capital after the war to America, as a land of greater opportunity and prosperity, are simultaneous with rumors that many German-Americans here will cross the water in the opposite direction, for more sentimental reasons. For Mr. Franz Bopp, German Consul-General in San Francisco, has told us how he does "not like this country any more, and will be happy to return to Germany," and he predicts at the close of the war "a regular exodus of German-Americans who feel about things in the United States as I do." Also Mr. George von Skal, a former editor of the *New-Yorker Staats-Zeitung*, and head of a news service for German papers, prophesies a general homeward movement on the part of Germany's "prodigal sons" and "their repatriation on a large scale after the conclusion of peace." But any such extensive exodus is not looked for by our editors. "Possibly not all the German ships now moored to the Hoboken strand will be needed to transport these fugitives from freedom to the War-God's own country," concludes the New York *Times*. And the New York German *Herold* explains more seriously why it believes that the German-Americans will cling to the land of their adoption in spite of recent unpleasant experiences.

Mr. von Skal's prophecy of exodus appeared in an article entitled "The Lost Sons," in *Der Tag*, of Berlin. From the English version of this article in the New York *Times* we quote the following pertinent paragraphs:

> "The impression caused by the mighty, almost miraculous, deeds of the German people, together with the contemptible machinations of the American press and of a great part of the educated Americans, has brought about a closing of the ranks [of German-Americans] that exceeds the most daring expectations.
>
> "The natural result of these events is mainly to be found in the fact that the German-Americans are experiencing a homesickness, a longing after the Fatherland, and at the same time a disgust with their present surroundings that will lead to their repatriation on a large scale after the conclusion of peace. Already many families are preparing to cross the ocean the second time. Altho not all those who contemplate this step will be able to take it, as it will necessitate great sacrifices, there will certainly be enough to insure a valuable contingent to the Empire. Under the circumstances, it seems timely to consider whether this movement should be promoted and these 'prodigal sons' who are returning penitent made welcome. . . . . .
>
> "If they once did feel admiration for American institutions, they have now become convinced that they made a big mistake when they cut loose from the Fatherland. They admit frankly that the form of government, the administration, and all other institutions in the Empire are the best that the mind of man has brought out up to the present. They will not only fit in willingly, but they will become zealous fellow workers in the development of the brilliant future of the German Empire.
>
> "The causes of the great German emigration to America are to be found mainly in the economic field. It is exactly in this direction that conditions have completely changed. To-day Germany offers to the industrious, aspiring, and able man at least as good chances as the United States, with endlessly greater security of his rights and property. Most of the restraining barriers have fallen. We know that here, and it lures us on to the return home."

But will German-Americans in any considerable numbers actually "pack up their goods and chattels because they are filled with bitterness over the injustice" to which they "have been subjected by so many Americans, the Anglo-American press, and the American Government"? So good an authority as the New York German *Herold*, for one, does not believe it. It says:

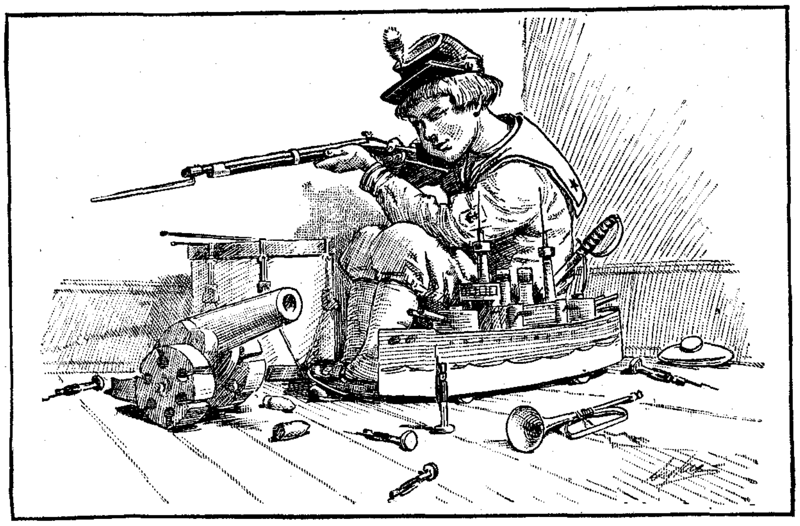
> "Of course, our love and our longing for the land of our fathers and mothers have been wonderfully deepened by the war. There will be no lack of German-American visitors in Germany after the war. But when, after peace has returned, we shall have drunk our fill of the beautiful and sublime that is to be found in Germany, we shall say: 'All aboard! Back again to the New World, where lies our field of labor!'
>
> "In answer to the sarcastic suggestions of the British sheets that we ought to leave the United States if it doesn't suit us here, we cite the words of a German-American who was asked by a Briton why he did not turn his back on America:
>
> "'In the first place, what is that your business? Secondly, because it suits me to remain here; and, thirdly, because I have invested the fruits of my labor here in the belief that I was living in the United States. It is my loyal duty to stay here to prevent people of your stamp from betraying the independence of the nation to the English. Fellows like you must be watched!'
>
> "Therefore, we shall stay here. And especially now!"

That some expatriated Germans in this country will return to Germany to fill the gaps made by the war in the ranks of the workers the Springfield *Republican* believes quite possible. But broadly speaking, it says:

> "No extensive exodus is to be looked for, because repatriation is an even more serious and doubtful matter than emigration. The bread-winner may go abroad and without difficulty return when his fortune is made; it is otherwise when a family has struck root in a new land. New lands are hospitable and the growth of ties is rapid. To the brave and ambitious America means, as it has always meant, increased opportunity. To get a start here means expansion; a return is a contraction, the difficulty of which is not always realized till it is put to the test. Now and then an exceptional American like Henry James finds that by nature and training he best fits into the snug niches of the Old World, but the exception only points the rule. Whatever the sentimental pull of the old country may be, a return commonly brings disillusion. Whatever the faults of America, and nobody speaks of them more strongly than patriotic Americans, it offers what Europe does not offer to the plain, hard-working people who from the beginning have constituted the great mass of the emigration from the opprest and war-ridden Old World. These exiles came to find America; their America is here or nowhere."

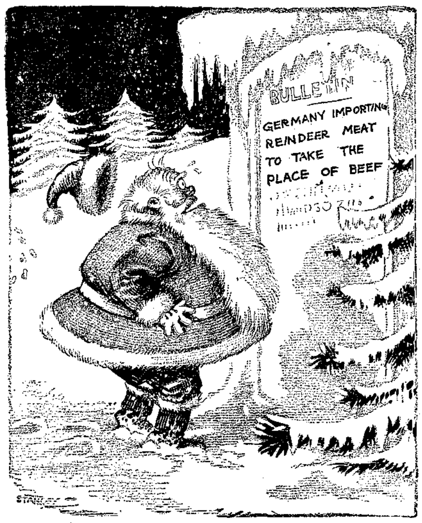
They did not come, according to the New York *World*, primarily from economic motives. Tens of thousands of Germans came because they preferred the democratic institutions of the New World to political and social conditions at home; other tens of thousands, says *The World*, "took up citizenship here because they abhorred the militarism which has now drenched Europe in blood." As *The World* sums it all up:

> "No doubt there are a few cocky German-Americans who sincerely believe that they would be happier in the old land, and some of them will go there eventually perhaps, and after they have been affronted a few times by the imperial drill-masters they will return thoroughly cured. Having had an American experience, the German who goes back to the Kaiser's rule will probably be beyond the military age, financially independent, and a candidate for a decoration of some kind."



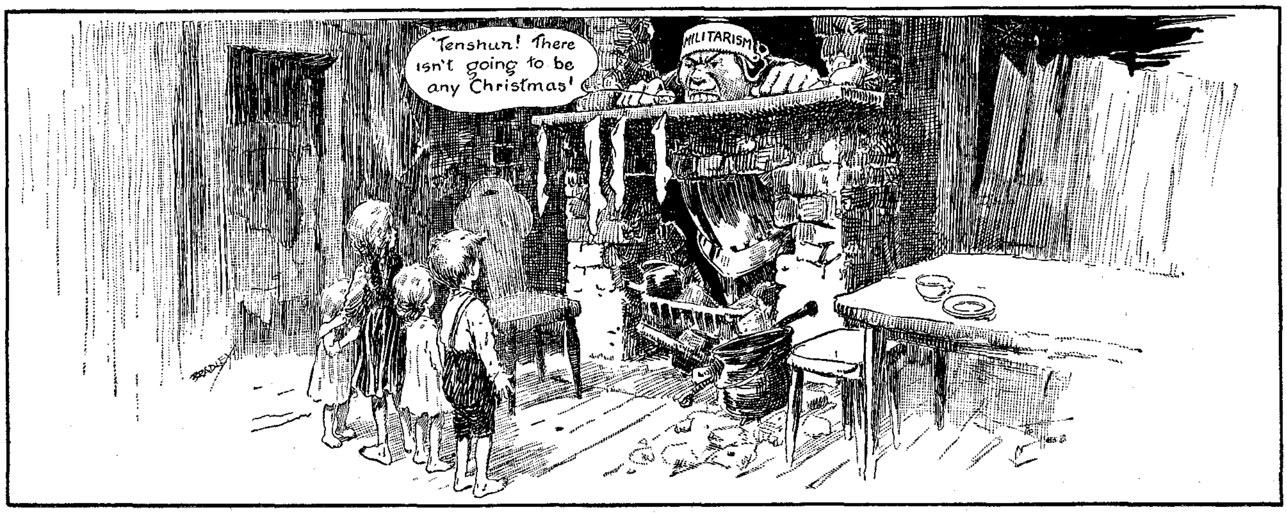
JUST WONDERING IF THIS TEACHES A CHILD THE TRUE SPIRIT OF CHRISTMAS.

—Sykes in the Philadelphia *Evening Ledger.*


BULLETIN
GERMANY IMPORTING REINDEER MEAT TO TAKE THE PLACE OF BEEF

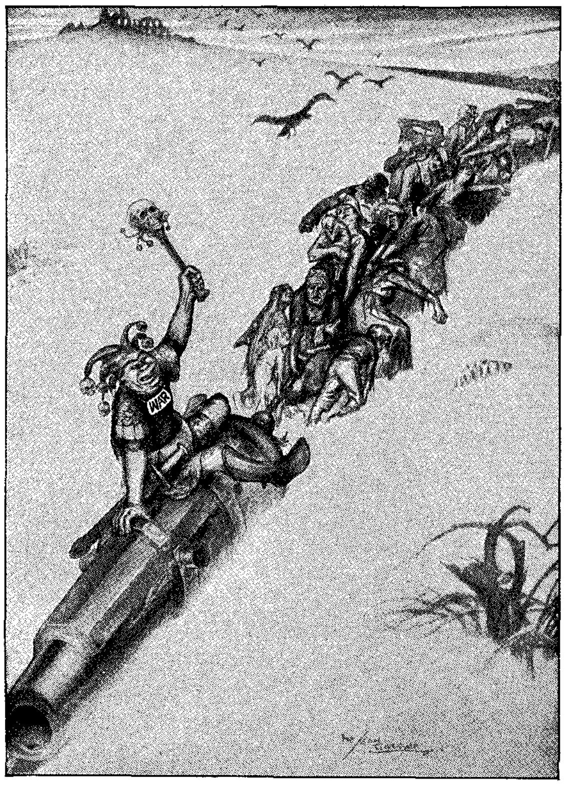
AND HE HAS ALWAYS TRIED TO BE NEUTRAL.

—Stanley in the South Bend *Tribune.*


'Tenshun! There isn't going to be any Christmas!
MILITARISM

SOMEWHERE IN EUROPE.

—Bradley in the Chicago *Daily News.*



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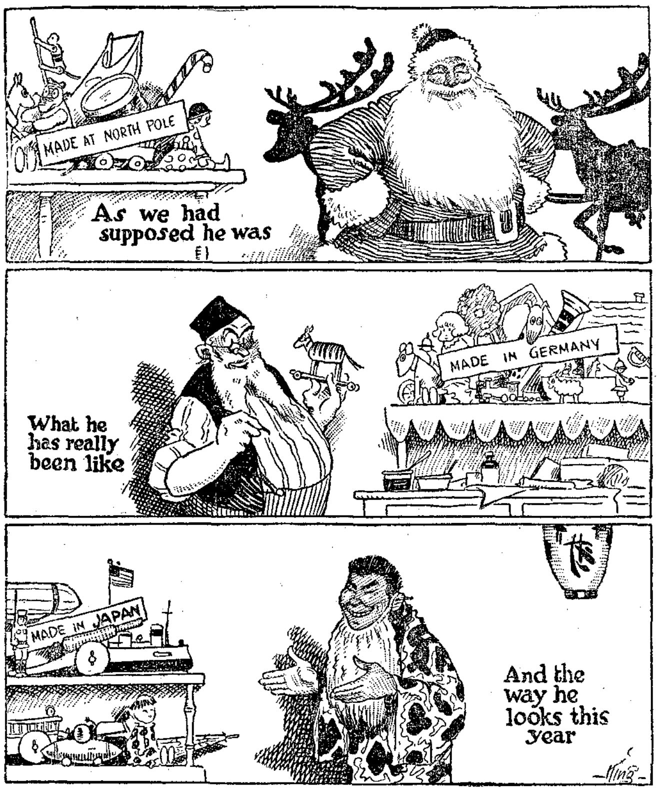
EUROPE'S YULE LOG.

—Greene in *Puck.*


MADE AT NORTH POLE
As we had supposed he was
What he has really been like
MADE IN GERMANY
MADE IN JAPAN
And the way he looks this year

OLD SAINT NICK.

—King in the Chicago *Tribune.*

CHRISTMAS, 1915.

CALIFORNIA TAKES STOCK OF ITS FAIR

MANY WEPT even while they cheered, records a writer in the San Francisco *Argonaut*, when, on December 4, at the close of the recessional, the flag came down from the staff of the Tower of Jewels, signaling that in a few hours the gates of the Panama-Pacific Exposition would be closed forever. But the tears as well as the cheers bore witness to the success of this great enterprise. "It has been a supreme success," says *The Argonaut*, and the San Francisco *Chronicle* remarks that while the statistics of attendance and receipts are "eloquent," they "do not begin to tell the whole story," because "what it has meant to us in the way of commercial, industrial, architectural, and artistic impulse can never be definitely estimated." "Everybody says it was a great success," notes *The Coast Seamen's Journal*, a San Francisco labor organ. In short, the Exposition seems to have been, in the words of the Los Angeles *Times*, "an artistic and financial triumph."

During the ten months its gates were open it was visited by 18,875,974 persons, and the gross receipts, we are told, were something more than $6,000,000, yielding a "net profit of $1,410,876." Approximately $12,000,000 was spent by visitors in the grounds. The total cost of the Exposition was, in round numbers, $50,000,000. This included the acquisition of the site, construction, administration, maintenance, repairs, and the final removal of the buildings, and was met by the various exhibitors. More than $10,000,000 was contributed by the State of California and the city and county of San Francisco, and $6,000,000 more was raised in the State by popular subscription. The official appropriation and private subscriptions are not taken into the reckoning in figuring profit and loss.

"As a financial success the Exposition is unique," says Mr. Reuben Brook Hale, a San Francisco merchant who launched the idea of this fair as long ago as 1904, and whose work as vice-president of the corporation contributed greatly to its triumph. Mr. Hale reminds us that the Chicago and St. Louis fairs each received a grant of $5,000,000 from the Federal Government, while San Francisco received nothing from Washington except an appropriation of $500,000 for a Government exhibit. Other obstacles which the San Francisco Fair triumphantly surmounted were the confusion and depression caused by the European War, and the distance of the Pacific Coast city from the densest centers of population. So many visitors traveled from one thousand to three thousand miles to the Fair, we are told, that "the old rule of an exposition drawing 70 per cent. of its attendance from within a radius of 200 miles has been set at naught." In spite of the war, virtually all the nations, including the belligerents, were represented by some form of exhibit, altho England and Germany did not take part officially.

In total attendance, correspondents point out, this Exposition was surpassed by the Columbian Exposition, at Chicago, with its 27,539,521 visitors, and by the Louisiana Purchase Exposition, at St. Louis, which admitted 19,694,855. As a spectacle, says the Philadelphia *Record*, the San Francisco Fair was "the most splendid ever seen in this country."

The closing of the San Francisco Fair serves to remind us that California has been supporting not one, but two expositions, and now it is announced that the California-Panama Exposition at San Diego will take over some of the exhibits from the Panama-Pacific and will keep its gates open to the public until the end of 1916.

TOPICS IN BRIEF

THE Attorney-General wants laws to punish traitors. How about sending them home to fight for their sovereigns?—*Philadelphia North American.*

WITH the approach of winter it may not be amiss to offer the customary advice that exposed nations be particularly careful of their war-chests.—*Washington Post.*

THE Government is rounding up the spies so rapidly now that it is expected all will be in custody by the time our last remaining factory is blown up.—*Boston Transcript.*

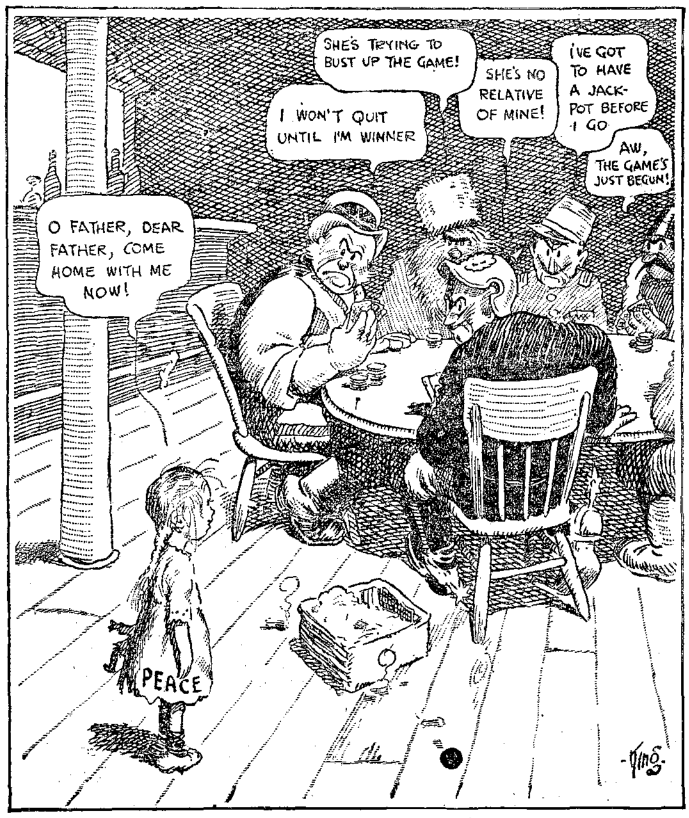
G. B. SHAW says that the Allies must not crush Germany. Latest advices from the front indicate that the Allies are taking his suggestion very seriously.—*Macon Evening News.*

RUSSIANS claim capture of 49,874 in one month. Tendency of Russian and German populations to change places seems to call for more notice from economists.—*Wall Street Journal.*

THE man who says that Booker T. and T. R. are the two greatest leaders America has produced fulfils the prophecy that Roosevelt's name would go down in history linked with Washington's.—*Washington Post.*

FIFTY-SIX Kentucky mountaineers formed a bogus company and cleaned up thousands in a mail-order swindle. These are our "contemporary ancestors" to whom we have thought of sending school-teachers and other civilizing influences.—*New York Telegraph.*

ANOTHER pathetic little feature of every-day life is the way, the minute the President announces that creatures of passion, disloyalty, and anarchy must be crusht out, a great many of our citizens become violently angry at him for getting so personal.—*Ohio State Journal.*


SHE'S TRYING TO BUST UP THE GAME!
SHE'S NO RELATIVE OF MINE!
I'VE GOT TO HAVE A JACK-POT BEFORE I GO
I WON'T QUIT UNTIL I'M WINNER
AW, THE GAME'S JUST BEGUN!
O FATHER, DEAR FATHER, COME HOME WITH ME NOW!
PEACE
King

HANGING 'ROUND AGAIN.
—King in the Harrisburg (Pa.) *Patriot.*

WE'LL have to admit this, Henry Ford's project is not much more foolish than the war is.—*St. Louis Globe Democrat.*

MR. FORD can point to the fact that Sir John French, at least, is out of the trenches before Christmas.—*New York Evening Post.*

As faith is said to move mountains, we are beginning to fear that General Goethals will have to call on the preachers before long.—*Washington Post.*

T. R. can't take his hat off now to scratch his head without making the favorite sons shiver.—*Boston Transcript.*

THE Germans are said to be surprized that the Allies have not asked for peace already. The reason probably is that the Allies don't read the German newspapers.—*Chicago Herald.*

BARON SHIBUSAWA, hailed as the "Pierpont Morgan of Japan," appears to have fallen heir to the many bouquets which his namesake missed during an arduous and otherwise successful career.—*Washington Post.*

"WE congratulate the President on his novel vigor," sneers the London *Chronicle*. Perhaps in time we shall be able to congratulate the British Government on some novel military vigor in the Balkans and at the Dardanelles.—*New York World.*

"GERMANY has such immense stores of copper as to suffice for years to come," said the Chancellor in the Reichstag, and the cheers that greeted this statement almost drowned the sound of the workmen's hammers stripping off the copper roof.—*Wall Street Journal.*

YUAN SHI KAI having accepted the Imperial crown, in spite of Japan's objection, Tokyo dispatches say that Japan will now address another friendly note to China. "Friendly," somehow or other, irresistibly reminds us of Mr. Bryan's parting "God bless you" to Mr. Wilson.—*New York American.*

FOREIGN - COMMENT

A MINE CRATER: THE MUTE TESTIMONY TO "HEAVY LOSS BY THE ENEMY."

Where opposing forces are firmly entrenched, often the only solution of the deadlock is the mine, which is dug stealthily as far beneath the surface of the earth as possible, a tunnel running out under the enemy trench. Here a tremendous charge is exploded. The result, to the enemy, is like the bursting of a pent-up volcano directly beneath their feet, without the slightest warning bringing death and destruction in its train.

EUROPE'S DISAPPROVAL OF THE PRESIDENT

THE TRUE NEUTRAL, some one has said, is he who can cause equal dissatisfaction to both sides. If this be accurate, then President Wilson is the world-champion in neutrality. His earlier notes to Germany and England made a fair start; the rebukes to Austria and France have kept matters warm, and his message to Congress elicits irritated remarks that reveal a certain lack of affection all around. The editors in the Fatherland resent his denunciation of disloyal citizens as an attack on the German-Americans, while on the Allies' side the influential papers are annoyed because the President did not seize this opportunity to protest against what they term "the countless breaches of the law of nations committed by the Germans." Apart from this curious irritation on both sides, the most interesting comment is found in the English press. London editors see, in the President's demand for armaments and his stress upon Pan-Americanism, the abandonment of our traditional policy of isolation and a desire to play an instrument in the "Concert of the Powers." The London *Daily News* remarks:

> "It is doubtful whether the Monroe Doctrine will ever be tenable again, experience having shown that the United States can no longer rely on political isolation founded on geographical detachment, which has largely lost its meaning. . . . If Germany were victorious in this war the United States' guaranties of the independence of the States of South America would not be worth the paper on which that doctrine is written."

The London *Times* observes similarly:

> "The President has striven, and is still striving hard, with the full approbation of the masses of the people, to cling fast to the notion that the United States can continue to live its own life, uphold exalted ideals throughout the New World, and promote their realization in the Old World without abandoning the splendid isolation she has so long enjoyed. The hard realities of the situation created by the war are beginning to show that the notion is no longer tenable with the firm assurance of even last year."

Other influential London papers, including the *Daily Chronicle*, *Daily Graphic*, *Standard*, and *Daily Telegraph*, take the President to task for not "protesting against the abominations wrought in the name of German *Kultur*," as *The Standard* phrases it. This attitude, which is much like that taken by Colonel Roosevelt, is particularly marked in Paris, and the remarks of the *Journal des Débats* are typical. Its editor, Mr. Gauvain, writes:

> "Mr. Wilson's policy of isolation is all the more unjustifiable as Washington has taken the initiative in various international arrangements regarding arbitration, the rights of nations, neutral and belligerent, during the war. A consummate jurist like President Wilson is especially qualified to formulate a striking protest against the German illegalities and assassinations.
>
> "We in no way question the good faith of President Wilson or the Pope, but we are obliged to recognize that the preoccupation of prudence and opportunism has outweighed simple duty with each. Moral authority over the world largely depends on the risks to which the total fulfilment of duty exposes one. It is certain to-day that neither President Wilson nor the Pope will enjoy the same prestige when a general peace is made that he would have enjoyed if he had raised his voice in August, 1914, and various times since."

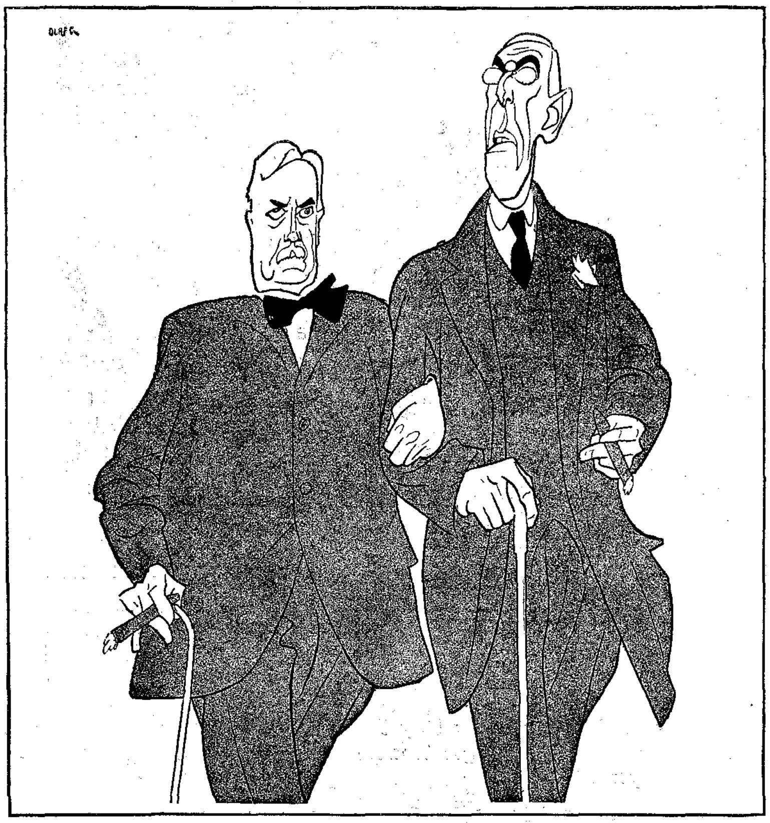
The Paris *Temps* says in a similar vein:

> "President Wilson has not been able entirely to free himself from the abstract conception of neutrality which forbids even any manifestation of feeling. The impartiality which he believes to be the duty of countries not involved in the conflict consists in the refusal to pronounce between right and crime. Such neutrality is a privileged treatment for those openly violating all laws and engagements.
>
> "It is due to such impartiality that outrages such as President Wilson admits have been committed and that those which

compromise American honor have been perpetrated. The impartiality, which consists in remaining silent in the presence of a crime, whether through fear or interest, is a false conception of neutrality, only exposing those practising such dangerous ideology to the gravest dangers."

The German editors are not unnaturally annoyed at the President's veiled strictures upon those who sympathize with the German side, and they believe that he had in his mind no blame for those who vigorously espouse the cause of the Allies. The Berlin *Lokal Anzeiger* thinks that—

"Our friends across the water are men enough to settle matters with the nation's chief with that fearlessness which in the New World is accounted one of the highest rights of mankind. They will not allow themselves to be outdone in this virtue by any native-born American. . . . . . .



A GERMAN ESTIMATE OF THE PRESIDENT.

"Look here, Mr. Lansing, what does it matter to us whether the Turks are committing atrocities on the Armenians or not, as long as we can't make them do it with American ammunition?" —© *Simplicissimus* (Munich).

"German-Americans will know best what they must do. They had already proved they were true sons of their new Fatherland long before there was a President Wilson in the White House. They will not permit themselves to be made countryless by this man."

The Berlin *Morgenpost* says the President "has hardly a word of reproach for the shameless incitements of the jingo press against Germany." The *Kreuzzeitung* thinks that some Germans in America may perhaps have been indiscreet, but—

"Germany can not be made responsible for them. There is nobody in Germany who approves them. President Wilson, however, seems not to appreciate the psychology of those who allow themselves to be induced to commit such excesses through their indignation over the unscrupulous and unlimited support of the enemy of their old Fatherland which America permits itself through President Wilson's policy."

Precisely the same stand is taken by the powerful *Berliner Tageblatt*, which adds:

"Persons who are born in Germany and become American citizens can not be excused for violating the laws of America. Germany would punish persons from abroad who came here and violated German laws. But the passion of German-Americans to which President Wilson refers would not have been heated to such a point if the United States, under Mr. Wilson's Presidency, had endeavored to maintain honest neutrality. . . . . . .

"Above all, American industry has 'passionately' taken sides in this war—with passionate dollar-hunger. There also President Wilson has looked on quietly."

GERMANY TO FIGHT TO A FINISH

VICTORIOUS ABROAD, serene at home, the whole German nation is determined to continue the war until the Allies are prepared to sue for a peace "in consonance with Germany's dignity." Such is the message that the Imperial Chancellor, Dr. von Bethmann-Hollweg, delivers to the world from his place in the German Parliament. He tells us again that Germany is fighting a defensive war, which she can not abandon until she has placed herself in a position of immunity from further attack. This is the Chancellor's answer to those members of the Social-Democratic party who have loudly asked what Germany is fighting for. To quote his actual words:

"Whenever our enemies approach us with peace-proposals which are in consonance with Germany's dignity and security we will always be ready to discuss them.

"In full consciousness of the successes in arms which we have attained, we disclaim responsibility for the continuance of the misery which is filling Europe and the world. No one may say that we wish to prolong the war unnecessarily to conquer this or that country as a guaranty.

"In previous speeches I sketched the general aim of the war. I can not be more definite to-day, or say what guaranties the Imperial Government demands, for example, in the Belgian question, or what combination of powers seems necessary as a foundation for these guaranties.

"Our foes must tell themselves one thing—the longer and bitterer they wage this war against us the greater will be the necessary guaranties.

"If our enemies wish to erect a barrier for all time between us and the rest of the world, I should not be surprized if we arranged our future accordingly that neither in the East nor in the West might our foes control the entrance-gates through which they might attack or threaten us anew."

Germany is in a position, both financially and economically, to withstand any assault, and it is useless, says Dr. Bethmann-Hollweg, for her enemies to hope for her defeat through exhaustion, which, he tells us, is far more likely to happen to France:

"The latest weapon for stirring the blind rage for war is the hope of our exhaustion. We are fully united in the knowledge that our food-supplies are adequate, and the only question is of dividing them properly. The district reaching from Arras to Mesopotamia can not be crusht economically.

"If not a shortage of food, then one of raw materials is to crush us—but we are provided with everything necessary for a prolonged war.

"It is noteworthy that the same France which is now mobilizing the class of 1917, and which has already thrown in the class of 1916 to a great extent, ventures to speak of the exhaustion of Germany's supplies of men. We have not gone so far in mobilization as Russia, nor, like France, extended the age-service beyond the forty-fifth year. With the number of men liable for military service still at our disposal, we are not thinking of extending this limit. Our losses are not only relatively, but also absolutely, smaller than the French."

This speech has aroused the greatest enthusiasm throughout the Fatherland, the German papers tell us, and editorial comment shows much delight at the attitude of the Socialist speakers who took part in the debate in the Reichstag which followed the Chancellor's speech. The Berlin *Lokal Anzeiger* sums up the consensus of opinion in Germany thus:

"To-day our enemies stand once more at the graves of their

> hopes. Not only did the two Socialist speakers, with all the yearning for peace which they express, do complete justice to the national sentiment of our people, but the Chancellor of the German Empire used the opportunity to review before the eyes of the world the iron facts created by our victories on all fronts, and from them to draw deductions which may be expected to intensify the feelings of doubt which prevail in the camp of our enemies. In the decisive passages of his speech his words rang hard as steel, precisely at the point most in dispute. They were most effectively underlined by the joint declaration of the non-Socialist parties. . . . . . .
>
> "For the present our enemies desire to continue to fight, so we have no choice. The German people is firmly determined not to let the fruits of its victories, won with precious blood, be torn away again.
>
> "The German race will bless no other bringer of peace than him who knows how to protect it permanently against wicked disturbers of peace. On this point the Empire and the Imperial Parliament understand that there will be no flinching and no wobbling."

But in the Allied capitals the Chancellor's rosy picture of Germany's condition is received with some incredulity. The Paris *Journal* tells us that—

> "A Zurich (Switzerland) dispatch states that violent demonstrations in favor of peace have taken place in Berlin. The police were obliged to charge the crowds. The windows of stores and cafés were smashed during the rioting. Soldiers in the crowd took an active part in the disturbances."

Similar stories of riots following the Chancellor's speech are found in the Socialist *Berner Tagwacht*, which states that the alleged disturbances are not confined to Berlin, but have occurred also in Leipzig and Dresden. Berlin denies them. Whatever truth there may be in these statements, says the London *Daily Mail*, it would not be wise for the Allies to attach any great importance to them. *The Mail* continues:

> "But the riots are not directed against the Government. They had an economical and social, not a national, origin.
>
> "Bitter privation is being endured, especially in the country districts, and the German peasants are shrinking from the horrors of a severe winter. But actual starvation is another story, and now that express trains are running between Berlin and Constantinople the authorities are promising an increased and more varied diet.
>
> "A large majority of the Germans certainly desire peace, but a profitable peace. In other words, they are prepared to grant peace on their own terms, not to accept it on the enemies' terms. Ninety-nine per cent. of the Germans believe they are winning the war; 1 per cent. believe it is already won."

The London *Daily News*, always inclined to a pacifist attitude, evidently hoped the German Socialists would bring peace appreciably nearer, for it confesses:

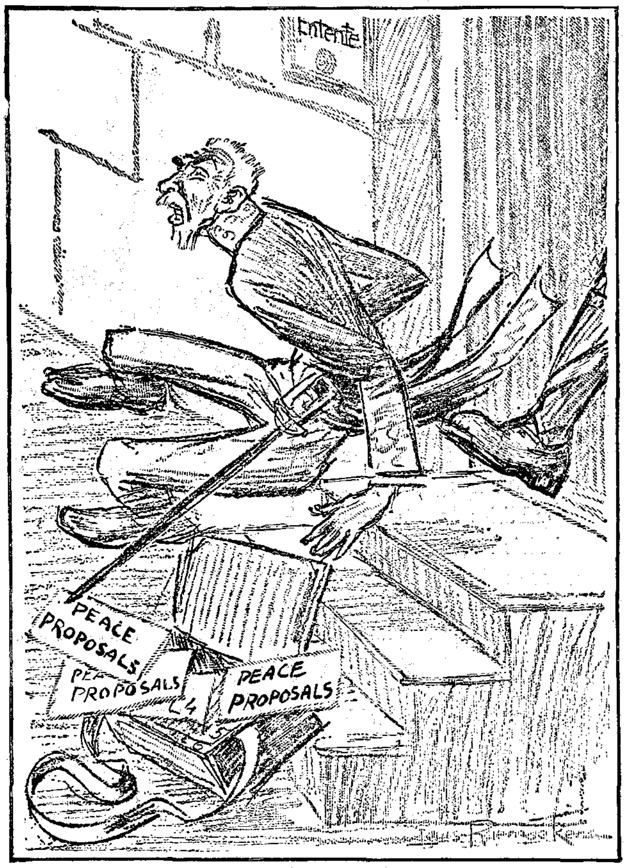
> "The debate was a disappointment, because it showed clearly that the Socialists are still ready to lend themselves to the ambitions of the militarist cliques. As long as the German masses are under the spell of the delusion that they are fighting a defensive war, the Allies can only return them one answer: 'No peace while Europe trembles under the shadow of a brutal and overbearing tyranny.'"

Frankly delighted at the prospect of a fight to a finish, the London *Globe* seems to be voicing the general English sentiment when it lays emphasis on the Chancellor's remarks in regard to carrying on the war till Germany's triumph is conceded. *The Globe* says that it feared that the Chancellor might desire peace, but his definite announcement of Germany's determination to secure a decision sounds eminently satisfactory in English ears:

> "That is good news. What was to be dreaded was that he might rise to some high conception of statesmanship and endeavor, by careful manipulation of admitted facts, to persuade the Allies to call the struggle a draw and accept a patched-up peace. In such an effort he would have had the assistance of certain influences in Allied nations. . . . From that danger—incomparably the worst and most subtle which the Allies have to face—the speech has gone far to relieve them."

GROWING AMERICAN COTTON IN INDIA

As THE RESULT of British desires to improve the quality of the cotton grown in India, the acreage sown with specially selected and acclimatized varieties of American cotton is steadily increasing, and the output of long staple cotton grows larger year by year. Accurate information regarding the whole of India is not available, but we can judge of the progress made in this direction by what is being done in the Punjab, in northwestern India. There, in three years, the area under American cotton expanded from "well under 10,000 acres" to 70,000 acres "at a conservative estimate," according to Prof. W. Roberts, professor of Agriculture, Agricultural College, Lyallpur, writing in the latest issue of *The Agricultural Journal of India.* This authority says that the 1915 crop is being raised on a much larger area. The writer points out that "40 per cent. of the cotton in Jhang, an agricultural district in the Punjab to which irrigation has been recently supplied, is now estimated to be American—in many villages nothing but the latter is grown."



PEDDLING PEACE.

BETHMANN-HOLLWEG—"The worst of it is I've always got to deny that I ever called here—and yet I must keep on returning."—*Telegraaf* (Amsterdam).

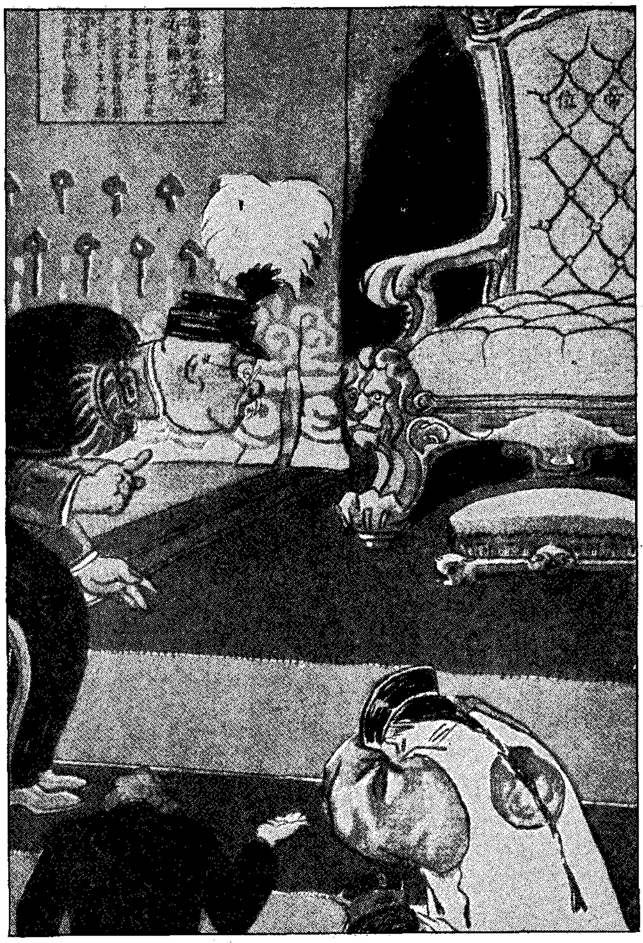
Soon after this cartoon appeared the Dutch Government suppress the *Telegraaf* on account of its decided anti-German tendencies and tried without success to jail the editor.

The reason why American cotton is steadily gaining the favor of the Punjab farmer is that he finds it far more profitable than the indigenous varieties. Professor Roberts goes on to say that from the experience of a number of years it has been found that the average yield of American cotton is greater than that of the native variety. And the price is higher. In the district in which Professor Roberts has made his studies American cotton is sold at such a premium over the native kind that it has brought an increased income of over $200,000 per annum to the neighboring farmers. In 1914 native cotton was selling at $1.24 for the *maund* (82 pounds), while American brought from $1.80 to $2.16 for a like quantity. The result has been that native cotton is being pushed out of the market, and, altho the area under cultivation in the Punjab has been reduced, the cotton yield has been increased by the use of the American variety. After giving an outline of the movement to acclimatize American cotton (Upland Georgian seed), the writer thus concludes:

> "There is no doubt that the critical period for American cotton here is over; the plant has established itself by a sort of natural selection—unsuitable types having been largely eliminated by Jassids and other pests."

CHINA AN EMPIRE AGAIN

A CERTAIN COYNESS on the part of the inscrutable Yuan Shi Kai leaves us in doubt as to his private views upon the desirability of assuming the imperial purple, tho many competent observers seem convinced that the glitter of a crown will satisfy many traits in such a temperament as Yuan's. There is, however, no doubt that China has again become an Empire, for the National Assembly, by the overwhelming vote of 1,993 to 50, has formally adopted a constitutional monarchy and has petitioned Yuan Shi Kai to ascend the throne. According to a decree published by the Chinese Legation in Washington, Yuan Shi Kai exhibits a touching diffidence in his first reply to the National Assembly:



SHY YUAN.

YUAN—"Ouch! I'm afraid the lion will bite me!"

—*Tokyo Puck.*

> "I, the President, find that the sovereignty of the Republic resides with the people, and since the citizens' representative convention has unanimously decided in favor of constitutional monarchy there is left no more for me to say, but the fact of requesting me to ascend the throne is indeed astonishing. At the beginning of the Republic I made oath to develop the Republic to the best of my ability. Now if I made myself Emperor I would break my oath, and there is no excuse on the point of faith. . . .
>
> "I hope that general representatives of the citizens' representative convention will take careful consideration and mature deliberation to request somebody else to ascend the throne. I, the President in the meantime, will, in the name I have at present and in exercise of existing duties and powers, still maintain the existing conditions throughout the whole country."

From the Chinese themselves we learn that there is little, if any, popular desire to change the form of Government, and, as a Nanchang correspondent of the Shanghai *China Press* expresses it, "the Government is fomenting a revolution to overthrow itself." He continues:

> "Inquiries in several quarters indicate that the new movement for a monarchy has much official support. Whether any considerable number of people in this city really favor a change may be seriously doubted."

A native paper, the *Hsin Min Pao*, published in the safety of Shanghai, roundly says that no one desires a monarchy, and proceeds:

> "Since the birth of the Chou An Hui the talk of respecting the will of the people has suddenly leapt into prominence, but it remains a serious question whether any regard at all is being paid to what the people wish."

The Peking *Shun Tien Pao* asserts that the monarchical movement is of Government origin and publishes a telegram sent to the Governors of provinces bidding them slur over the national holiday commemorating the founding of the Republic, and so, in some measure, prepare the minds of the people for the change which has now been effected. The instructions of the Government on the subject run:

> "The observance of the national holiday is to celebrate the adoption of republicanism. Since it has been proposed that the Monarchy be restored, there is no need this year to celebrate the occasion with much pomp and ceremony. You may explain this by the excuse that the resources of the country are depleted, and it therefore behooves the authorities to save unnecessary expenditure."

The European papers in China are generally in sympathy with the restoration of the Monarchy, and the Shanghai *National Review* thinks the step will strengthen China:

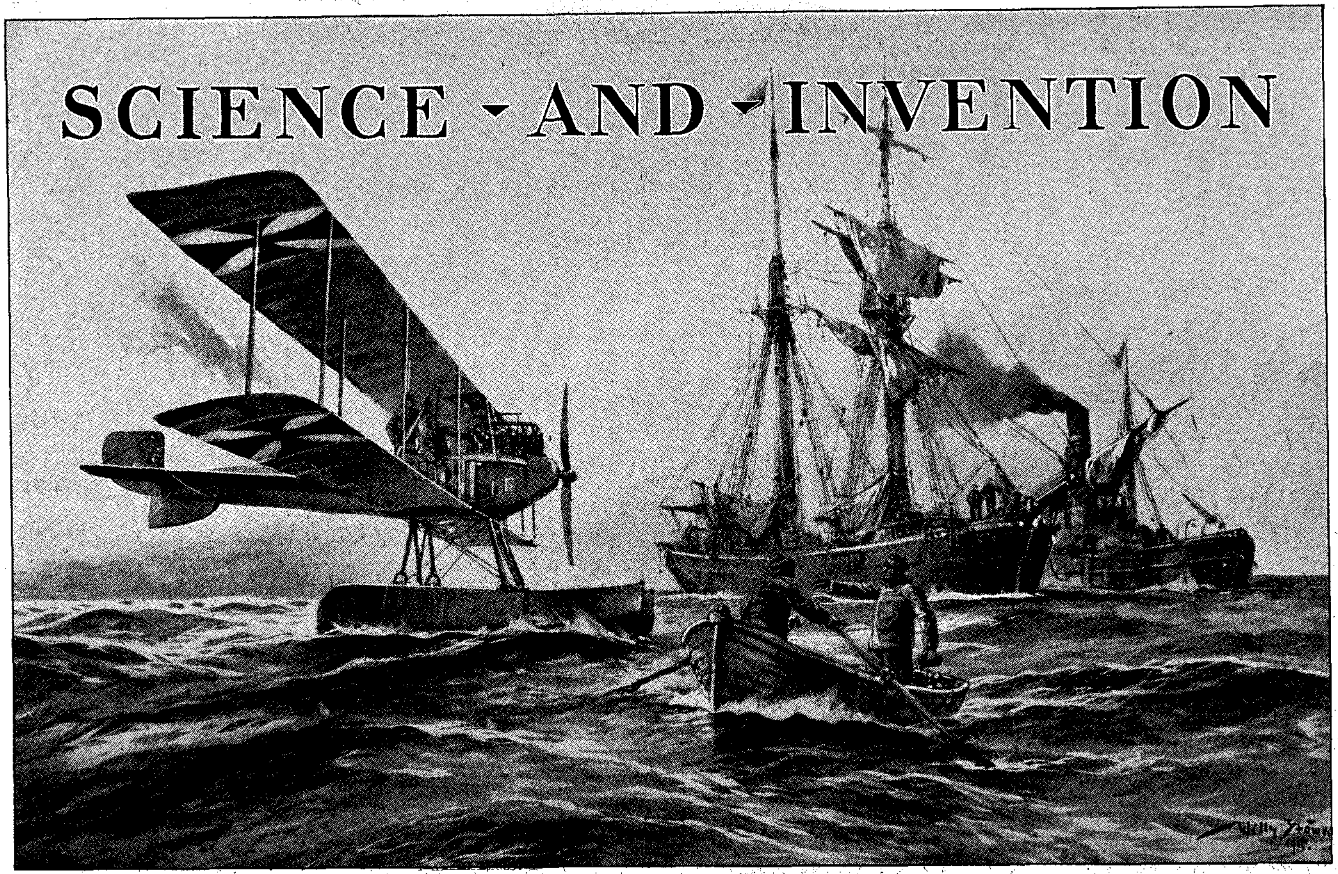
> "It is a matter for further inquiry whether or not the restoration of a monarchy would not be much more effective in holding the allegiance of the princes and leaders, civil and ecclesiastical, of the border territories than the Republic was likely to be. The civil and ecclesiastical hierarchical system of the frontier territories is so deeply rooted in the past that it was no doubt exceedingly difficult for the wisest rulers in those territories to understand the republican conception."

Somewhat similar conclusions are found in the London press, and *The New Witness* remarks:

> "It is probable that only a tiny minority of the people of China are in the slightest degree interested in the matter one way or the other. The idea of a Republic is in itself of course foreign to the traditions of the country and has only endured as long because the President has the confidence of the military leaders. But tho the Chinese do not take kindly to the ideal of Republicanism it does not follow that they will welcome a mock monarchy, and failing the production of a legitimate descendant of the ancient Myng dynasty, they may continue to tolerate the present arrangement. In any case there is no reason to suppose that they desire that the President should assume the seat occupied by Imperial monarchs who could trace their descent through innumerable generations of prehistoric ancestors."

The prophecies of *The New Witness* seem, however, far from the point, for, despite his lack of ancestors, the Chinese are prepared to receive Yuan Shi Kai as their Emperor and he has definitely accepted the imperial crown, tho he has hidden any satisfaction he may have felt under a shower of humble protests. Replying to the address of congratulation offered by the Cabinet he tells them that "condolences would be more in order in view of the grave responsibilities he had assumed for himself and his family." There is a certain humor in Yuan's many protestations, as the majority of the editors in China are convinced that the return to Monarchy has been carefully engineered by Yuan himself to satisfy his desire for posthumous honors as the founder of a dynasty.

SCIENCE AND INVENTION



THE NEW ROVER—AND COMING MISTRESS—OF THE SEAS.

A flier that can cast anchor and ride out a storm. The return of peace will find man's conquest of the air greatly advanced; romance takes a new turn with the employment of hydroaeroplanes as adjuncts of the navy. A German artist here represents in the *Illustrirte Zeitung* one possibility of their usefulness; halting a Russian schooner in the Gulf of Riga. And Mr. Glenn H. Curtiss is confident that the development of the seaplane during the war has settled the problem of transatlantic flight. For the bigger, faster, more powerful machines called into existence by war's necessities have given the aviator an instrument which will soon make over-ocean flight commonplace.

THE COMING TRANSATLANTIC FLIGHT

THAT MAN has not yet flown across the Atlantic is not because he can not, but because he doesn't want to; there are more exciting things to do in the war-zone. The first fine day after peace has been made we shall greet in New York an aeroplane from London or Berlin; or *vice versa.* So we are assured by Glenn H. Curtiss, in an interview with a reporter of the New York *World*, reproduced in *The Aerial Age Weekly* (New York, November 22). The first flight across will be an epoch-making feat, of course; but it will not be a freak, Mr. Curtiss says. We have craft to-day that could cross the Atlantic in a non-stop flight, and plenty of such flights will be made when the time is ripe. Possibly a regular transatlantic air-service is not far off. Says Mr. Curtiss:

"Some one will cross the Atlantic in an air-boat the first fine day that the world is again free to take interest in that side of the development of flying. This could be done any day now. Craft is already in existence which could cross the Atlantic in a single non-stop flight.

"Whoever is first to fly across the Atlantic will certainly still accomplish a feat that will be historic. But the flight will not now be a freak performance which might not be repeated in years. So much is such a flight now within the range of daily experience that the man who first does it may not improbably, after a brief rest, turn around and fly back.

"I do not think I am giving away a secret when I say that Rodman Wanamaker, for whom I built the *America* to fly across the ocean last year, is still as keenly interested as ever in the transatlantic flight. . . . . . .

"Next time—and we are hoping it will be next year—we shall, I think, start the flight actually from New York City. That in itself will show you something of the development to date. The first leg of the flight will be to St. John's, Newfoundland, and the next to the Azores. The two stops will be more to meet the possible needs of the aviator than the necessities of the machine.

"Before, we were working experimentally and in doubt and darkness. Now we can work and speak with confidence. The second transatlantic flight will, I am pretty sure, cover the ocean in all probability without a stop. It will all depend on the man at the wheel. The machine will easily carry all the supplies necessary for a non-stop flight of that distance together with an allowance as a margin for possible exigencies. Do you wonder that I have left off dreaming?

"To give the aviators the necessary experience in ocean-flying we purpose locating the machine here in New York City and making flights along the coast and to sea—at least, such are our present plans. When a man can do, say, about 750 miles at the wheel in one spell, the transatlantic flight will present little further difficulty to him."

Experience will show, Mr. Curtiss thinks, that the seaplane is the safest as well as the speediest of all means of transit. One of them would ride at anchor through the worst storm, but would more probably get above it and journey on with indifference to the weather. The war in Europe, he says, has taught us not only to increase the size, but the power of the machines. Amazing work has been shown to be possible by fliers, and, above all, the urgent need of proper and adequate aerial forces for defense has been demonstrated. He goes on:

"For us I think this last lesson is by far the most important. We have practically no machines and almost no fliers. We could perhaps get the machines, if the enemy was good enough to give us the grace of a little time; but how about the men to use them? . . . . . .

"In the last two naval maneuvers the defending fleet was eluded each time and the enemy succeeded in landing on our shores. We were told we had not enough scout-ships. The obvious fact was that we had no seaplanes. Efficient watch on a long coast-line like ours can only be kept by means of seaplanes. . . . . . .

"Our entire coast, I believe, should be guarded by a system of seaplane stations. The big seaplanes of to-day can go far out to sea, drop anchor, and ride there for days if necessary. They can see infinitely farther, their speed is twice or three times that of a scout-ship, they can keep in touch with each other more easily, they run little danger from the foe, and are a peril to submarines instead of being in peril from them.

"The seaplane is the only thing from which a submarine can not escape. . . . Experience on the other side is showing that once it is spotted from a seaplane a submarine is doomed as surely as a pigeon over which a hawk is hovering. . . . . . .

"One of the marked features of the seaplanes now is the great strength with which they are built. We no longer use the fine silk that was put on the *America*, and while I am not favoring metal for the surface of the planes, much of the framework is of metal. I am not at liberty to give dimensions of the biggest machine yet turned out, but I can say it is considerably larger than the *America* and more than eight times the weight of the machine with which I flew down the Hudson five years ago and won *The World's* $10,000 prize for the flight from Albany.

"More important than the increase in size is the increase in reserve engine-power. On the *America* we had two motors of 90 horse-power each, but they developed only 80 horse-power, or together 160. On a similar machine to-day we put two 160 horse-power motors.

"Were we now building for peace-purposes we could build enormously larger machines than we are turning out. But in war-machines very high speed is essential rather than size. . . .

"Among the war-fliers of the Allies the mishaps essentially aeronautical—that is, not due to war-conditions—have been fewer, I understand, than accidents among a similar number of automobiles. Taken altogether, the losses in the flying-corps have been remarkably light compared with the amount of flying done and the risks run. . . . . . .

"Two other developments illustrate the inherent reliability of the aeroplane to-day. The first is that flight is now made with safety no matter how rough a wind is blowing. Weather no longer counts. The other is that, tho, in peace, flight over a city was forbidden because of its danger, cities are now being protected by aeroplanes, and we have not heard of any disaster through a machine falling."

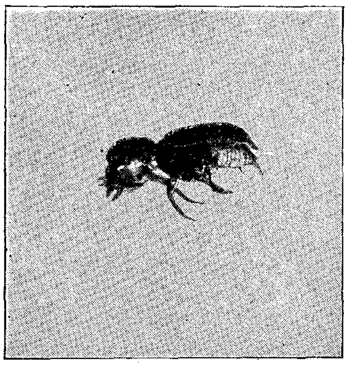
A GLYCERIN-FAMINE NEXT?

FULLY 60 per cent. of our glycerin comes from Europe in a crude form—a by-product of candle-making. This avenue of supply has now been shut off by the embargoes of the warring Governments—a condition that is causing much concern, says *Weekly Drug Markets* (New York, November 24). The home production of glycerin is entirely inadequate to meet the demands, and refiners now have on hand not more than can be exhausted in three or four months. Many industries depend on the glycerin-supply. Says the drug journal:

"The world's output of crude glycerin is estimated at from 90,000 to 100,000 tons. It is exclusively a by-product industry of the soap and candle trades, and the output depends not so much on the demand for glycerin as on the world's requirements of soap and candles. Glycerin is also a by-product of the alcoholic fermentation of sugar, the amount produced being variously stated as ⅜ per cent. of the alcohol formed. So far, no commercially practicable process for the recovery of this glycerin has been evolved, and much of it goes to waste. Distilled glycerin is obtained from the different crude glycerins by distillation, the process being effected either under ordinary pressure or in a vacuum, and being supported or accelerated by the aid of superheated steam. The latter method is that most largely employed. . . . . . .

"Many industries are seriously affected by the high cost of glycerin. It is used for many purposes in the arts, such as the leather industries, for filling gas-meters and hydraulic jacks, in spinning, weaving, dyeing, and calico-printing, copying-inks, waterproof paper, toilet soaps, sizes, plastic masses, such as printers' rollers, the iron foundry in the manufacture of cast iron, in photography, blacking, luting, etc. The bulk of the distilled glycerin is, however, employed for the production of nitroglycerin and dynamite. It is also used in the manufacture of formic acid, allyl alcohol, and artificial mustard-oil.

"Glycerin has been subject to wide variations in price, the dynamite grade selling for 10 cents in 1908, 26 cents in 1911, 19¾ cents in July, 1914, and 22 cents on July 1 of the current year. The extremely active demand since July has caused prices to advance to 60 cents in drums and 61 cents in cans. At the present time fully 40 per cent. of the country's normal supply of the crude grades is cut off, and we are forced to depend for this upon Argentina and other South-American countries. At no time has the United States been able to produce sufficient glycerin to meet its own requirements, and in former years there have been from 30,000,000 to 40,000,000 pounds of foreign crude imported annually. That exports have fallen off during the current year is shown by the figures of the Bureau of Foreign and Domestic Commerce of the Treasury Department which, for the eight months ending August 31, are 12,759,687 pounds, valued at $1,574,306, as compared with 20,704,435 pounds, valued at $2,598,038, for the corresponding period of 1914."



Courtesy of "Engineering News."

NO DIETARY TERRORS FOR HIM.

An insect whose favorite viand is lead piping. The *Sinoxylon declive.*

A LEAD-EATING INSECT

THE LATEST WONDER of California—reported too late to be featured at the World's Fair—is an insect that eats its way through sheet lead. A press dispatch recently announced the discovery of this insect by Albert Schuler, of Santa Barbara, Cal., and at a recent meeting of telephone engineers at San Francisco, Mr. Schuler, who is manager of the Home Telephone System of the former city, confirmed the discovery and gave an account of the creature's depredations. Writes an editorial correspondent of *Engineering News* (New York, November 18):

"Probably most engineers who read the newspaper story at once placed it in the same class with the famous and far-traveled hoax about 'the worm that eats steel rails' which was perpetrated a quarter of a century ago and still reappears at intervals.

"One of the editors of *Engineering News*, however, has since visited Santa Barbara and has seen the bugs, a number of which are held in captivity in lead boxes with glass covers, to see how long it will take them to bore their way to freedom. The bug is a slender black beetle, with hard wing covers, about one-quarter inch long, and of innocent and placid demeanor. Perhaps the reported alias of the marauder should be placed on record to aid in the detection of other members of the gild—*Sinoxylon declive.*

"It is stated that what the bug does is to light on a lead-covered telephone cable and bore a tiny round hole through the lead sheath and the paper insulation down to the copper. Possibly he (the bug) believes the cable to be part of a tree or vine into which he is accustomed to bore holes, and so he proceeds to bore through the lead as he would through the bark. One entomologist gives concealment as the motive. Any engineer familiar with the rate at which the *Teredo novalis* can drive his boring apparatus through hard wood will see nothing impossible in a beetle boring into a lead cable covering.

The accompanying view is reproduced from the only photograph the bug has ever had taken, and indicates, not very clearly, the two scoops on the prow with which he bores. Why the bug should want to bore holes is as yet an unexplained mystery, as it seems well-nigh impossible that he could derive a high degree of nutrition from the lead, even if it did not make him sick. It is possible, however, that the boring process is preliminary to egg-depositing, in which case the foregoing account is all wrong as to the bug's sex and apologies are due to her.

"The lead-borer has been heard of in South Bend, Ind.; Rockford, Ill.; in Omaha, Tacoma, Portland, San Diego, in Florida and far-away Australia. Numbers of them have been found in old lead-foil of tea-packages, and it is suspected that the family is of Oriental extraction. Quarantine is being considered to check the menace."

LISTENING FOR SUBMARINES

A SUBMARINE can not move under water without electric motors. Such motors give out a characteristic hum or "whine," as every visitor to a power-house knows. The recent invention of an American electrical engineer enables this sound to be heard twenty miles away, so that no German submarine can now enter a French or English harbor undetected. This engineer, William Dubilier, who went to Europe at the invitation of the Allies to devise a system of harbor-defense against submarines, describes in *Popular Science Monthly and the World's Advance* (New York, December) the steps that led to the invention of his microphonic submarine-detector. He says:

"Suppose that a submarine gave forth a sound of some kind, would it not be possible to devise some form of apparatus by which it could be heard? That was the starting idea of the experiments that I conducted for the Allied Government. It is not a new idea. Professor Tissot was hard at work with the original experiments and had already used microphones for this purpose. Professor Fessenden had made some brilliantly successful experiments with an apparatus of his invention, known as an 'oscillator,' which showed how easy it is to locate a steamship in a fog or at night, provided that it sent forth sound-waves. Tests of his instrument had also been made on submarines.

"But these investigations were all conducted with a device which was installed for the deliberate purpose of making a rhythmic noise to be detected. What was needed was some form of apparatus which would pick up the sounds sent forth by a submarine, not deliberately, but involuntarily.

"At once the beating of the propellers of a submarine suggests itself. It is not characteristic enough. Motor-boats, steamships, and other power-driven vessels have propellers, and altho their period of vibration is different from that of any other engine-driven craft, some other sound must be sought—something as distinctive as the call of a robin or the neighing of a horse, something that by no possible chance can be mistaken for another sound.

"I found what I sought in the weird, shrill hum of a submarine. Others had heard that hum long before I began my experiments. It was taken for engine-vibration. But it is much too high in pitch for that, as I found by actual tests. . . . . . .

"I soon convinced myself that the fine, shrill, almost singing note that can be heard when the Diesel engines are cut off and the submarine is traveling under power derived from her storage batteries is due entirely to her electric motors. . . . . . .

"The microphone at once suggested itself as a suitable instrument.

"In my first attempts to detect submarines by their characteristic hum, the microphone was sealed within a water-tight container and the whole placed in the water. The apparatus was a failure. It could not withstand the pressure of water even at five fathoms. The container was crusht like putty in a strong hand. . . . . . .

"In order that the diaphragm might successfully resist the external pressure, air was forced into the container until its pressure equaled that of the water. The new form of apparatus was much more successful than that first used. Submarines could be heard beneath the water at a distance of five miles, and the apparatus stood up well, even at great depths. But it had the great defect of hearing too much. Not only was the hum of a submarine picked up with astonishing clearness, but other strange sounds of the sea as well—the vibration of engines in passing steamers, the beating of propellers in water. A steamer sets the water vibrating with an intensity thousands of times greater than that of a humming submarine. In that deluge of sound the submarine could not be easily detected. . . . Clearly, some kind of sound sieve was wanted—something that would sift out everything but the singing submarine."

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A SUBMARINE SLEUTH.

With this tiny microphone Mr. Dubilier catches the peculiar "whine" of the electric motor of the hidden submersible.

Such a "sieve" was found in a resonator, like a tiny organ-pipe, tuned to the exact pitch of the submarine's electric hum. It picks out just the sound that is sought, amid a babel of others; and the microphone, which is built on the plan of a telephone-transmitter, then magnifies it so that the ear can hear it. In this way a submarine can be heard under water, twenty miles away. A modification enables the position of the *U*-boat to be detected with some accuracy. Writes Mr. Dubilier:

"This microphone, or electrical ear, as it may well be called, proved to be extraordinarily sensitive. . . . And it behaved curiously like a telephone. Talk squarely into a telephone-transmitter and the man at the receiver will hear you clearly; talk into the transmitter sidewise, and you will be heard less distinctly. So it proved with the microphone. When the singing note sent out by a submarine under water struck the microphone squarely it was heard much more distinctly than if the microphone were inclined to the sound-waves. That made it easy to note in which direction the submarine was traveling. The microphone had merely to be turned until the hum was heard most distinctly.

"To determine the exact spot where a hostile submarine might be at any given moment two microphones were employed. Imagine two stations, *A* and *B*, along a coast-line; imagine a microphone detector in each, and imagine a central station, *C*, the headquarters of a naval officer in telephonic communication with stations *A* and *B*. The microphone detectors at stations *A* and *B* are turned from side to side until the submarine is heard with the greatest distinctness. Imaginary lines drawn perpendicularly from the microphones would meet at the point where the submarine is to be found, and the length of the line can easily be calculated by a simple trigonometrical process.

"For the purposes of defense the harbors of the world are usually ruled off by artillery officers into imaginary squares, which are plotted on a map. Suppose that a submarine is in square 23. The officer in the central station *C* is told by the microphone operators in stations *A* and *B* the exact inclination of their instruments at the moment. He carries out a rapid trigonometrical calculation, and the result shows him that the submarine must have been in square 23 at the time his data were telephoned to him. At once he sends out either a fast motor-boat, armed with a gun, or a torpedo-boat destroyer, to square 23."

The shore station keeps track of the submarine and informs the pursuing vessel from time to time of her victim's motions, so that if the *U*-boat has moved from square 23 by the time her pursuer reaches it, she is still tracked and destroyed.

NEW STATES OF MATTER

HOT LIQUIDS, "frozen" or solidified by pressure alone; new forms of ice that will sink in water instead of floating; the complete transformation of certain elements by subjecting them to pressure—these are some of the results reported by Professor Bridgman, of Harvard, from his series of experiments with substances subjected to very high pressures. Some of these results, it is announced by the *Revue Scientifique* (Paris, November 6) seem to contradict the conclusions of the classic experimenters, but they explain why the interior of the sun, for instance, radiates light like a solid when it is far too hot to exist like anything but a gas, under ordinary conditions, and they also show why the earth is as rigid as steel altho its interior is a molten mass. The high *interior pressures furnish the explanation in* both cases. We read:

Photograph by The Marshall Studio, Cambridge, Mass.

PROF. PERCY W. BRIDGMAN,

Who has produced, in his laboratory, pressures 20 times greater than that produced by modern artillery.

"According to modern ideas, the temperature must be extremely high and the pressure enormously great in the center of the sun. What is the state of matter in this region? Liquid, solid, or gaseous? It is generally supposed that the sun's center, the photosphere, is made up of an incandescent solid or liquid mass, giving a continuous spectrum. In the gaseous chromosphere that surrounds it take place the reversal phenomena that give rise to the dark Frauenhofer lines [in the familiar spectrum of the sun].

"But the classic experiments of Andrews, which showed that each substance has a 'critical' temperature above which it can not exist in the liquid state, seem in contradiction with the preceding interpretation. A body subjected to a certain temperature ought, according to Andrews, to become a gas; and no pressure should be able to keep it liquid or solid.

"Here is a doubt which seems to be removed by the recent researches of Professor Bridgman at Harvard University. With the aid of new forms of apparatus, Bridgman obtained pressures . . . fifteen to twenty times greater than those produced by modern artillery. And he shows that the theories advanced hitherto do not hold for these high pressures. A liquid may be solidified by applying sufficient pressure, however high the temperature. Bridgman has obtained other remarkable results, among others new forms of ice denser than water. Yellow phosphorus, subjected to a pressure of 13 tons and a temperature of 200° C., was changed into a substance resembling graphite 15 per cent. denser than the densest red phosphorus."

MEDICAL PUBLICITY—The recent publicity given to a case in Chicago, where physicians refused to operate to save the life of a malformed infant, is condemned and deprecated by *The Journal of the American Medical Association* (Chicago, November 27) in the following editorial:

"Sensational medical articles in newspapers have become a common, every-day occurrence. Pathology is now a breakfast table topic and the science of eugenics agitates the fluttering breasts of stately matrons and young débutantes at afternoon teas. The most recent sensation concerns the action of a Chicago physician regarding an infant marred by various anomalies of development. The newspapers featured the case; they elaborated it with gossip and discussion; with opinions from physicians; with the statements of social workers and psychologists; with letters of mothers and even of crippled and imbecile children. And the end is not yet. One newspaper publishes an autobiography of the physician, who promises to write, in serial form, the story of the case. The whole incident is nauseating. Infants with similar anomalies are born almost daily; no two cases are exactly alike; each is a problem unto itself. In this instance, apparently, the rights of the individual have been flippantly considered, and the sacredness of the home has been ruthlessly bandied in public. Nothing has been nor can anything ever be gained by such disgusting discussion as has accompanied this particular incident. One person has been basking in the lime-light of publicity, but in this instance it is not the brightness of the spot-light, but a yellow, sickly flame."

FIREPROOFING COTTON

THE STORAGE and shipment of cotton may be revolutionized and millions of dollars annually may be saved to cotton-consumers by a recently invented method of eliminating what is known as the "spark-and-flash" fire-hazard in that product. According to *Cotton* (Atlanta, Ga., November) a company has just been incorporated for handling the invention, which consists of a solution in which the *cotton* is dipt *in* bulk. We read:

"This question of immunizing cotton to spark-and-flash hazard by dipping interested the Underwriters' Laboratory of Chicago. W. C. Robinson, chief engineer at the Underwriters' Laboratory, made an eight-day trip to Oklahoma to make a personal investigation and subjected a number of treated bales of cotton to the most severe tests. These tests are said to have been much more severe than would be encountered under practical circumstances. Hundreds of burning cinders, lighted matches, cigars, and cigarets were thrown promiscuously on the dipt bales of cotton. These cinders were heated red-hot by a blowpipe and varied in size from one-eighth to seven-eighths of an inch in diameter. The effect of this contact was simply to char the cotton, there being no evidence of either fire or flash. Treated cotton was also shipped safely on a flat car from Oklahoma City to Chicago, a distance of over a thousand miles, without the slightest damage from fire by sparks, notwithstanding the fact that this car was placed next to the engine the entire trip.

"Mr. Robinson then made a test to establish whether the fiber from the dipt bales had been injured for manufacturing purposes. Therefore some of this cotton was run through the various processes in textile manufacture and it was found on testing that the tensile strength was unimpaired and that no trouble was had with the fiber taking dyes perfectly. . . . . .

"In view of these facts, the Southeastern Underwriters' Association has made a reduction of $1 per hundred dollars' valuation on all dipt cotton subject to spark-and-flash hazard, with an additional reduction of 5 per cent. on the remaining premium. This eliminates the entire charge heretofore made by insurance companies on cotton subject to spark-and-flash hazard. Under the new ruling, cotton can be stored in the open, adjoining railroad-tracks, if desired, and can be left in the gin yard regardless of location after ginning and dipping.

"It will at once be recognized that an enormous saving may be made, not only in insurance premiums, but also in freight-rates, as the ability to ship raw cotton on flat cars will immediately have the effect of reducing the box-car shortage now so common during the rush cotton season. Furthermore, a much larger amount of cotton may be shipped per car on a flat car than can possibly be stored in a box car, if the bales are of the regulation plantation order.

"It is claimed for this dipping process that it also prevents country damage and that the bales may be left on the ground and in the open air for long periods of time without depreciating in value. The process of dipping is inexpensive, and therefore the resulting benefit will be correspondingly greater."

AN INVISIBLE GERMAN AEROPLANE

THOSE WHO HAVE READ Mr. H. G. Wells's "Invisible Man" will remember that the hero vanished from mortal sight by making the components of his body transparent and endowing them with all the optical properties of the air about them, so that they could not be seen by reflected or refracted light. This is perfectly logical, and if we could discover a formula for accomplishing this result invisibility would be much commoner than it is. Transparency is about as near to it as we can come, and a sheet of transparent material like good plate glass is practically invisible unless one catches the reflection from its surface. The wing of an aeroplane can not be made of glass; but the Germans, if we are to believe press accounts, have found "something just as good," and are now making aeroplanes that it is extremely hard to pick out against the background of the sky. How they do it is explained by Frederick A. Talbot, writing in *The Daily Mail* (London). Says Mr. Talbot, who is the author of a work on "Aeroplanes and Dirigibles of War":

"The transparent-wing idea is by no means new. German inventors and manufacturers have been experimenting in this direction for a considerable time past. Apparently a degree of reliability, endurance, and durability has been attained, while evidently the manufacturing difficulties have been overcome.

"But the transparent wing serves to offer a further instance of Teutonic ingenuity in the application of a substitute for the generally accepted article. The declaration of cotton as contraband must exercise a far-reaching influence upon the production of material suited to the wings; but for some time past German airmen have maintained that a textile was far from being the most satisfactory medium for this purpose. Thereupon the Teuton embarked upon a new line of research to remedy the deficiency, and the invisible warplane is the result. From the German point of view this success represents a notable triumph because it offers a solution of the problem arising from the embargo placed upon cotton.

"The earliest experiments with a transparent material for the fabrication of the wings were conducted with celluloid. Naturally, this substance was unsuited for the purpose, while its extreme inflammability was a serious disability. But at the same time it was adequate for the work of testing, and it offered a suitable foundation upon which to construct improvements. Trials proved highly satisfactory so far as they were conducted, so much so that the chemists of the Fatherland devoted their energies to the production of a substance possessing all the virtues of transparency and lightness which are characteristic of celluloid but with none of its disadvantages.

"In this important work the commercial chemists were appreciably favored because Germany holds a prominent position among the trading nations of the world in the commercial production of synthetic resins capable of being substituted for natural horn, ivory, amber, and similar materials, which proved of inestimable value in the production of cheap knives, beads, pipes, buttons, and so forth, for the commercial invasion of foreign markets.

"These artificial resins, which can be produced in sheets, bars, blocks, and so forth, have many outstanding features. They are non-inflammable, are not affected by water, acids, alcohol, or oil, while they do not soften very materially when exposed to heat.

"Germany has devoted as much concentration of knowledge and effort to the production of these synthetic resins as to the anilin-dye industry, and is now in a position to practise the extensive manufacture of these products upon a far cheaper scale than was possible a few months ago, owing to the development of new processes.

"The resin is exceedingly tough. It can be cut into sheets of any thickness, polished, and worked up in the manner of the articles for which it is designed to act as a substitute. It will not burn readily, the blowpipe merely causing it to char in the manner of wet wood. So far as its preparation for aeroplane wings is concerned, this may take several forms. As it can be produced in sheets of any required thickness, the wing can be 'built up'—that is, the plane can be made of several successive layers and treated to form a homogeneous whole. In the building-up process one or two varying methods may be practised. In one instance the sheets of varying sizes are merely superimposed, but in such a manner that the joints overlap, and the superimposition is continued until the requisite thickness is obtained. As the joints are 'staggered'—that is to say, are not brought into line—the wing is given a uniform strength throughout its area."

The second process is somewhat more complicated, but yields a stronger plane. In this instance a layer of wire mesh is inserted between two or more layers of material. This wire, made from tough alloys, is strong yet light, so that the weight is not increased. At intervals metallic rods are inserted. The cement for binding the layers together is made from the same ingredients as the sheets themselves. When the sheets have been cemented, they are equivalent to a slab of the same material, because the layers can not be pulled apart. The writer goes on:

"The advantages of a wing built up in this manner are many. The requirements of immense strength and minimum of weight are fulfilled. The material being water-proof, there is no risk of its becoming water-logged. But, above all, it insures a fire-proof warplane.

"Airmen who have tested the machines fitted with these transparent wings say that it is possible to carry out their duties to better advantage, as the field of vision is not circumscribed, as is the case with the textile fabric. The wings being transparent, it is possible for the airman to see easily all around him, even through the wings, thereby rendering it additionally difficult for hostile airmen to approach unawares.

"The warplane fitted with such wings is almost indistinguishable when aloft. The only objects which are conspicuous are the airman and the machinery, but the target offered thereby is so small as to be considered negligible. Moreover, with such a machine there is less risk of a forced descent owing to damage wrought by gun-fire.

"Bullets and shrapnel, as tests have revealed, merely cause small punctures, grazes, or other slight damage. The impact does not set up any 'starring,' as in the case of glass, while the risk of an extensive rent being caused by a flying fragment is very remote."

SOME REMARKABLE COCOAS—In an article on "Chocolate and Cocoa, Their Composition and Food Value," contributed to *The Modern Hospital* (St. Louis, December) by John Phillips Street, chemist of the Connecticut Agricultural Experiment Station, at New Haven, the author quotes some interesting statements made on the labels of various brands of cocoa. He writes:

"Cocoa is not commonly adulterated at the present time, and it is unfortunate that many manufacturers still feel that they must resort to exaggeration and misrepresentation in order to sell their product. Without mentioning the specific brands, the following false claims were found on the labels of certain cocoas listed in our tables; the purchaser who believes all he reads on the average cocoa label is foolish indeed:

"'Owing to the removal of oil, it is certainly the most nutritious and wholesome cocoa now manufactured in the world.' As a matter of fact, this brand contained more oil than most of the cocoas analyzed, and it is by no means the 'most nutritious.'

"'Triple the strength of cocoa as usually prepared. Preserving in their entirety the nutritive properties of the natural bean.' Both statements are obviously untrue.

"'Acknowledged by the leading authorities to be absolutely the purest cocoa made.' This is untrue, as it contains a large excess of added alkali.

"'Soluble and digestible.' Both statements are incorrect.

"'Cocoa is stronger and more economical than chocolate,' the reverse of which is, of course, true.

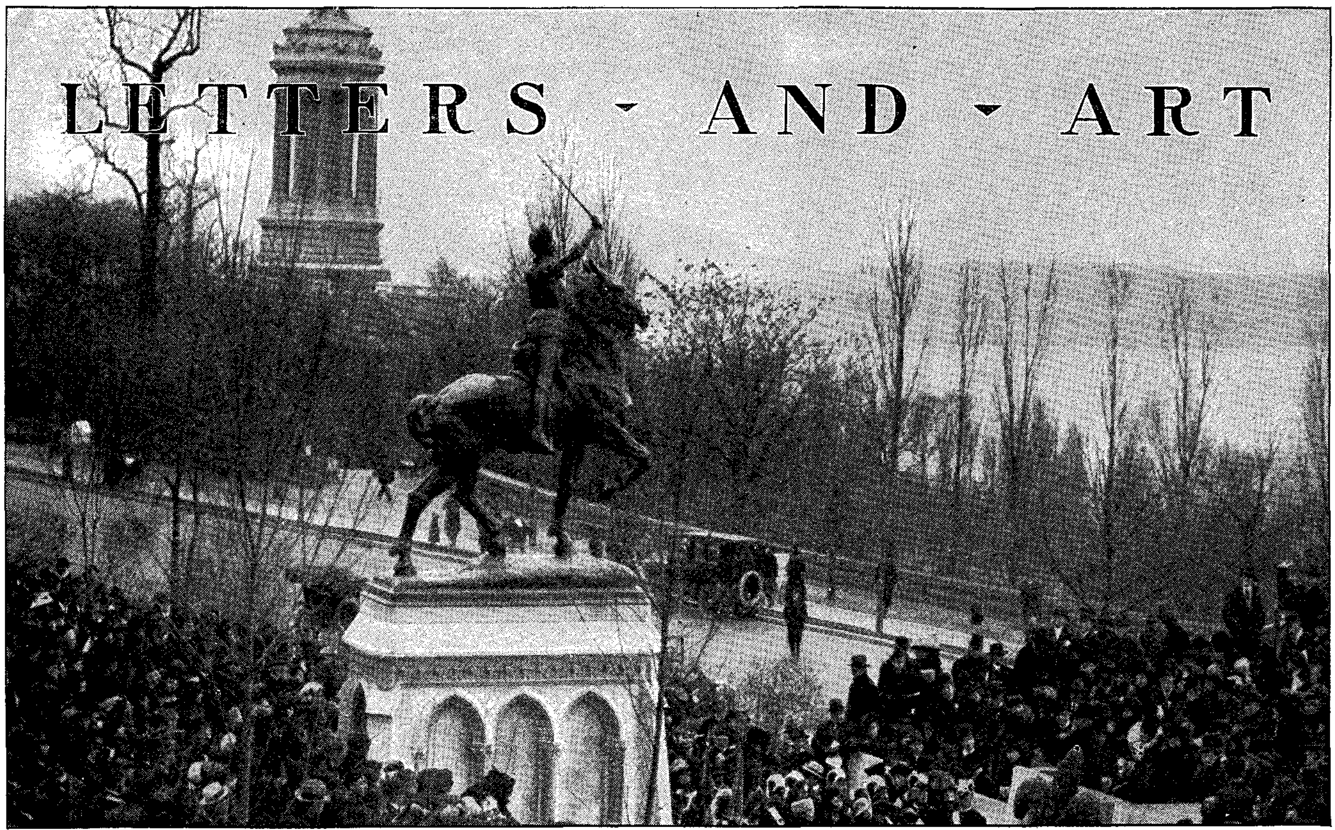
"'Double the strength of ordinary grades of cocoa.' Obviously untrue.

"'Soluble,' 'most of the cocoa-butter has been eliminated,' 'free from alkali.' This cocoa is not soluble, it contains more cocoa-butter than most brands, and it contains free alkali, showing that all three claims are false.

"'Milk cocoa.' The Reichert-Meissl number indicates the presence of no milk-fat.

"'Instantly soluble in hot water,' 'perfectly digestible,' 'unrivaled as a brain- and nerve-food.' These statements are all false and misleading."

LETTERS - AND - ART



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WHERE JOAN OF ARC STANDS ON RIVERSIDE DRIVE.

"The upward gesture of the sword is not without meaning—it is the natural movement of a person who has had a great revelation, a deep creative instinct. She is holding the sword up to God."

NEW ARTISTIC TIES WITH FRANCE

IT SEEMS to be the day of Joan of Arc come again. Her statue has been erected on Riverside Drive and her deeds depicted in an oratorio that had its first American representation within a week of the unveiling of her figure in bronze. Mounted upon a spiritedly stepping horse, the Maid of Orleans is thus figured forth for the fifteenth time. Thirteen of these equestrian statues are in France and one in Philadelphia. But the latest of this rank, the work of Miss Anna V. Hyatt, is the first modeled by a woman. The idea of the statue for New York to celebrate the five-hundredth anniversary of the birth of Joan in 1412, we are told by a writer in the New York *Evening Post*, originated with J. Sanford Saltus and George Frederick Kunz, president and vice-president of the Joan of Arc Statue Committee, of which Gabriel Hanotaux and Pierre Loti are honorary vice-presidents. The statue is a symbol of American and French relations. The sculptor is of French descent. The foundation-stones of the statue are taken from the tower of Rouen in which Joan was confined, and a fragment of a pilaster from the ruined cathedral at Reims is worked into the pedestal. As for the spirit of the work itself:

"Anna Vaughn Hyatt, its sculptor, sees only the spiritual in Joan, and in her work she holds indefinitely for us the moment after the finding of the consecrated sword, which Joan holds high over her head as she stands erect in her saddle, her head thrown back in exaltation. The horse is all but prancing. There is something of certainty and joyousness about the whole which could be inspired by nothing purely material or temporal. The upward gesture of the sword is not without meaning—it is the natural movement of a person who has had a great revelation, a deep creative instinct. She is holding the sword up to God."

The principal speaker at the unveiling ceremonies was Ambassador Jusserand, who declared that the statue will "stand as a memorial to teach generations what one can do for one's country." Continuing, he said:

"France, by years, is the oldest of all the countries of Europe, but by youth of mind and heart and enthusiasm she is the youngest. No nation has ever known as France has known the sun of such great happiness, nor the abyss of such misery.

"But France in its millennial day has become one, with a single purpose, the right as it is seen by great nations. It can fight and it will fight until it wins, for it has blessed faith in its sacred ideals.

"St. Genevieve, the patroness of Paris, who, when it was in peril of falling into the hands of the enemy, prophesied that it could never fall, was right. She predicted that Attila would not reach it, but would turn toward the plains of the Marne, there to be defeated. Bonaparte said, 'United, the French nation has never been vanquished.'

"Your President described the French code of ideals a few days ago when he described those of your own country. He said: 'We believe in political liberty, the liberty of men and people. Our ambition is to be the friends of those who are free or desire to be free, the world over.'

"So I, who have represented France in this country for thirteen years, bring to you from France our thanks; our thanks to the best beloved of France's friends for over a century, daily growing nearer to us."

Joan is also brought before Americans in the new oratorio by Enrico Bossi, sung by the New York Oratorio Society. The subject is her summons by heavenly messengers to the rescue of France, her triumph at Orleans, the coronation of Charles, her capture and martyrdom. The text is in the form of a dramatic narrative. Mr. Aldrich, critic of the New York *Times*, writes:

"The opening section, depicting Joan's peasant life, with the inevitable pastoral oboe, and her summons by the celestial voices, is finely conceived, and the mystical atmosphere of the heavenly apparition is truly denoted. The scene of taking the oath of allegiance at Blois is vivid.

"Joan enters Orleans, accompanied by a triumphant march, and there are powerful choral effects in this. The ride to Reims begins an orchestral picture not of the completest success, tho the introduction of the chorus finally comes to enhance the interest, and the choral effects in the coronation-scene are rich, varied, and highly elaborated, ending in an imposing climax.

There is a long intermezzo for orchestra, representing Joan's dream, that is undeniably dull in substance, and ingenious orchestral devices offer little relief. A mocking drinking chorus of soldiers has not much distinction. The composer has expended many of his resources upon the last scene, 'Death and Apotheosis,' in making a powerful dramatic climax.

"Tho there are pages where his results have not kept pace with his ambition, and where the interest flags, there is so much that is striking, so much that seizes the imagination, that the production of the composition may be called distinctly worth while. It was, on the whole, well performed."

ROMAIN ROLLAND AS A NEUTRAL

At the outset of the war Romain Rolland figured as one of the literary contestants with a decided adherence to the French cause. His open letter to Gerhart Hauptmann was quoted in these pages. But for many long months now he has endeavored to maintain an attitude of neutrality, and recently has declared that he would retire into silence until the conflict ceases. His case is severely handled by Mr. Alvan Sanborn, an American who through long residence and a foreign marriage has practically become a Frenchman. Mr. Sanborn fought in the early days of the war, tho over age, and received his discharge through illness. We will leave our readers to judge to what extent even these services entitle Mr. Sanborn to deal with this once influential figure whom he now brands as the "most pitiable" in Europe, a "man without a country," and the "moral inferior of the humblest *poilu*." Rolland was forty-eight when the war broke out, and thus a little past the age of compulsory military service. Legally the State had no claim upon him, but, says Mr. Sanborn, "judged by the rigid ethical standards he himself professes to apply, he is nothing more nor less than a deserter." There was work he could do, as an interpreter, for example—"a post for which his superior knowledge of German peculiarly fitted him," but he prefers, we are told, to avoid even the semblance of danger, and sits—"a myope perched on a peak"—"to offer 'high-brow' advice to all the combatants." The "mystery of his regrettable recreancy in the present painful exigency," says Mr. Sanborn, in the Boston *Transcript*, "is rather one for morbid psychology — better still, perhaps, for pathology — to solve." We read:

"Romain Rolland is a neutral.

"Romain Rolland, native of the Morvan, where the Gallic type is supposed to have remained exceptionally pure; Romain Rolland, descendant, on his mother's side, of the first president of the Parliament of Paris and of a chancellor of France, and, on his father's side, of an ardent partizan of the French Revolution, can not make a clean-cut choice in the present gigantic conflict between France and Germany. Indeed, he enjoys the distinction of being practically the only Frenchman of repute who is certain ultimately to be right, since he has refrained from espousing any cause.

"He 'soars eagle-like' above 'demented humanity'; he holds himself 'above the mêlée'; he 'judges from above,' studiously maintaining an attitude of balance and blank; '*Mein Reich ist im der Luft*' (his *patrie* is in the air).

"'*Romain Rolland parle et la France se bat.*'

"While bayonets are crossing and bullets are flying, while mothers are moaning over their martyred children, he is secreting pretentious twaddle about the 'prerogatives of the intellect,' he is conserving 'the supremacy of the world.' While his fellow countrymen, his fellow craftsmen, even, are suffering, dying, and putrefying in the infernal trenches, he is indulging in Byzantine ratiocinations. While the fate of his *patrie* hangs trembling in the balance, while the ravaging invader is still master of several departments, while the Ville Lumière is still threatened with destruction, he is principally preoccupied with 'maintaining the integrity of his own thought' and with 'lifting the thought of Europe above the tempest and dispersing the clouds that try to obscure it.'"

Out of Rolland's own mouth Mr. Sanborn finds words to condemn him:

"In his first manifesto, '*Au Dessus de la Mêlée*,' Romain Rolland sings pæans to the French soldiers, in whom 'reflourishes the lineage of the heroes of the Revolution.' He accosts them in glowing apostrophes; he fairly overwhelms them with dithyrambs:

"'How splendidly you are avenging us for the years of skepticism, for the supineness wherein we grew up to manhood, in shielding from their miasmas our faith, your faith, which is triumphing with you on the battle-field! War of "*revanche*," it is said. Of "*revanche*" indeed, but not as narrow chauvinism understands the word; "*revanche*" of faith against all the egoisms of the senses and of the mind, absolute surrender of self to the eternal ideas. . . . Whatever destiny has in store, you have scaled the summits of life and have carried thither with you your *patrie*. You will conquer, I know it. Your abnegation, your intrepidity, your absolute faith in your sacred cause, the unshakable certainty that, in defending your invaded soil, you are defending the liberties of the world, assure me of your victory, young armies of Marne-et-Meuse, whose name is graven henceforth in history alongside that of your elders of the Great Republic.'

"And then, almost without taking breath, he insults these same soldiers by calling them 'feeble creatures swept away by a terrible cyclone'; by likening them to 'a flock of sheep that make of their weakness a god and that worship it'; by declaring that 'the three greatest peoples of the Occident, the guardians of civilization'—the phrase which must include France—'are rushing headlong to their ruin'; by pronouncing the cause, of which he has just affirmed the justice and in the triumph of which he has just proclaimed his confidence, the struggle which he has just defined as a defense of the liberties of the world, a 'puerile and bloody sport,' a 'monstrous *épopée*,' a 'sacrilegious mêlée that offers the spectacle of a demented Europe mounting the pyre and lacerating herself, like Hercules, with her own hands.'

"He remonstrates with these soldiers who are ready and glad to die, because they are not trying 'to extinguish the conflagration'; because they are unwilling to admit a premature peace that would render vain a sacrifice he himself has proclaimed holy; above all, because they permit themselves the luxury of abhorring the spirit of the brigands who have wantonly desolated their homes.

"He tries to inspire the fighters with distrust of their chiefs.

"He affirms that the heads of the States are consumed with inordinate ambitions and that they are the criminal authors of the war. 'Each one' ('*chacun*')—and this includes Poincaré and this includes Albert of Belgium and this includes Pierre of Servia if I understand French—'is slyly endeavoring to throw the responsibility upon the adversary.' All the parties are 'straining to justify their crimes.'

"These are only a few of the inconsistencies and contradictions in a single manifesto. It would take columns upon columns to point out all the inconsistencies and contradictions in all the manifestoes (in all the extraordinary rhetorical effusions), which, in a vain endeavor to serve two masters, Rolland has perpetrated since the war began. He can not write a simple letter without getting badly tangled up in the labyrinthine convolutions of his own thought. Thus, in a short communication to Georges Pioch, he contrives to declare once more that his country is 'struggling heroically for liberty' and to reaffirm his belief that the war is a 'European suicide' and a 'crime against civilization' on the part of all the parties thereto."

Rolland, we are told, complains at this time that his fellow countrymen do not understand him. He has even threatened the world, avers Mr. Sanborn, "with silence, which, in common decency, he should not have broken." Further:

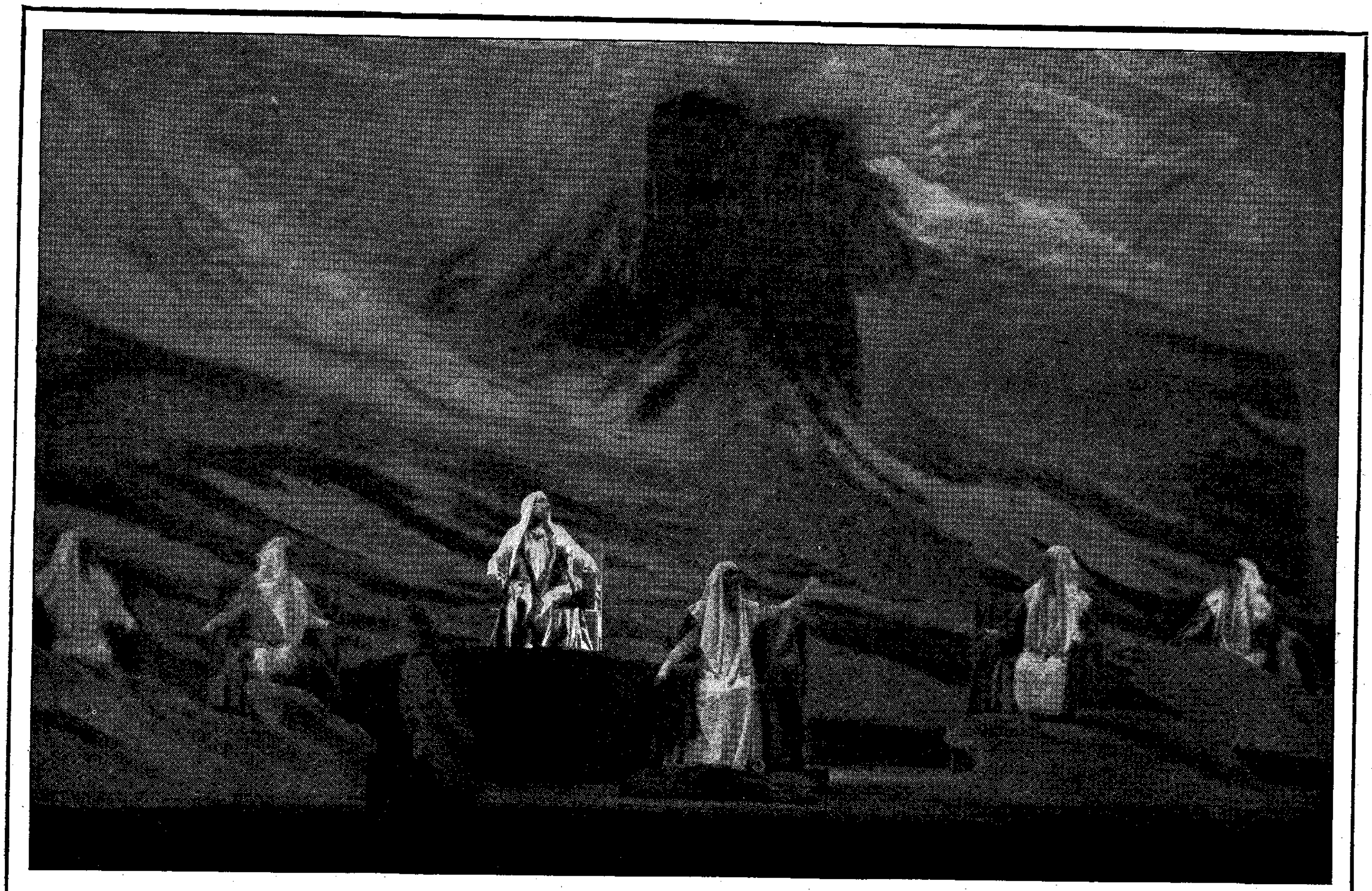
"In a letter to the Director of *The International Review*, written toward the end of the summer, and which only aggravated the flagrancy of his dilettantism, he said:

"'Incomprehension has ended by disarming me. . . . I withdraw into art, which remains the inviolate refuge; and I wait for the passing of the madness of the world.'

"Romain Rolland not understood?

"It is Romain Rolland who can not or will not understand. He can not understand that it does not suffice to aid, on neutral soil and through the agency of an international society, the exchange of prisoners (however useful this function may be) to demonstrate loyalty to the *patrie*. Doth not the neutralist neutral the same?

"He can not understand that, in the midst of well-nigh universal suffering and bereavement, the soul-states of Romain Rolland are matters of negligible importance; that to proclaim



MME. SARAH'S FIRST REAPPEARANCE AFTER THE AMPUTATION.

Bernhardt is the figure in full light. Remaining seated throughout the piece which was performed at the Théâtre Sarah Bernhardt on November 6, she spoke the part of the *Cathedral of Strasbourg* with "the fervor of her old self."

them upon the housetops is a highly indelicate proceeding; that the lyricism of 1912 may be the flubdub of 1915; that it ill becomes the Frenchman who does not himself shoulder a musket to render harder the already hard task of the fellow who shoulders one for him, by ventilating overscrupulous reservations and hyperrefined misgivings, instead of heartening his substitute by every means within his power.

"He can not understand that an endeavor at reconciliation, which would be permissible and might even be commendable in a citizen of a neutral country, is reprehensible in a Frenchman, so long, at least, as the criminal invader continues to profit by his crime to the extent of holding a foot of French or Belgian territory."

Mr. Sanborn confesses that he never suspected this obverse side of Rolland's nature, but points to the fact that others, even before the war, did so. Among these was the painter Cranié (recently deceased), whose picture is thus described:

"A few years ago, Cranié made a highly artistic portrait-drawing of Rolland, which represented him as a supremely languid, sinuous, effeminate type, with a moonstruck eye gazing uncannily into space, with the triangular head of a viper (copperhead?) reclining upon a tenuous, tapering, flaccid, slightly simian hand; pose strikingly reminiscent of that of one of the most famous gargoyles of Notre Dame de Paris. Reproduced in a New York magazine, this curious drawing evoked protests from certain Rolland admirers who found it 'too fantastic for so simple a man.' Recent events prove the protestors to have been wrong, and the artist Cranié, who had made a likeness of a soul rather than the likeness of a body (the physical resemblance was indeed slight) to have been right."

Mr. Sanborn once interviewed Rolland and got this impression:

"I came away not a little deprest . . . with the feeling that I had been in the company of a good deal of a 'dig' and something of a 'prig'; but I carried with me the conviction that the author of 'Beethoven' and 'Jean-Christophe' was a man of great heart and pure conscience, appallingly determined and absolutely sincere.

"But dilettantism, I must confess, was the very last thing with which I should have thought of taxing Romain Rolland—and, up to the moment of the present war, I would have put my hand in the fire (despite deep-seated dislike of the sloppiness of his style) in defense of his moral uprightness and downrightness."

THE PROSPECT OF THE "DIVINE SARAH"

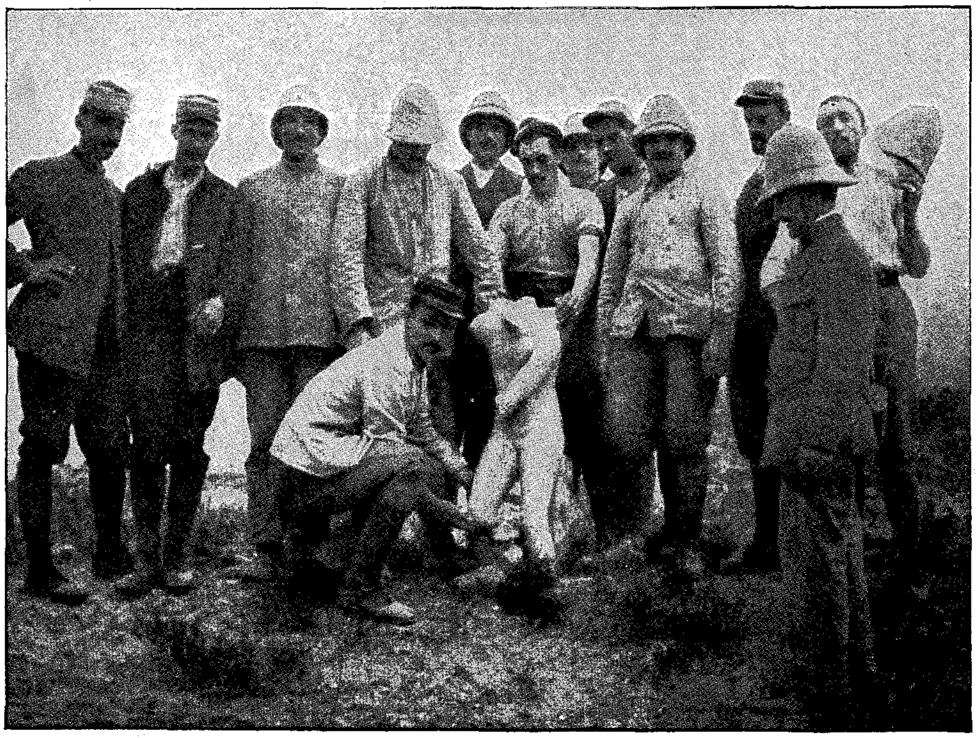
CHRISTMAS DAY is the final date, so far as we receive information, for Mme. Sarah Bernhardt's embarkation for our shores to give a series of plays. She is the heroine of potentially overmastering obstacles both past and prospective. Chief of all is the loss of one leg; but this lack, she declares, will not deter her from her purpose. A rumored threat from the enemy's submarine, or a bomb from one of our unsympathetic citizens will not daunt her, tho with Gallic cynicism she deprecates an end to life brought about by such means as unfitting the close of a glorious career. In addition to such flotsam brought to our notice by an industrious press manager, we hear of her reappearance on the stage of her own theater in Paris in a one-act allegory in which she remained seated throughout the performance. Such news, points out the New York *Press*, "reveals in a measure what is in store for playgoers in America when she arrives here next month." Further:

"This is the first time Madame Bernhardt has appeared on the stage since her right leg was amputated almost a year ago. While those who saw her on her own stage as she declaimed some passionately patriotic verses are agreed that she had the fervor of her old self and that her performance was not marred by remaining seated throughout the one-act piece, America must give up hope of seeing her in 'Jeanne Doré,' 'Lucretia Borgia,' 'Resurrection,' 'Phèdre,' 'Camille,' 'Madame X.,' 'La Mort de Tintagile,' 'A Night Before Christmas,' 'The Death of Cleopatra,' and 'The Merchant of Venice,' her intended program. Doubtless, too, Bernhardt has abandoned the idea of enacting *Shylock* in the trial-scene of 'The Merchant of Venice.'

"Bernhardt at seventy-one typifies French courage. On her father's side she comes from a race which has tasted the delights of victory and the horrors of defeat, but has never been conquered."

FINDING A GREEK GOD IN THE TRENCHES

TRENCH-DIGGING is dull and dirty work, as a rule, one imagines, yet even this may be illumined, on occasion, with the thrill of discovery, provided the trench be dug in the proper locality, such as the isles of Greece afford. Our illustration shows a remarkable find made a few weeks ago in the northern part of Lemnos by French soldiers engaged in practise-digging of trenches at Palæopolis, the modern town on the site of what was probably the Hephestia of the ancients. The picture appeared in *L'Illustration* (Paris), accompanied by a letter from a French officer giving a vivacious account of the unexpected "find." The writer tells us that tho he and his mates had often discust the probable reason for the destruction of the ancient city, which is estimated to have had a population of 60,000, none of them had any idea of there being a chance of discovering treasure in a region so thoroughly dug over both by archeologists and by thrifty peasants seeking cheap building-material. He writes:



From "L'Illustration."

THE FIND OF THE *POILUS*.

While digging trenches at Palæopolis the French soldiers uncovered a Greek statue of "Eros" sleeping in the ground for twenty centuries, and incidentally found the cause of the city's destruction.

"We often spoke of it, however. Two opinions were current, in fact, among us with regard to the cause of the destruction of this city: was it due to an earthquake or was it sacked by the Turks? The latter opinion prevailed. . . . But on the 11th of October, a detachment went out to dig practise-trenches near the buried city. I accompanied the soldiers, with my comrade G. and the veterinary M. . . . . . .

"The route is picturesque; one follows the sea, adorably blue, with Samothrace looming in the distance like a Valhalla. . . . At the end of two hours Palæopolis appears. . . . What irremediable ruin! Not a stone left upon stone, and all this débris of stone and marble broken into fragments so tiny that the most enthusiastic picture-puzzler would never have had the patience to reconstruct the whole.

"The point of attack chosen by our men showed plainly marked traces of the foundation of a house—a temple or palace. I was watching the men nonchalantly when some of them cried out: 'There's a hollow sound!' The words were heard by all. Instantly the same thought ran through all our heads—that the pick might bring some precious relic to the light of day! The men, eager to find a treasure, an amphora filled with pieces of gold or silver, dug with a will—weren't they there to dig trenches?—at the same time handling their tools with praiseworthy prudence. The hollow sound was due to the fact that the earth is composed of rubbish, of earth transported thither, and without cohesion, despite the lapse of ages, in this land where rains are rare. . . . .

"The ditch was now one yard long, three-quarters of a yard wide, and nearly as deep. . . . Suddenly the man at work cried out: 'What's that?' The base of a column, doubtless; the form is rounded. 'Dig very carefully!' The instrument displaces the earth about the fragment, which seems to be of importance. With his hand he brushes away the slight layer of earth which still clings to it; a shoulder appears! I call my comrades: 'Come here, come quick, a statue!' They find it hard to believe, and so do I. What! The chances of military duty have brought us to this place of which we had had no definite indication. The extent of the ruins is such that the point attacked by the men is not the millionth part, yet they have hit upon the precise spot where a marble had been sleeping for twenty centuries! However, there is no doubt about it, and the dimensions, nearly two-thirds life-size, show it to be an important piece.

"What zeal, what precautions to disengage the torso! No head, alas! Perhaps we'll find one later. . . . The earth is falling in. . . . Clear away, clear away. The torso and the pelvis are disengaged. A man or a woman? The arms are broken and missing. A god or a goddess? It is a god, a young god. . . . Good! Look at the wings—it is Eros, it is Amor.

"The knee has been reached. A new disappointment—the legs are broken and dispersed. The men lift the enormous weight, at least a hundred kilos, like a feather. . . . The hour for breakfast has come. But we hardly think of it. . . . That head, those arms, those legs, must be regained at any cost. The labor is not in vain. At the end of an hour we find . . . the right thigh, and then the calf of the same member; the sun burns hotly; the men are worn out, white with dust. I command breakfast. It is soon swallowed; everybody is eager to go on.

"Unfortunately the afternoon is less fruitful than the morning. But at least it yields the explanation of one factor in this interesting problem. . . . We recognize to the due honor of our enemies that the catastrophe was not due to the sacking of the city by the Turks. The city was destroyed by earthquake. We discover the proof of this when the place where the statue was erected is exposed, a dais of white marble with its walls covered with plates of the same, perfectly jointed. The descent is by a stairway in the corner of which we have already uncovered three steps. . . . But in a corner of a *pièce* what do we find? A cow, a whole cow, which the Turks would certainly not have cast down there in their destructive rage. The frightened beast . . . precipitated itself there and was covered by the débris among which it perished."

The officer closes his vivid account in these words:

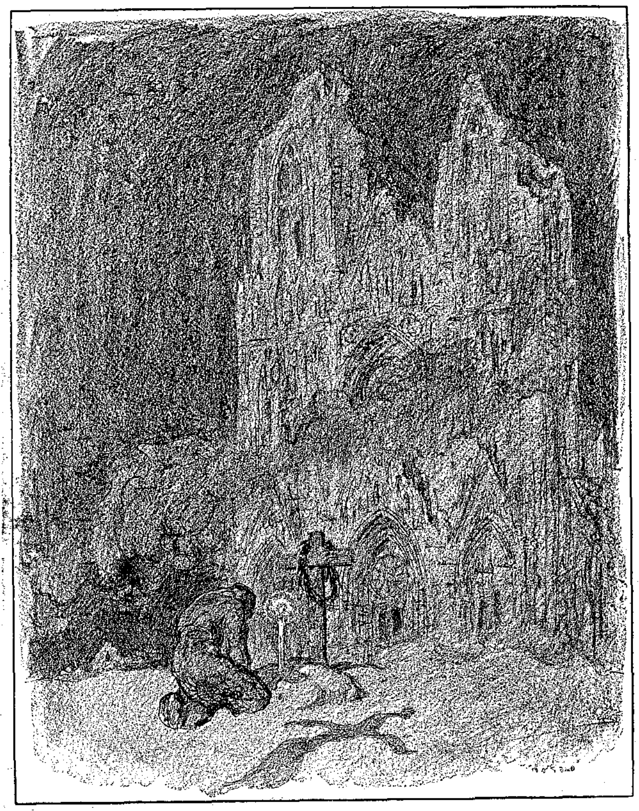
"We decide that this thing is not ours, that it has been discovered by French soldiers on foreign, tho hospitable, shores, and that it belongs to the nation descended from that people of great artists to whom we owe so much of our Occidental culture. And we shall be well repaid for our pains, if, within the Greek museum which will shelter our Eros, we may read engraved on a plate of copper this phrase:

"'Found by the Officers and Soldiers
Of the Expeditionary Corps to the Dardanelles at
Palæopolis, in Lemnos,
The Campaign Against Germany, Austria-Hungary, and
Turkey, October, 1915.'"

RELIGION-AND-SOCIAL-SERVICE

CHRISTMAS IN EUROPE

NO FUTURE TRIUMPHS OR DEFEATS can ever soften for Europe the memory of this dark Christmas of 1915. No more tragical a one has she ever known, and the future can scarcely be conceived to hold a sadder. The contrast even with that of a year ago is marked. "The shock and excitement of the beginning of the war were still tingling," says a writer in the New York *Sun*. There was even a spirit of bravado as the talk prevailed of the Kaiser's dining in Paris, or "which ruler should lead the triumphant Allies in procession through Unter den Linden." Victory did not seem so unlikely a matter tho "every one admitted that victory would be bought only with sorrow and sacrifice." Now, says the writer, "every one knows, with the hard knowledge of experience, that victory will be bought only with sorrow heaped on sorrow and sacrifice heaped on sacrifice. It is this knowledge borne in on every home, however exalted or however humble, that makes the Christmas celebration of 1915 in Europe a solemn sacrament of sorrow." In a glance at each of the warring countries the writer endeavors to picture the changed conditions of this Christmastide brought about by war.



CHRISTMAS MORNING IN EUROPE.

—Cesare in the New York *Sun*.

"Of all the warring peoples Christmas means the most to the Germans, and on none will the sacrifice of the traditional customs of the day fall so heavily. There is no blood and iron in the German Christmas. There is instead a tender and appealing sentiment that is typical of all that is best in the German character. The whole world is indebted to Germany for the Christmas tree and for many of the most delightful of the Christmas stories and customs. The German Christmas is a day for the home, the family, and the children, with its very custom endeared by generations of tradition. . . . . . .

"Last year there were candles and cakes a plenty for every one, whether at home or at the front. The soldiers were overwhelmed with packages of Christmas sweets. Every dugout, every bombproof shelter in the long line of trenches was gay with blazing Christmas trees. In Munich the soldier dead were not forgotten, for in all the cemeteries on hundreds of new-made graves twinkled the lights of little Christmas trees, the saddest, bravest sight in all Germany.

"But this year, with a shortage of fats in her food-supply so severe as to demand serious attention on the part of the Government, there is in Germany no butter or milk for the Christmas cakes, no tallow or wax for the Christmas candles. To many people this little homely deprivation will bring a realization of the severities of war more vivid and more compelling than even the sight of the fast-growing graveyards. With a million new graves in the land, with dire necessity robbing her dearest holiday of its dearest symbols, no triumph of arms can make this Christmas of 1915 anything but a sad and sorrowful feast in the homes of the German Empire."

In Austria "there will be no blessing of the kine this year, for there are no kine to bless." Russia will miss the vodka-bottle chiefly. Poland is a war-swept wilderness. In one other part of Europe the heel of war has prest even harder:

"And this is in Servia—poor, brave, beaten Servia, with its whole population, an entire people, fugitive before hated and terribly feared invaders. . . . They have ceased to have homes; they have ceased to possess property; they must burrow in the earth for shelter and forage for their uncertain food like wild animals. With her army making a heroic and hopeless struggle, with her people dying with their spirit yet unbroken, the birthday of the Prince of Peace will not be celebrated this year in Servia."

The sorrows of Belgium are to-day of the spirit rather than of the flesh; their physical condition is improving, and a ray of hope and gain even is seen for them:

"If the Belgian people ever again have a united Christmas, they will find themselves with many new holiday ideas. A tree twinkled in every place that housed a German last year, and tho the Belgians will not allow their Christmas to be Germanized, yet the trees appealed to them mightily. Certainly the Christmas tree will be much more common henceforth in Belgium whether the Germans stay there or not.

"Thousands of refugees waiting in England until their country is redeemed will bring back with them many ideas of the English holiday."

Last year, it is pointed out, the greatest interest of the English at Christmas was to get a plum pudding to every Englishman in France and Flanders:

"But it is a sadder and wiser England that approaches Christmas this year. Hundreds of thousands of young Englishmen have died to make her so. Last year the *Lusitania* was a Christmas ship. To-day she is a tragic memory. Last year the *Zeppelins* had not yet disturbed London. To-day every Londoner to whom the war may have been little more than a headline in a newspaper has had a graphic lesson in what a powerful and resourceful enemy can do even in a 'right little, tight little island.' As a further object-lesson England will pay for the raisins for her plum puddings something like 200 per cent. more than she did last year. The war with Turkey has done that.

"England has had other black Christmases, but they were farther away from home. The Christmas of 1899 in South Africa was one that she does not like to recall, while the terrible Christmas of 1854, the Christmas of the Crimean War, when, as a writer of the day put it, 'Thanks to General Muddle, things are about as bad as they can be,' was always a bitter memory to that generation.

"The year 1915 has not been a good year for England, and she knows it. The knowledge has shattered her complacency and has strengthened her determination. But she is not happy about it and her Christmas celebration will be a chastened feast."

Paris knows how black a Christmas can come to a war-ridden country. In 1870 nine hundred men froze to death in the trenches outside the city. "Cold, hunger, agony, and despair sat enthroned at every habitation in Paris." But—

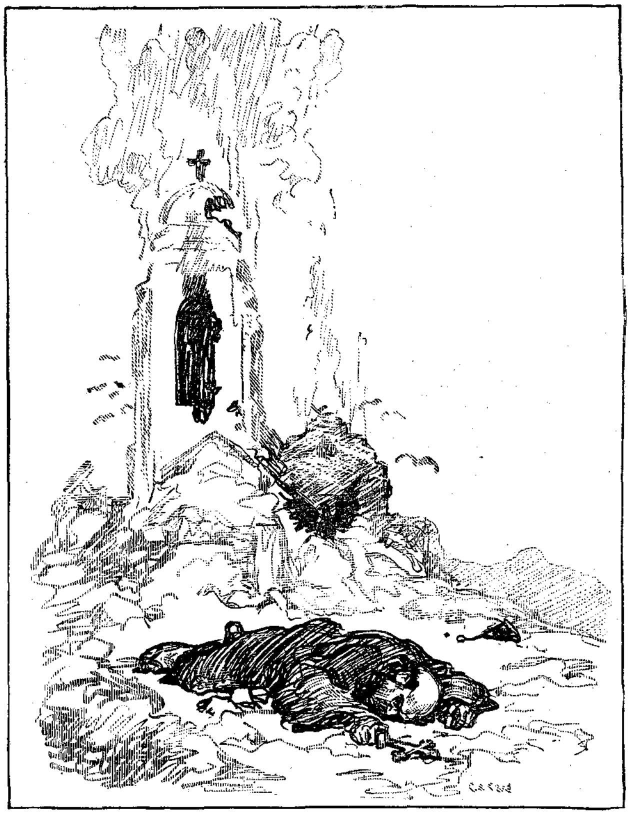
> "Better, it seems, than any of the other nations did France realize from the beginning what this present war would mean, and, realizing, she consecrated herself utterly. She has made every sacrifice, great and small, even to giving up the crusty rolls and light white bread that are as the breath in her nostrils. When a Frenchman, every Frenchman, eats without complaint a grayish bread made of a mixture of wheat and rice and entirely lacking in golden crust, he has indeed an exalted spirit. It is a small thing, perhaps, but it is enormously significant.
>
> "Last Christmas was a solemn festival in France. A million gifts, gifts of wool, were sent to the men in the trenches. Every soldier had a glass of champagne. But there was no merry-making. Masses were said at open-air altars erected back of the battle-lines. In the old church at Thann in Alsace a French Christmas was celebrated for the first time in forty-four years. But it was a celebration of prayer, not of rejoicing.
>
> "This year, as last, midnight masses will be said in the churches of Paris, but afterward there will be no gaiety in the streets as in former years, no dancing pierrots and harlequins leading the maskers, no brilliant round of restaurant suppers, the beloved *réveillon* of the Parisian. When it was suggested to General Gallieni that the restaurants might be allowed to remain open later than usual to permit of a little of the traditional merry-making, he replied:
>
> "'There will be no Christmas celebration in Paris while a single German soldier remains in France.'
>
> "So Paris on Christmas Eve will go home through darkened streets with a prayer in her heart for all those who have died for France and for all those who must yet die."

MR. WILSON'S CATHOLIC CRITICS

THE WILSON ADMINISTRATION has found itself in the bad books of many Catholic journals ever since its recognition of Carranza, who is accused of savage persecution of the priests and nuns in Mexico. So sharp had become the criticism that some sort of rejoinder was apparently necessary, and the newspapers were recently spreading wide the "Tumulty letter" to Dr. James J. McGuire, of Trenton, who wrote to ask what truth there was in the reports of attacks upon the inmates of the convents by Carranza's followers. Mr. Tumulty, who is of the Catholic faith, replied that "there is no official record of a single proved case of this dastardly crime in the files of the Department of State," and assured him that the disorders in Mexico are such as may be expected to follow any civil war. Finally, coming to the precise matter of his correspondent's inquiry, he says:

> "There have been many unsubstantiated reports of this nature, but none of our consuls or special agents who have diligently investigated reported cases has been able to verify them. It was said that at Zacatecas a great many of the nuns had been outraged. Our special agent, who was sent there to make inquiries, after a thorough investigation covering two weeks reported that he had not been able to confirm the report.
>
> "It is true that the nuns had already left Zacatecas, but they had gone to Vera Cruz, where they remained until November, when they were sent by this Government on a steamer to the United States. During all the time of their stay in Vera Cruz—and they remained there five months after the reported outrages—the officers of the American Army, who were thrown more or less in contact with the priests and nuns, especially at the time of preparation for embarking, have stated that they never heard of a single report of outrage having been committed. These men showed the poor refugees the greatest sympathy and did everything possible to make them comfortable, and it would seem remarkable that they should not have heard some repetition of the story of the Zacatecas outrages had the report been true.
>
> "It is proper to observe here that perhaps some nuns may have been assaulted, as might have occurred in any other country under the conditions of wild disorder which then prevailed in Mexico, and especially when it is considered that the laws of Mexico prohibit a nun from wearing any garb or other insignia to indicate her calling, so that she would be in no way distinguishable from others of her sex."

The publication of this letter brings into the arena a number of protesters, none more vigorous than Father Tierney, editor of the Jesuit weekly, *America* (New York). If the Government has "no documents" proving the crimes in Mexico, he asks, where have they been put? And what esoteric meaning is to be applied to the word "official," for documents in plenty are in the hands of other American Catholics to prove the truth of the charges. Mr. Tumulty is further charged with setting up a man of straw for political ends favorable to the Administration to placate the Catholic element in this country. "The inquiry" of Dr. McGuire, he says, "was apparently framed to give an opportunity for an answer that would make the opposition of American Catholics to the Mexican revolutionists seem unreasonable, if not factitious." Dr. Tierney further declares:



SOMEWHERE IN MEXICO.

—Cesare in the New York *Sun*.

> "The fact remains that there are in possession both of Mgr. Kelly, president of the Church Extension Society, and of the editor of *America* two affidavits declaring the sisters were outraged. And strange to say, one of these was taken at Vera Cruz, on October 28, 1914, in the presence of an army officer who affixes his name thereto."

Mr. Tumulty's chief authority is the Very Rev. Antonio J. Paredes, Roman Catholic Vicar-General of the Archbishopric of Mexico. This ecclesiastic reported to John R. Sullivan, special representative of the Department of State, that he had occasion personally to interest himself in all the religious matters of the Archbishopric since the date of the entry of the Constitutionalist forces into the city, and that from August to November thirty-two priests had been imprisoned for varying periods, while two had been shot and one hung up and beaten by Zapatista generals. No nuns had suffered violence, however.

Father Tierney takes exception to the testimony of Mgr. Paredes on the ground that the Vicar-General is now a "Carranzista," holding his present position "by appointment from Carranza, and by the sufferance of the Ordinary of Mexico

City, who confirmed the appointment to avoid greater trouble." Father Tierney writes:

> "Mgr. Paredes admits the murder and torture of priests, but good Carranzista that he is, he accuses the Zapatistas of the crimes. He could have given more extended information to our State Department, for two Christian Brothers were brutally murdered by the Villistas, and several priests were tortured by them in a most revolting fashion, at a time when Villa and Carranza were such firm friends that one was congratulating the other on the work done. The editor of *America* has on file affidavits, made in the regular way, by the tortured priests, in the presence of Bishop Lynch, of Dallas, Texas. Moreover, he also has the letter of a Christian Brother announcing the foul murder of two of his companions."

The New York *Freeman's Journal* cites this appeal made to Catholic Americans "by two Mexican Archbishops who have been driven into exile":

> "We, the undersigned, members of the hierarchy of Mexico now in exile in the United States of America, do declare that the statements already published by the magazine *Extension* and the papers *America*, *Columbiad*, and *Southern Messenger*, of murders, tortures, outrages against the Church, the clergy, and the sisters of Mexico are, in all their general statements, true. The whole truth of the terrible persecution of the clergy and the religious of Mexico has not been told even yet. But it ought to be made known for the future benefit of the many innocent sufferers.
>
> "The purpose of the men who have inflicted these injuries on us is plainly to destroy religion in Mexico, to banish those whom they do not kill, to steal the property consecrated to the service of God, to desecrate what they can not steal, and to soil as much as they can the good name of the innocent. The gravest injury has been done to the cause of God and the Church."

In the face of such testimony this paper declares that both Mr. Tumulty "and the Administration for which he is spokesman in this matter will discover later on that the Catholics of this country are not satisfied with their Government being associated, even indirectly, with Carranza and his infamous persecution of Catholics." *The Catholic News* (New York) and *The New World* (Chicago) both indict the Administration of indifference to wrongs suffered by the Mexican Catholics. *The News* adds:

> "After all that has happened in Mexico we may as well make up our mind that Washington is not the place for us to look for redress. A Government that has permitted hundreds of Americans to be murdered in Mexico and has made no vigorous protest will hardly bother about the complaints of outrages on mere Mexican Catholics."

A pro-Administration reply to the charges made in behalf of the suffering Catholics of Mexico may be read in this editorial comment of the New York *Evening Post:*

> "If the Mexican Government of to-day is severe in its attitude toward the Catholic Church, this is no more than all Mexican Governments have been for the past sixty years. There can be no understanding of the Catholic question in Mexico to-day which does not take into account what has gone before. Mexico has a body of anticlerical legislation so drastic as to make the most extreme measures of France in recent years seem mild by comparison. The so-called 'Laws of Reform,' worked out by Lerdo and Juarez and Comonfort during the struggles of many years, were an attack upon the ancient privileges of the Mexican Church more sweeping than anything which Carranza has done or proposed. Whether those anticlerical laws were justified or not we do not here discuss. Our sole point is that they, and the treatment of priests and nuns that went along with them, were never alleged as a reason why the United States should not recognize those earlier Mexican Presidents. But now we are told that Carranza ought not to be recognized because he is anticlerical, and because crimes such as used to stain former revolutions in Mexico have again been committed during the past three years. Nowhere is there any proof that Carranza himself is personally responsible; but everything that drunken soldiers or roving bandits have done is laid upon his shoulders. This is manifestly unfair.
>
> "We must try to keep distinct the question of outrages in Mexico and the question who bids fair soonest to restore peace and order in Mexico. Abhorrence of the crimes can not be too great. If the criminals are caught, their punishment can not be too severe. But we submit that all this is beside the point of what is to be done by outside nations to help Mexico to her feet. It is a neat point which Mr. Tumulty scores when he remarks that the other countries which joined the United States in deciding that Carranza was the man for the great Mexican work are all Catholic countries."

THE NEW "COMMUNITY" CHRISTMAS

THE EXPERIMENTS of the past three years have proved the value of the community idea of Christmas-holiday celebration. New York, Boston, and Hartford began in 1912 to provide wholesome entertainment for all the people. "It was well conceived," says *The Living Church* (Milwaukee), "that, if a public program of music and song was held in some public center in the open air, a temperate and helpful observance of the holiday might be enjoyed by a large number who would thus be diverted to better thoughts and surroundings." Chicago promptly adopted the plan in 1913, as did Philadelphia, Cincinnati, Baltimore, Washington, and other wide-awake centers. The list was increased in 1914, and this year will doubtless see still further extensions. Back of this new form of observance, says *The Living Church*, are "the deeper social thought, and a serious purpose that appeals to the highest sentiments." There is a twofold purpose in these efforts to achieve practical results:

> "To develop the Christmas feeling through all classes of the community, and to awaken memories of home in the social derelicts of the city. It is, with good reason, believed that the thoughts of home, the recollection of childhood's joys, and the inspiration of religion may be utilized to move many prodigal sons and prodigal daughters to say to themselves, 'I will arise and go to my Father.' . . . . . .
>
> "The appreciative crowds that were attracted to the beautiful 'Tree of Light' in Madison Square, New York City, were proof of the need in the great metropolis. There were ten thousand people gathered around it at midnight Christmas eve. The unanimous participation of the audiences in the songs (every night during holiday week) was delightful to hear. They sang 'Nearer, My God to Thee,' other familiar hymns, and Christmas carols, not forgetting 'America' and 'The Star-Spangled Banner.'
>
> "In Baltimore, it should be noted, the celebration has not only blest the pleased participants, the lonely, the tempted, and burdened, but it has blest those who planned it. The community celebration there evoked a wonderful union of all religious bodies. Sectional, social, political, and religious lines were abolished for the time being. It was emphatically a season of holiday good feeling, the effects of which are likely to be permanent.
>
> "There are not many occupations or recreations in which all classes of the community participate. Outside of the family circle there stands the Church, the club, a social set, or some other subdivision of the community with which the individual has some personal connection. It has been pointed out that recreation has usually been dealt with as an individual matter. And every city, as regards its recreative plans, is not so much a community as 'a heap of disconnected units.' . . . . . .
>
> "It was found by a leader in the New York City celebration, who watched closely the Christmas-tree crowds, that many who had wandered far from home and from God had thoughts of home awakened and found all that was best in them stirred by the beautiful festival (which was theirs to enjoy in common with all the rest), and by their own joining in the songs of a happy Christian childhood—the first music of the sort in which they had had a part for many a long year.
>
> "How much better it is that Christmas and New Year's should be observed in this sensible way rather than by carousing, gambling, and by doubtful amusements which bring only ashes and sorrow for imaginary pleasure!
>
> "The new community celebration of gladness and friendliness was bound to spread and take root. Its symbol is the lovely fir-tree now planted in the center of numerous city parks in all sections, blazing into beauty, holiday week—a beacon of the better day when 'each man's weal shall be every man's care.'"

CURRENT POETRY

IT was in these columns that the late Rupert Brooke first was introduced to the American public, by the reprinting of his "The Old Vicarage, Grantchester," from "The Book of Georgian Verse." And some months ago we reprinted the five sonnets called "1914," which Mr. Lascelles Abercrombie has called "incomparably the finest utterance of English poetry concerning the Great War." His "Collected Poems" have now been published by the John Lane Company, and have found a reception granted to few volumes of verse. In fact, the book which contains the work of this young soldier-poet, who now sleeps under the olive-trees on the Island of Scyros, has already passed through several editions.

The five sonnets on the war are, of course, the book's chief reason for existence, as they constitute their author's best claim to immortality. But besides these sonnets and "Grantchester," there is much musical and pleasant verse, which shows that Rupert Brooke was a clever artist in words before the war made him a poet. Here, for instance, is a refreshingly novel love-poem. It is a Shakespearian sonnet, most delicately wrought, and it has a charmingly whimsical flavor, especially in the final couplet.

SONNET

BY RUPERT BROOKE

Oh! Death will find me, long before I tire
Of watching you; and swing me suddenly
Into the shade and loneliness and mire
Of the last land! There, waiting patiently,

One day, I think, I'll feel a cool wind blowing,
See a slow light across the Stygian tide,
And hear the Dead about me stir, unknowing,
And tremble. And *I* shall know that you have died,

And watch you, a broad-browed and smiling dream
Pass, light as ever, through the lightless host,
Quietly ponder, start, and sway, and gleam—
Most individual and bewildering ghost!—

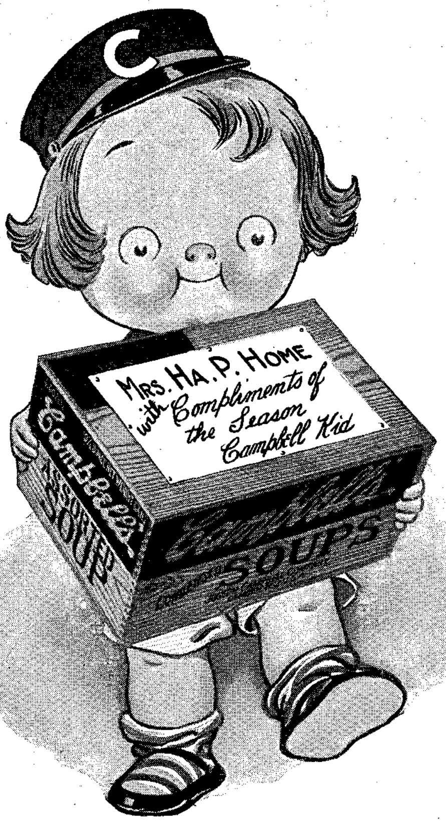
And turn, and toss your brown delightful head
Amusedly, among the ancient Dead.

Before the war taught him that high seriousness which shines through his noble sonnets, Rupert Brooke was as flippant and irreverent as most of the young poets of the London of his day. But his irreverence was exprest with so much restraint and such genuine humor that it lost half its offense. Therefore—altho faith in a life after death is scarcely a fit topic for satirical writing!—we reprint these most ingenious lines, trusting that those who read them will remember that the young man who wrote them came in time to write that sonnet which begins "Now, God be thanked, Who has matched us with His hour."

HEAVEN

BY RUPERT BROOKE

Fish (fly-replete, in depth of June,
Dawdling away their wat'ry noon)
Ponder deep wisdom, dark or clear,
Each secret fishy hope or fear.
Fish say they have their Stream and Pond;
But is there anything Beyond?
This life can not be All, they swear,
For how unpleasant, if it were!
One may not doubt that, somehow, Good
Shall come of Water and of Mud;
And, sure, the reverent eye must see
A Purpose in Liquidity.



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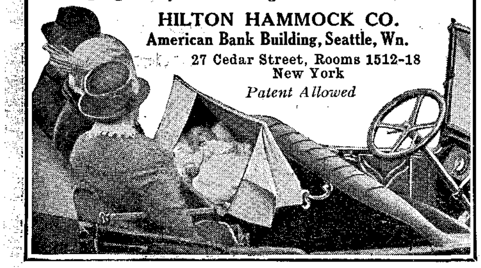

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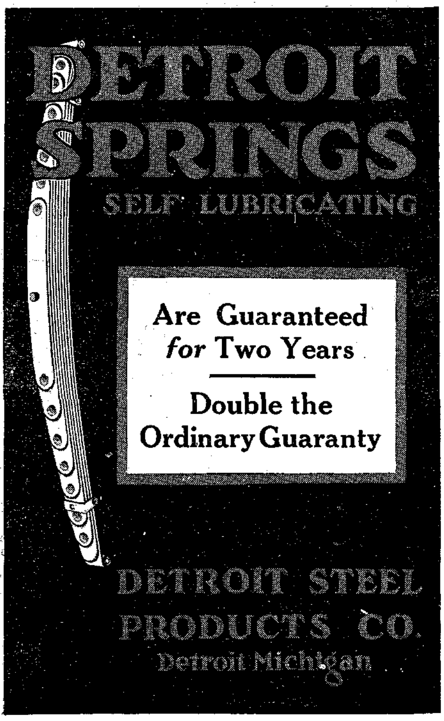

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We darkly know, by Faith we cry,
The future is not Wholly Dry.
Mud unto mud! Death eddies near—
Not here the appointed End, not here!
But somewhere, beyond Space and Time.
In wetter water, slimier slime! . . .
. . . Oh! never fly conceals a hook,
Fish say, in the Eternal Brook,
But more than mundane weeds are there,
And mud, celestially fair;
Fat caterpillars drift around,
And Paradisal grubs are found;
Unfading moths, immortal flies,
And the worm that never dies.
And in that Heaven of all their wish,
There shall be no more land, say fish.

The poem which we quote from *The North American Review* is from the pen of one of the Americans now in the trenches "somewhere in France." When Alan Seeger lived in New York City his verse was what might be called aristocratic in quality; it was too exquisite in form and remote in thought to have a wide appeal. But this soldier of the Deuxième Régiment Étranger has learned—as did that other soldier-poet, quoted above—that an emotion is not the less beautiful because it is shared, and there is something splendidly human, even democratic, about this poem.

CHAMPAGNE, 1914-15

By Alan Seeger

In the glad revels, in the happy fêtes,
When cheeks are flushed, and glasses gilt and pearled
With the sweet wine of France that concentrates
The sunshine and the beauty of the world,

Drink sometimes, you whose footsteps yet may tread
The undisturbed, delightful paths of Earth,
To those whose blood, in pious duty shed,
Hallows the soil where that same wine had birth.

Here, by devoted comrades laid away,
Along our lines they slumber where they fell,
Beside the crater at the Ferme d'Alger
And up the bloody slopes of La Pompelle,

And round the city whose cathedral towers
The enemies of Beauty dared profane,
And in the mat of multicolored flowers
That clothe the sunny chalk-fields of Champagne.

Under the little crosses where they rise
The soldier rests. Now round him undismayed
The cannon thunders, and at night he lies
At peace beneath the eternal fusillade. . . .

That other generations might possess—
From shame and menace free in years to come—
A richer heritage of happiness,
He marched to that heroic martyrdom.

Esteeming less the forfeit that he paid
Than undishonored that his flag might float
Over the towers of liberty, he made
His breast the bulwark and his blood the moat.

Obscurely sacrificed, his nameless tomb,
Bare of the sculptor's art, the poet's lines,
Summer shall flush with poppy-fields in bloom,
And autumn yellow with maturing vines.

There the grape-pickers at their harvesting
Shall lightly tread and load their wicker trays,
Blessing his memory as they toil and sing
In the slant sunshine of October days. . .

I love to think that if my blood should be
So privileged to sink where his has sunk,
I shall not pass from earth entirely
But when the banquet rings, when healths are drunk,

And faces that the joys of living fill
Glow radiant with laughter and good cheer,
In beaming cups some spark of me shall still
Brim toward the lips that once I held so dear.

So shall one coveting no higher plane
Than nature clothes in color and flesh and tone,
Even from the grave put upward to attain
The dreams youth cherished and missed and might have known;

And that strong need that strove unsatisfied
Toward earthly beauty in all forms it wore,
Not death itself shall utterly divide
From the belovèd shapes it thirsted for.

Alas, how many an adept for whose arms
Life held delicious offerings perished here,
How many in the prime of all that charms,
Crowned with all gifts that conquer and endear?

Honor them not so much with tears and flowers,
But you with whom the sweet fulfilment lies,
Where in the anguish of atrocious hours
Turned their last thoughts and closed their dying eyes,

Rather when music or bright gathering lays
Its tender spell, and joy is uppermost,
Be mindful of the men they were, and raise
Your glasses to them in one silent toast.

Drink to them—amorous of dear Earth as well,
They asked no tribute lovelier than this—
And in the wine that ripened where they fell,
Oh, frame your lips as tho it were a kiss.

Mr. Laurence Binyon, always a careful and sincere artist, contributes to a recent issue of the London *Spectator* a series of stanzas, classical in their restraint and grace, and full of that proud melancholy which seems now to be in the very air of England. The effect of the poem is cumulative and the climax is admirably strong.

THE ENGLISH GRAVES

By Laurence Binyon

The rains of yesterday are flown,
And light is on the farthest hills.
The homeliest rough grass by the stone
With radiance thrills;

And the wet bank above the ditch,
Trailing its thorny bramble, shows
Soft apparitions, clustered rich,
Of the pure primrose.

The shining stillness breathes, vibrates
From simple earth to lonely sky,
A hinted wonder that awaits
The heart's reply.

O lovely life! the chaffinch sings
High on the hazel, near and clear.
Sharp to the heart's blood sweetness springs
In the morning here.

But my heart goes with the young cloud
That voyages the April light
Southward, across the beaches loud
And cliffs of white,

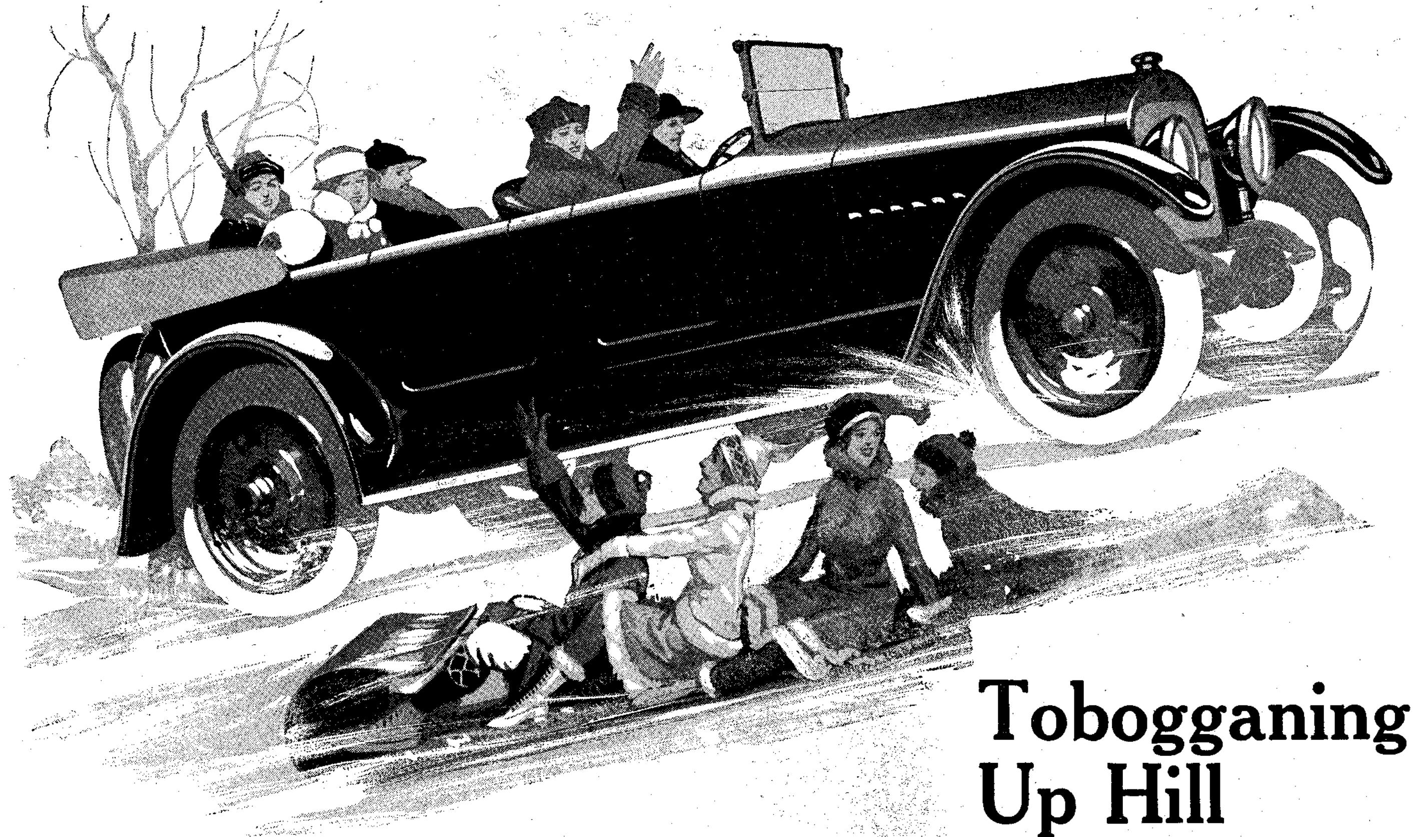
To fields of France, far fields that spread
Beyond the tumbling of the waves,
And touches as with shadowy tread
The English graves.

There too is Earth that never weeps,
The unrepining Earth, that holds
The secret of a thousand sleeps
And there unfolds.

Flowers of sweet ignorance on the slope
Where strong arms dropt and blood choked breath,
Earth that forgets all things but hope
And smiles on death. . . .

They poured their spirits out in pride,
They throbbed away the price of years;
Now that dear ground is glorified
With dreams, with tears.

A flower there is sown, to bud
And bloom beyond our loss and smart.
Noble France, at its root is blood
From England's heart.



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The master touch that completes this car's perfection is the Moore Multiple Exhaust System which gives to motoring a new criterion of comfort and zest in the

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This Exclusive Lexington feature creates 22.8 per cent more power; it adds to the engine's flexibility, saves gasoline, and is largely responsible in making the Lexington the only car that can "toboggan uphill." Without adding appreciable weight, this system eliminates high back pressure in the exhaust by not letting any two cylinders exhaust into the same tube at the same time. Thus the Lexington alone removes the handicap to multi-cylinder construction, gives you the benefit of *all* the engine's power and resultant economy.

Here, and here exclusively, is an advantage that warrants your becoming acquainted with this remarkable low-priced car with its high-priced looks, and *performance.*

New 50 H. P. Thoroughbred Six Touring Car, Canti-Lex Spring Suspension Front and Rear

In stylish appearance this large Lexington creates a genuine sensation. Write us for a photo reproduction of this beautiful car with its V-shaped radiator, back from which flow sweeping lines that form the symmetrical body—with triple cowls—a unit of grace and *ensemble* beauty. Left drive, center control, and divided front seats with wide aisle between—exquisitely finished in every detail. Six-passenger $1875—132″ wheelbase—six cylinders en bloc—50 h. p.—over-size tires. Also adjustable head lamps that are integral part of radiator.

This 50 h. p. Thoroughbred Six is also furnished in a three-passenger Clubster of latest type with aisleway between individual front chairs, making easy access to third or rear seat, and regularly fitted with five wire wheels, at same price—$1875.

THE LEXINGTON-HOWARD CO., Offices and Works: Columbia Square
CONNERSVILLE, IND., U. S. A.

Six Cylinders en bloc
40 Horse Power
Moore Multiple Exhaust System
Five Passenger
Aisleway between divided front seats
Left Drive
Center Control
Genuine leather upholstering
116″ Wheelbase
Convex Mud Guards
Over-Size Tires

Price includes one man leatherette top and boot, full ventilating windshield, speedometer, ammeter, and demountable rim.

Write for all the facts about this marvelous car.

The Goodyear Conquest of America

Baltimore, Md.

ITS capacious harbor, large export and import business and its varied industries, make Baltimore one of the leading commercial centers of the United States. Goodyear tires predominate in Baltimore—actual count indicating that over 24 per cent of all Baltimore motor cars run on Goodyears.

View shows Baltimore street west from Holliday.

37 × 5
GOODYEAR
GOODYEAR ALL-WEATHER TREAD
TO THE PEOPLE OF MARYLAND
Maryland League for National Defense

Why Baltimore Believes in Goodyear

Don't you see how the greater Goodyear volume kills the delusion that one tire is like another?

If it were a volume based on a lower price it might be meaningless.

But why does Baltimore, for instance, year after year, increase Goodyear sales—and Goodyear precedence?

Baltimore knows that there are tires of lower price than Goodyear.

But Baltimore—and Maryland—*believes* in the Goodyear.

Believes what? In its longer life. In its greater economy.

Believes because we have said so?

No—because Baltimore has found that it *is* so.

Because Baltimore has found that Goodyear's distinctive features give *better, longer service.*

The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company
AKRON, OHIO

GOODYEAR
AKRON
TIRES

Irene Rutherford McLeod is a revolutionary young poet whose "Songs to Save a Soul" Mr. B. W. Huebsch has published. It was doubtless in one of her occasional moods of reaction against revolutionary activity that she wrote this interesting companion-piece to William Morris's "Idle Singer of an Empty Day."

I WALK MY WAYS

By Irene Rutherford McLeod

I walk my ways with poetry in my heart,
Nor heed the fevered hurry of the throng.
In life's activities I find no part,
But tread the highways with a silent song.
I have no traffic in the worldly mart,
I know no certainties of right and wrong,
But shape my fleeting dreams to forms of art,
Knowing that life is short and art is long
And who shall say I do not play my rôle
Because I do not clamor in the street,
Nor raise my hand to swell the frenzied strife,
But rather chose with song to worship life,
And feed the flickering flame within my soul,
And silent stand because the stars are sweet?

And here is a naive lyric indicating that Miss McLeod has listened not in vain to the magic music of William Blake.

SHIPS

By Irene Rutherford McLeod

The rivers splendidly flow
Out to sea,
And noble ships come and go
Statelily
Whither and whence I do not know.

I think the ships are like men
Setting sail for the wide
With their cargoes of thoughts, and then,
With a change of tide
And a newer load, coming back again.

To a recent issue of *The British Review* Mr. Padraic Colum, a young Irish poet now resident in the United States, contributes an admirable example of that sort of verse which was called, a few years ago, "neo-Celtic." The title would suggest that his theme is Welsh, rather than Irish; it is Celtic, at any rate, and thoroughly Celtic is the slow, chant-like music of its rhythm, which is so melodious that the ear scarcely detects the absence of rime.

FOR MORFYDD

By Padraic Colum

It would not be far for us two to go back to the age of bronze:
Then you were a King's daughter; your father had curraghs a score;
A herd of horses; good tillage upon the face of four hills;
And clumps of cattle beyond them, their herdsmen rough-browed kern.

And I was good at the bow, but had no men and no herds,
And your father would have bestowed you one day on some unrenowned
Ulysses, or on a strong King to whom they afterward raised
Three stones as high as the elk's head (this cromlech, maybe, where we sit).

How fair you were when you walked beside the old forest trees!
So fair that I thought you would change and fly away as a swan!
And then we were mates for play, and then all eagle you grew
To drive me to range the tempest—King's child of the hero-age!

I called three times as an owl; through the gap where the herdsmen watched
You ran, and we climbed the height where the brackens pushed at our knees;
And we lay where the brackens drew the earth-smell out of the earth,
And we journeyed and baffled the fighters of three ill-wishing Kings.

It would not be far for us two to go back to the age of bronze!
The fire left by the nomads is lone as a burning ship!
We eat them as we pass by, the green, sweet ears of the corn!
At last a King and I save a good clan from a dragon's spleen!

Pieces of amber I brought you, big as a bowman's thumbs;
Trumpets I left beside you, wrought when the smiths had all art;
A dancing bird that I caught you—they are back in the age of bronze:
I give what I made and found a caught—a score of songs!

To the New York *Times*, Edith Wharton contributes some stirring patriotic verses, which throb with her love for the United States and for France. The poem was sent by cable from Paris to New York—a striking indication of the esteem in which newspapers now hold such poetry as this.

THE GREAT BLUE TENT

By Edith Wharton

Come unto me, said the Flag,
Ye weary and sore opprest;
For I am no shot-riddled rag,
But a great blue tent of rest.

Ye heavy laden, come
On the aching feet of dread,
From ravaged town, from murdered home,
From your tortured and your dead.

All they that beat at my crimson bars
Shall enter without demur.
Tho the round earth rock with the wind of wars,
Not one of my folds shall stir.

See, here is warmth and sleep,
And a table largely spread.
I give garments to them that weep,
And for gravestones I give bread.

But what, through my inmost fold,
Is this cry on the winds of war?
Are you grown so old, are you grown so cold,
O Flag that was once our star?

Where did you learn that bread is life,
And where that fire is warm—
You, that took the van of a world-wide strife,
As an eagle takes the storm?

Where did you learn that men are bred
Where hucksters bargain and gorge:
And where that down makes a softer bed
Than the snows of Valley Forge?

Come up, come up to the stormy sky,
Where our fierce folds rattle and hum,
For Lexington taught us how to fly,
And we dance to Concord's drum.

O flags of freedom, said the Flag,
Brothers of wind and sky,
I too was once a tattered rag,
And I wake and shake at your cry.

I tug and tug at the anchoring place,
Where my drowsy folds are caught;
I strain to be off on the old fierce chase
Of the foe we have always fought.

O People I made, said the Flag,
And welded from sea to sea,
I am still the shot-riddled rag,
That shrieks to be free, to be free.

Oh, cut my silken ties
From the roof of the palace of peace;
Give back my stars to the skies,
My stripes to the storm-striped seas!

Or else, if you bid me yield,
Then down with my crimson bars,
And o'er all my azure field
Sow poppies instead of stars.

"I Worked 2 Years to Perfect The Brown System"

W. H. Brown
Inventor

Are The Big Auto Makers Mistaken?

To Stop Squeaks. They tell you: "Jack up the car, pry the leaves of the springs apart and apply grease between them—then the annoying squeaks will disappear."

For Easy Riding. They say: "When the springs are not lubricated water works its way in between the leaves causing them to rust until they become almost like solid pieces. Proper oiling of the spring leaves will greatly increase their flexibility and make the car ride more comfortably."

¶But you know jacking up and crawling under the car to pry the leaves apart is a hard, dirty, tedious job—a nuisance.

The Brown System of Oiling Springs Does a $5.00 Job for 10c.

¶A few drops of oil in The Brown System oils *all* springs in 5 minutes better than 2 to 8 hours the old way. No tools needed—no jacking up the car—absolutely no hard work. The oil is *automatically* fed between the spring leaves while you ride—forcing out rust—making the springs flexible—eliminating squeaks.

Eases Off the Jolts

¶"Car-wrecking," "pleasure-killing" jolts and jars will not reach the passengers, as they will be completely "eased-off" by the free sliding motion of thoroly oiled spring leaves.

Send For Valuable Information

¶We will gladly send you instructions on "Care of Springs" and "What Auto Makers Say" for your name on a postal. If your dealer does not carry The Brown System, we will enclose a Trial Offer Blank.

DEALERS! Send Us Your Name

¶*Your name on a postal is enough.* We advertise you—give you sales making helps. Small pocket sample makes sales. The Brown System fits *all* cars, so every owner is a live prospect. Get your territory. Your name brings details.

See Exhibit at the Shows

¶How to make cars "easy-riders" will be fully demonstrated at spaces:
New York..........D106 & 107
Chicago............Coliseum Gallery 98

BROWN SPRING OILER CO.
6541 Carnegie Ave. Cleveland, Ohio

STANDARD DICTIONARY superiority quickly becomes plain to the man or woman who investigates.

POMPEIAN OLIVE OIL
ALWAYS FRESH
There is the same marked difference between fresh Olive Oil and Olive Oil packed months ago as there is between a newly-laid egg and an egg months old. Insist on POMPEIAN
THE STANDARD IMPORTED OLIVE OIL

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Print Your Own
Cards, circulars, book, paper. Press $5. Larger $18. Rotary $60 Save money. Print for others, big profit. All easy, rules sent. Write factory for catalog of presses, TYPE, cards, samples
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The "MIDGET" Emblem
DISTINCTIVE—DIGNIFIED

appeals to members of lodges and societies by its unique size. Retains withal the individuality of the Orders themselves. (Illustrations actual size.) Screws in point of lapel.

In Solid Gold, 50c.

1. Woodmen of World
2. Odd Fellows
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4. Knights Columbus
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6. Masonic
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9. Trowel Masonic
10. Slipper Masonic
11. Keystone Masonic
12. Elks
13. Men's Bible Class
14. Jr. O. American Mechanics
15. Knights Pythias
16. Knights Templar
17. Moose
18. F. O. Eagles
19. Grotto Masonic
20. Old Glory
21. The Bell

Write for those not listed.

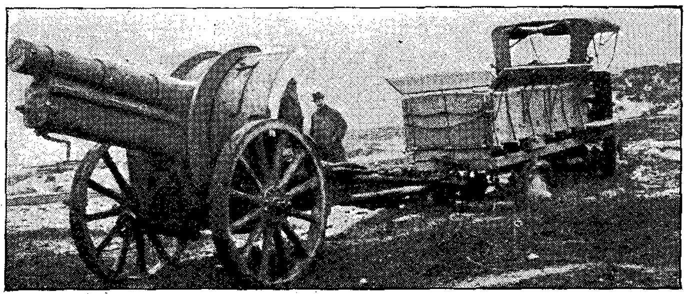
THE PHILADELPHIA BADGE CO.
158 N. Eighth St. Philadelphia, Pa.

MOTOR-TRUCKS

THE COMING NATIONAL SHOW

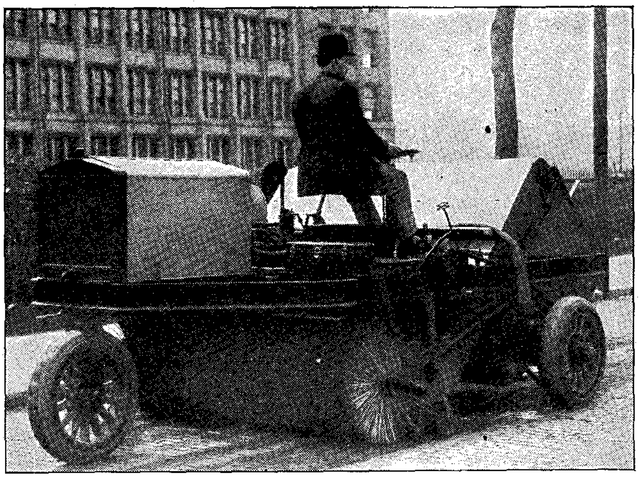
UNDER the auspices of the National Automobile Chamber of Commerce will be opened on December 31, in the Grand Central Palace, New York, the sixteenth national automobile exhibition, to be continued until January 8. On January 22 the exhibition will be opened in the Coliseum and First Regiment Armory in Chicago and continue there until January 29. It is now fifteen years since the first automobile show was held in this country, the purpose being to popularize what was, in every sense at that time, an infant industry. One of the features, and perhaps the most notable one at that first show, was a small steamer-car which is remembered now for its complicated mechanism that so completely filled the available space and weighed so much that the wire wheels of the car were scarcely able to maintain it. It was not until a few years later that the gasoline-car had demonstrated its efficiency. The single cylinder only was then used, but it was soon developed into the double cylinder, then into the four-cylinder, six-cylinder, and more recently into the eight- and even twelve-cylinder car. Not only is an engine now possest of many cylinders, but its action has been astonishingly improved, until it has been well said to "run like a sewing-machine," almost noiselessly, its power being obvious only at the turning of the wheels. Moreover, the engine is now almost universally fitted with a self-starter and may be driven by women, and even young girls, as safely as by chauffeurs. The modern car makes its own electricity and so provides a perfect ignition, lights its own way, and blows its own horn. Visitors to this year's exhibition will note at once certain modified lines in touring-cars. As a rule, the body is more roomy. Numbers of cars shown will be provided with limousines fitted to standard open touring-car and runabout bodies, and easily dismounted and again put on. These limousines are trimmed and finished in styles to match the regular summer bodies and are fitted with electric lights in the ceiling operated from a system installed on the car.

For the show at the Grand Central Palace a decoration scheme has been provided that represents what has been called "The Palace of Motoria," Motoria being a supposed goddess watching over the destinies of automobiles. She will be seen in the show as a piece of statuary, representing a girl standing aloft with outstretched hands on a steering-wheel, with flowing draperies blown back by a breeze. A writer in *Automobile Topics* gives further details of the decorations:



Courtesy of "The Commercial Vehicle," New York.

A TRUCK HAULING A SIX-INCH KRUPP GUN DURING THE BELGIAN RETREAT FROM ANTWERP.



Courtesy of "The Commercial Vehicle," New York.

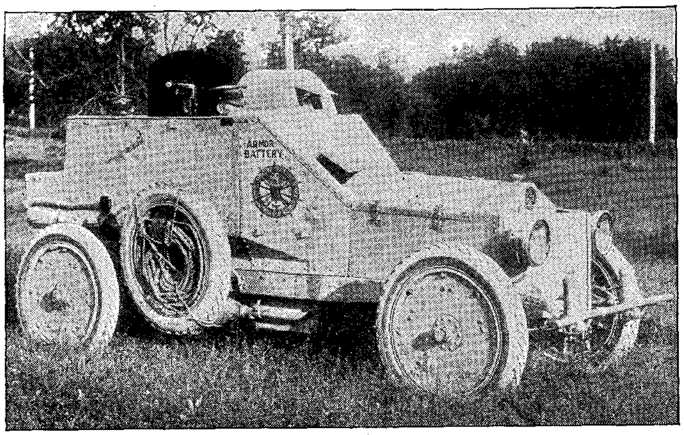
STREET-SWEEPER WITH REFUSE-RECEPTACLE SHOWN AT THE FRONT.

"Drapings composing some 25,000 yards of deep maroon velvet, festooned in deep blue and gold, will combine with the marble Corinthian and Doric columns in producing a most artistic effect. On the main floor the twenty Corinthian columns that form the central court are to be covered with large valances of deep blue, these hangings being draped from the bays between the tops of the columns and gathered near the base of the columns to produce a rich effect. The valances will be edged in gold braid.

"The upper cornice surmounting the Corinthian columns, which forms the second or mezzanine floor, is to be enriched with a mass of flowers of various tints. There are 119 Doric columns on this floor, and these will be treated in Renaissance figures and pergola effects, each pergola having 16 beams and carrying an artistic sign on which will be the name of the exhibitor. On the main floor tubular electric-light signs will be used for showing the name of each car-exhibitor.

"Mammoth chandeliers of original design will form the chief source of illumination. Each chandelier has eighteen balls of fire enclosed in frozen glass, and glass of other hues is used in such a way as to make the chandelier a riot of tinted light. Each chandelier hangs suspended from the roof of the building by a heavy chain, and a delicate touch will be added by a certain amount of pendent foliage. The windows about the building will admit the rays of sunbursts, alternating red with green light.

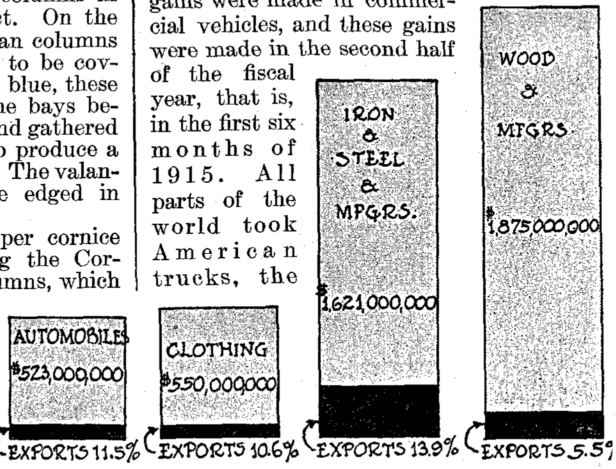
"While little can be done to improve the already stately appearance of the lobby of the building, a new effect has been evolved by the use of huge velvet portières, which partly screen off the display of cars and decorations beyond."



ARMORED WAR-CAR SHIPPED TO THE PACIFIC COAST FOR USE IN A MILITARY ACADEMY. IT HAS A COMPLETE ARMOR OF HIGH-GRADE BULLET-PROOF STEEL AND MOUNTS A RAPID-FIRE GUN BEHIND A BULLET-PROOF SHIELD. THE ROPE IS ACCOMPANIED BY A WINDLASS FOR USE IN ACTUAL WAR IN DRAGGING THE CAR UP AN EMBANKMENT OR OUT OF MUDHOLES AND DITCHES.

SALES OF AMERICAN AUTOMOBILES ABROAD

Official returns show that, in the last fiscal year, American manufacturers doubled their automobile sales in foreign countries. The figures are $74,000,000 in value of exports as against $38,000,000 in 1914. The most pronounced gains were made in commercial vehicles, and these gains were made in the second half of the fiscal year, that is, in the first six months of 1915. All parts of the world took American trucks, the largest share going to England, France, and Russia. In the latter months of the year 1915, the increase was still more remarkable. In September the number exported compared with the number for September, 1914, was nearly eighteen times



DIAGRAMS SHOWING LEADING AMERICAN MANUFACTURES OF FOUR CLASSES, WITH THE PERCENTAGE OF EXPORTS OF EACH, AND SHOWING THE AUTOMOBILES IN VOLUME OF EXPORTS RANKING NEXT TO IRON AND STEEL.

"Just Like a Mirror!"

JOHNSON'S PREPARED WAX

is a boon to car owners. It will keep the body, hood and fenders of your machine as beautifully polished as when it came out of the factory. It forms a thin, protecting coat over the varnish, adding years to its life. It gives a polish so hard, dry and glasslike that

It Cannot Gather Dust

Johnson's Prepared Wax prevents checking and cracking—sheds water and makes a "wash" last twice as long. There are many other uses for Johnson's Prepared Wax—try it for polishing your

- ***Floors***
- ***Linoleum***
- ***Woodwork***
- ***Leather Goods***
- ***Piano***
- ***Furniture***
- ***Golf Clubs***
- ***Shoes, etc.***

Johnson's Prepared Wax is conveniently put up—always ready for use—no tools or brushes required—all you need is a cheese cloth rag.

S. C. JOHNSON & SON
RACINE, WIS.

JOHNSON'S CLEANER

will entirely remove all stains, discolorations, scum, road oil, tar and grease from your car. Even those spots that are ground in—mud freckles—and surface scratches which you thought were permanent—will disappear like magic under Johnson's Cleaner. And **it doesn't injure or scratch the varnish**—simply cleans it and prepares it for a coat of Johnson's Wax.

Old cars require both Cleaner and Wax—the Cleaner two or three times a year—and the Wax every six or eight weeks. **New cars** need only the Wax—to protect the varnish from weather and wear.

S. C. JOHNSON & SON, Racine, Wis. L. D. 12

I enclose 10c for a trial can each of Johnson's Cleaner and Prepared Wax—sufficient for cleaning and polishing a large car, several pieces of furniture or a small floor.

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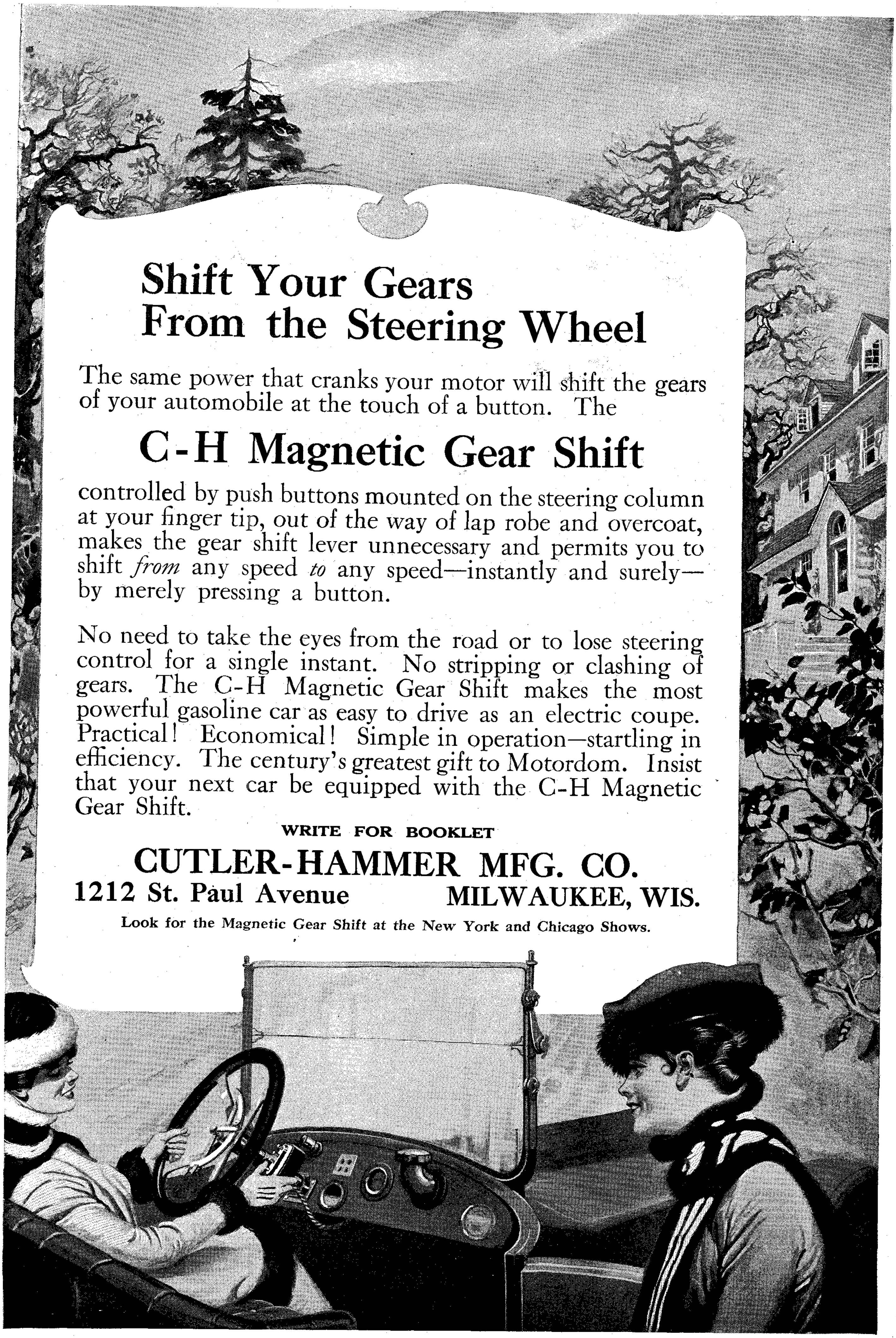


Shift Your Gears From the Steering Wheel

The same power that cranks your motor will shift the gears of your automobile at the touch of a button. The

C-H Magnetic Gear Shift

controlled by push buttons mounted on the steering column at your finger tip, out of the way of lap robe and overcoat, makes the gear shift lever unnecessary and permits you to shift *from* any speed *to* any speed—instantly and surely—by merely pressing a button.

No need to take the eyes from the road or to lose steering control for a single instant. No stripping or clashing of gears. The C-H Magnetic Gear Shift makes the most powerful gasoline car as easy to drive as an electric coupe. Practical! Economical! Simple in operation—startling in efficiency. The century's greatest gift to Motordom. Insist that your next car be equipped with the C-H Magnetic Gear Shift.

WRITE FOR BOOKLET

CUTLER-HAMMER MFG. CO.
1212 St. Paul Avenue MILWAUKEE, WIS.

Look for the Magnetic Gear Shift at the New York and Chicago Shows.

as great. During the twelve months ending in September this year, nearly 20,000 trucks were exported, their value being nearly $56,000,000. September, as compared with August, 1915, showed an increase of 613 trucks, valued at $1,495,062.

Jerome P. Shaw, in *The Horseless Age*, discusses the meaning of these exports, and especially the influence which the war has had upon the American automobile industry. While the exports for the fiscal year ending last June show an enormous increase over previous years, they represent at the same time only a small part of the value of our total production of cars, in reality "an almost insignificant quantity," since they amount to only 11.5 per cent. of the total production. His point therefore is that the prosperity of this industry is due, not to foreign demand, but to home consumption. He presents diagrams, shown on a preceding page, in which this industry is compared with others, and then says on the general subject:

"An impression exists in some quarters that because of the war and the consequent demand for motor-vehicles for purposes far from those for which they were originally intended, the general motor-car industry is now enjoying but a temporary and inflated period of prosperity. When the war ends and the contracts for vehicles for service at the battle-fronts, in some cases, it is said, extending to orders for the complete output of the plants, are canceled, a general collapse of this prosperity-bubble will ensue. The $30,000,000 or more now being expended by American automobile and accessory concerns for the expansion of their manufacturing facilities will be that much money wasted. These are the sentiments of those who have given thought to the increased export business due to the war without seriously considering the more important fact that production for home consumption is paramount in the minds of American car-manufacturers.

"But to those who have analyzed the statistics on the annual production of the members of the National Automobile Chamber of Commerce, representing the leaders in the automobile field, and the Government figures on the export of motor-cars, the business done abroad might well be considered insignificant. Compared with the number of cars sold in this country the foreign business is a mere bagatelle. Even in the 'war-year' the value of our exports of cars and trucks amounted only to 11½ per cent. of the value of our entire production. While this percentage is over twice that of 1914, allowing for the normal growth of our export business an increase of only 6½ per cent. can be laid directly to war-orders. And these war-orders are handled by a comparatively small number of the concerns affiliated with the automobile industry.

"According to the statisticians on industrial affairs, the automobile is ranked fourth as an American industry, with lumber, steel, and clothing as the leaders in respective order. The percentage of the production of the steel industry exported is estimated at 13.9, which places its foreign business ahead of that of the automobile industry. Government figures show that the clothing industry exports over 10 per cent. of its product, while the lumber industry, which has shown a marked reduction in the value of its exports during the last year, exports on an average of 5.5 per cent. of its production. However, the values of the exports of the lumber, steel, and clothing industries during the two years just preceding the breaking out of the war show appreciable decreases, while the American automobile, on the other hand, gradually gained prestige in foreign lands.

"Since 1905 the value of the American automobile exports has annually averaged more than 4.8 per cent. of the value of the production of the leading plants. With the growth of the industry the value of our exports has increased correspondingly. In 1905, when the value of the production was placed at $40,000,000, we exported cars to the value of $2,481,243, or 6.2 per cent., while in 1914, when the N. A. C. C. placed our production at $485,000,000, American cars and trucks to the value of $26,574,574 were exported, representing 5 per cent. of the value of production.

"The fiscal year ended June 30, 1915, showed an increase of 130 per cent. in the value of vehicle exports over the previous year, while the value of our production increased only about 8 per cent. This abnormal increase in exports is due chiefly to the demand of the warring nations for commercial vehicles, some 14,000 machines of this type being exported in 1915 as against 784 in 1914. There was a slight falling off in the number of passenger-cars exported last year as compared with the previous fiscal year, the totals for 1915 and 1914 being 23,880 and 26,306, respectively. Of the 515,000 vehicles, both passenger and commercial, produced in 1915 only 5.6 per cent. were sent abroad.

"Passenger-car manufacturers have been playing the major rôle in the expansion of plants and the expenditure of thousands of dollars on new equipment during the past few months, but their desire for larger manufacturing facilities, in view of the above figures, can not be attributed to their 'war-business.'

"From every section of the United States come reports of the increased demand for automobiles, the reduction of prices for the 1916 models bringing the motor-vehicle within the purchasing zone of thousands of new prospects. It is because of this condition that the American manufacturers have spent millions for factory additions."

THE SUCTION TYPE OF MOTOR STREET-SWEEPER

Motor street-sweepers, for which it is contended that they save both time and money, are now made in three types, the pneumatic, or suction, type, the flushing type, and the revolving-broom type with pick-up attachment. Some aspects of the operation of the suction type are discust by a writer in *The Commercial Vehicle:*

"Picking up its own load by suction, the sanitary motor-driven vacuum street-sweeper is self-contained and differs from the conventional type in that the revolving cylindrical sweeping-brush is eliminated. In its place is used a series of small, straight-sided brushes which sweep the street in front of a row of air-nozles that suck up the dirt into a wind-chest. From there it is forced by means of exhaust-blowers into a steel refuse-receptacle carried on the truck frame.

"The motor-truck engine is placed partly under a conventional hood forward of the dash and partly under the floor of the driver's cab. The wind-chest is placed below the frame directly aft of the driver's seat and the exhaust blowers directly above on top of the frame. The steel body extends forward to the rear of the driver's seat, but is undercut at the bottom to make room for the exhaust blowers.

"The wind-chest is made of sheet steel in the shape of a box with converging sides, the bottom being wider than the top. The ends of the chest flare outward and extend several inches beyond the wheels of the vehicle on both sides. The lower edges of the chest are flanged and carry at the front a shaft to which are attached the sweeping-brushes, and at the rear a transverse pipe on which the air-nozles are supported. The nozles are hinged to this distributer-pipe, so that they may move up and down in riding over obstructions.

"Each nozle is a unit by itself and extends downward and backward toward the rear of the truck for a distance of several inches, at which point it is bent downward in a vertical position. This vertical portion of the nozle is split into two parts, like an inverted Y, on the rear sides of which are placed small bearings that carry a rubber-tired wire wheel. This wheel extends part way through the Y and keeps the lower ends always the correct height above the ground. The bottoms of the Y do not extend down to the ground, but are provided with short pieces of leather which touch the surface of the street.

"Each nozle is supported in a circular band attached to a rod which is bolted to an arm fixt on the shaft on the rear of the wind-chest. The rod is inserted within a spiral spring which is under tension, thereby always keeping the wheels supporting the nozles in contact with the ground.

"The shaft on the rear of the wind-chest which carries the arms supporting the nozles is revolved by means of a lever in the driver's cab by which he may raise all the nozles clear of the ground.

"The shaft at the forward edge of the wind-chest carries a series of arms, to each of which is connected a small straight-sided brush held in contact with the street surface directly in front of two of the nozles by means of spiral springs under tension in the same manner as are the nozles.

"This shaft is driven by a chain from the jackshaft, the arms carrying the brushes being mounted on circular sleeves working in slotted cams on the driven shaft. In operation, the cams revolve with the shaft and cause the brushes to oscillate back and forth in front of the air-nozles, sweeping the dirt out of the crevices of the street surfaces so that it may be picked up easily by the suction of the nozles.

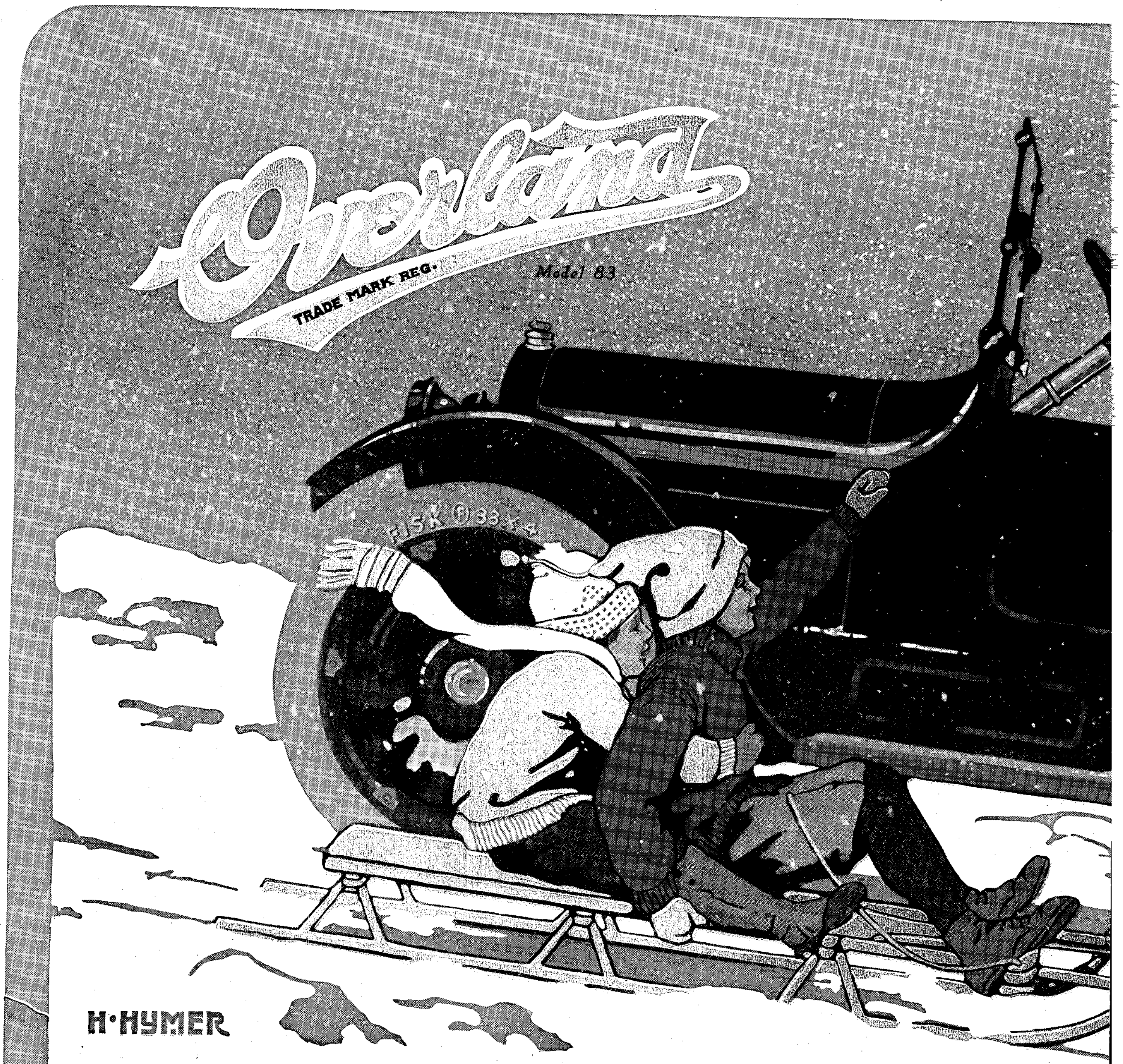
"The speed of oscillation and the pressure exerted by the springs on the brushes are regulated by the operation of two separate levers according to the condition of repair of the pavement, the kind of surface being cleaned, and the speed of the truck. The brushes may also be lifted clear of the street in the same manner as are the nozles when passing over streets which are not to be cleaned.

"The wind-chest is extended above the truck frame on each side to enclose the two exhaust blowers which are mounted on the same transverse shaft. This shaft is driven by a chain from the lay-shaft of the gear-set. Its speed is controlled by a set of levers in the driver's cab.

"The wind-chests are connected with the outsides of the casings surrounding the exhaust blowers at the center, the dirt-laden air being expelled from the fans at the top peripheries into the steel refuse-receptacle through two short neck-like portions of the fan casings. These parts of the casings are rectangular in section and are provided with gaskets at the points where they are connected with the steel body. They are not bolted to the body, however, because the latter is of the dumping type, and when elevated the apertures through which the air enters are higher than the fixt exhaust-outlets of the fans.

"The refuse-receptacle or truck-body is made entirely of steel and is closed at the top except for several small openings covered with cloth to catch the dust in the air as it passes out into the atmosphere. The body is elevated for dumping by means of a screw hoist operated from the truck motor.

"In operation, the vehicle is run at a certain speed, according to the condition of repair and the kind of pavement being cleaned, the speed of the brush system



—crackerja

Yesterday it was the custom or habit to practically quit motoring in the winter.

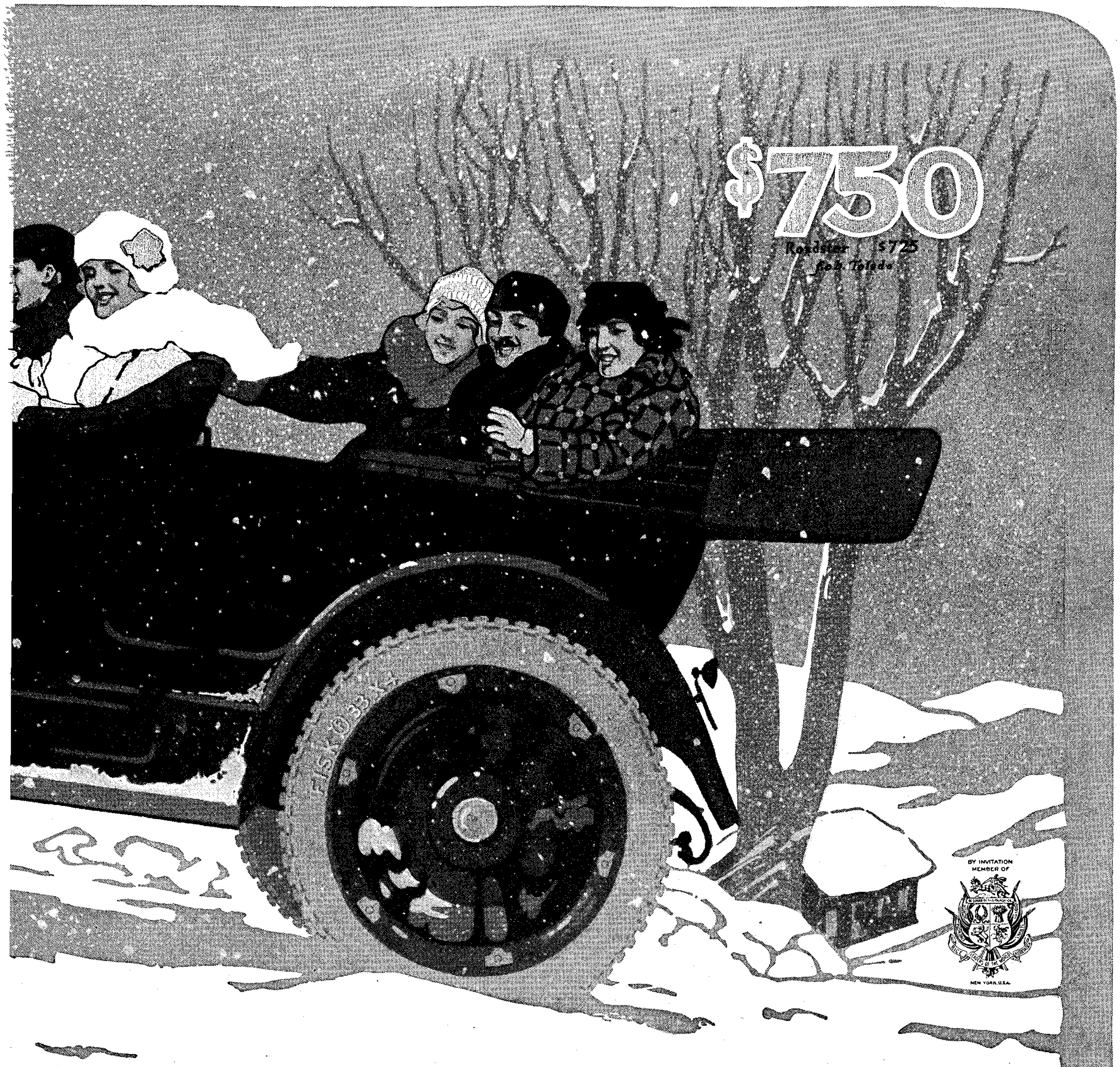
Today things and thoughts are reversed. Just as many cars are used during the winter as during the summer—almost as many are purchased.

So if you are one of those who have thought it necessary to quit motoring during the winter we refer you to the tens of thousands of enthusiastic Overland motorists who their cars every week in the year.

Model 83 has outsold any car of its s ever designed. This is due to its many c veniences, comforts and advantages.

It has even that ultra-convenience of very high-priced cars—electric control switc located on the steering column—right at y

The Willys-Overla



winter sport

d; arranged so that you cannot miss or
fuse them.

It has an efficient 35 horsepower motor.

It also has that certainty of ignition so
ssuring to women drivers and provided
by high-tension magneto.

It has long underslung rear springs to
e it the easiest-riding car imaginable.

There is roomy comfort for its full quota
ve adult passengers.

any, Toledo, Ohio

The lines of its streamline body are pleasing from every angle.

The price, $750, is very low.

See the Overland dealer. Let him show you the advantage of having an Overland during this winter.

Other Overlands are—Model 75 at $615; and the famous six-cylinder model at $1145—both f. o. b. Toledo.

Catalog on request.

"Made in U. S. A."

and the exhaust blowers being regulated by levers in the driver's cab according to the same conditions. The oscillating brushes sweep the street surface directly in front of the air-nozles and the suction in these caused by the exhaust blowers sucks up the refuse-laden air into the fan, from which it is expelled into the large receptacle."

SEMITRAILERS IN DELIVERY SERVICE

What are known as semitrailers have been successfully employed in suburban deliveries for large wholesaling concerns. A writer in *The Commercial Vehicle* points out how a large grocer in Brooklyn is able by means of them to get new trade in a larger Long Island territory. They have been made to pay on long hauls where horses had to be displaced and again where the idle time involved had made trucks a failure. One notable gain was that they cut the loading time from two hours to five minutes. This grocer found he could not expand his business as he desired if he continued to use horses, since they could not make deliveries because of the increased length of the hauls, while motor-trucks remained idle on an average of two hours in the loading. Semitrailers on the contrary, being loaded in advance, could be coupled on to tractors in five minutes, and so the problem was solved. The writer of this article, Joseph Husson, gives details:

"The grocer has a chain of about 200 stores in Brooklyn and adjacent Long Island territory within a 60-mile radius. All the stores outside of Brooklyn have been made possible by the use of the motor-vehicles. These, in turn, have been made possible by the adoption of the tractor and semitrailer principle.

"The company deals in all kinds of groceries, such as bottled goods, canned goods of all kinds, butter, eggs, coffee, tea, spices, etc. These are distributed from the warehouse of the company by horse-wagons and tractor-trailer units. The final delivery to the consumer from the retail store is made in all cases by horses.

"The vehicular equipment of the company at the present time consists of 142 horses, six tractors, and nine semitrailers. The horses are used to haul the goods from the warehouse to the various stores in Brooklyn and for the final delivery in that area, eighty-eight one-horse wagons being used for the latter purpose. Additional horses are used for final deliveries at some of the stores outside the Brooklyn area. These are not maintained at the stables, but at stables nearest the store in each locality. The tractors and semitrailers serve all of the stores outside of the Brooklyn territory, going out on Long Island as far as Port Jefferson on the north shore and Sayville on the south shore.

The company was formed in 1897, and one store was opened. Since that time store after store has been added until now it has a chain of close to 200 stores. At first, horses were exclusively used for making all deliveries, both from the warehouse to the various stores and from the stores to the consumers. As the number of stores increased from year to year, the delivery-problem became of more and more importance. This was especially the case because the new stores opened were farther and farther away from the warehouse, and thus made the deliveries by horses more difficult due to the increased length of the hauls.

"The newer stores were often opened up in new localities just being developed and settled, thus giving the company an entering wedge in that territory which eventually produced a large business increase. In other of the more thickly settled sections competition became keener *and keener and the margin of profit less* and less. As the stores were being opened farther and farther away from the base of supplies, the cost of haulage naturally increased. To keep pace with its competitors, the company was forced to introduce economies into its delivery system.

"The horse-wagons then in use were doing about all the work they could. The horses could not be speeded up beyond their endurance.

"The company knew the total tonnage hauled by its various wagons, but not the mileage, except in a general way. Accordingly, several of the wagons were equipped with recording devices of the tape type in the winter of 1911. Records from the tapes of these devices were obtained over a 10-month period extending well into the summer months, so that the results were indicative of average all-year conditions. The results obtained from these apparatus showed that the average mileage per wagon was 70 per week, or a little over 11 miles per day.

"This was extremely low, even for a horse-wagon, but was caused by the fact that it took from 1 to 2 hours to load. This, in turn, was caused by the great number of *small articles which had to be loaded and* to the fact that the wagon was held idle meanwhile.

"Under these conditions it was but natural that the first motor-truck tried by the company, in 1914, should prove a failure. Due to the slightly larger load which it carried, it took fully 2 hours to load instead of the 1½ to 2 hours with the horse-wagon.

"The company got its first idea of the use of a tractor and semitrailer by observing the tractor units of a nearby contracting concern. It purchased its first tractor in March, 1914. That proved so successful that four others of the same size and make were bought before the summer of 1915. One of the new four-wheeled tractors was also purchased and delivered in August, 1915.

"Nine semitrailers are used in connection with the six tractors, the surplus of three enabling that number of empty trailers to be kept at the loading platform at all times, and loaded in advance of the return of the tractors, some of which make two trips per day. Three others are also loaded each afternoon after the return of the tractors on the shorter routes, so that on the following morning there are always six loaded trailers ready to be coupled on to the six tractors without delay.

"Seven of the nine trailers have been converted from the former horse-wagons and the remaining two built especially for tractor use. The former were strengthened generally in order to stand up under the greater tractor speeds. The front wheels and fore-carriages were removed and the upper halves of special fifth-wheels substituted in their places. The fifth-wheels were of the self-centering type. Larger-sized steel tires were also fitted on the trailer wheels, those now in use being 6 inches wide and 1¼ inches thick."

GREAT INCREASE IN CARS IN NEW YORK STATE

From statistics given out by the Secretary of State of New York, it appears that an increase of over 36 per cent. has taken place in the number of motor-cars registered in New York since February 1, 1915. On December 4, 231,713 owners of cars were registered and 79,899 persons had been licensed as chauffeurs. In New York City alone more than 130,000 owners and dealers were registered. Nearly one-half of the cars in New York State were under 25 horse-power—that is, 113,373. Of the remainder, 70,426 were under 35 horse-power, 21,790 were under 50 horse-power, while only 1,224 were of 50 horse-power or more. The total for New York State, when compared with the population, shows about 40 inhabitants to each car and 122 persons for each licensed chauffeur. Other points in the State's figures are brought out in a letter printed in the New York *Evening Post:*

"While the total registration and license fees have, of course, exceeded those of previous years, nevertheless a loss of nearly $80,000, due to the half-fee provision for cars registered for four successive years, but since abolished, will *prevent the combined total from reaching* the $2,000,000 mark, as was anticipated at the beginning of the year. Moreover, the failure of the receipts to keep up with the corresponding gain in the number of registrations and licenses is also due to the somewhat out-of-date method of computing the horse-power upon the A. L. A. M. formula, which, altho approximately correct, has now been almost entirely abandoned by the manufacturers, who use the long stroke, thus greatly augmenting the power and speed of the car. The total amount of money collected from all sources to date is $1,890,675. The New York office collected $910,367.50; Buffalo, $546,532.50, and Albany, $433,775. Last year the total receipts for the corresponding period was $1,522,106.86.

"The use of the motor-car in this, as well as in other commonwealths, has grown more rapidly during the past year than in any previous one since they became common. Beginning in 1901, when New York State, the first in this country to require motor-car registration, licensed 954 machines, there was a combined total of 108,401 cars recorded in the nine years following up to August 1, 1910, when *annual registration first became effective.* During the remainder of that year 62,655 cars were registered; in 1911 this number for the full year reached 83,699; in 1912, 107,262; in 1913, 134,405; in 1914, 170,412, while so far this year, with fifty-one more registration-days to run, the number has soared to 231,713.

"One of the most important considerations in connection with proper administration of automobile regulations is that of insuring clear and unmistakable identification for every vehicle on the road. While the laws of most States are substantially in agreement in requiring the use of a stipulated form of license-plate, their varying interpretations of the necessary conditions has bred a state of confusion that is not only distasteful to the public, but is in a measure subversive of the purpose of the official marker. The lack of uniformity in license-plates also is distasteful to automobile-makers, for reasons that are obvious.

"Many different sizes of license-plates are now in force, while of the many sizes and styles of lettering employed some are easily readable under ordinary conditions, while others are practically illegible, even under favorable circumstances. From its investigations, lasting nearly two years, the Society of Automobile Engineers finds no practical reason for the existence of any material difference in the license-plates of various States, save such distinguishing marks as may be necessary for State identification and the year of issue. The former requirement can be readily taken care of by means of a symbol of abbreviation for the name of the State, while simple color-schemes, such as are now generally employed, entirely satisfy the latter requirement. Accordingly the Society will in all likelihood adopt the *policy of calling the attention of State* legislators to the advantages of legalizing a plate of maximum legibility and of a size that is not excessive, practically recommending to their attention a standard style and size of license-plate."

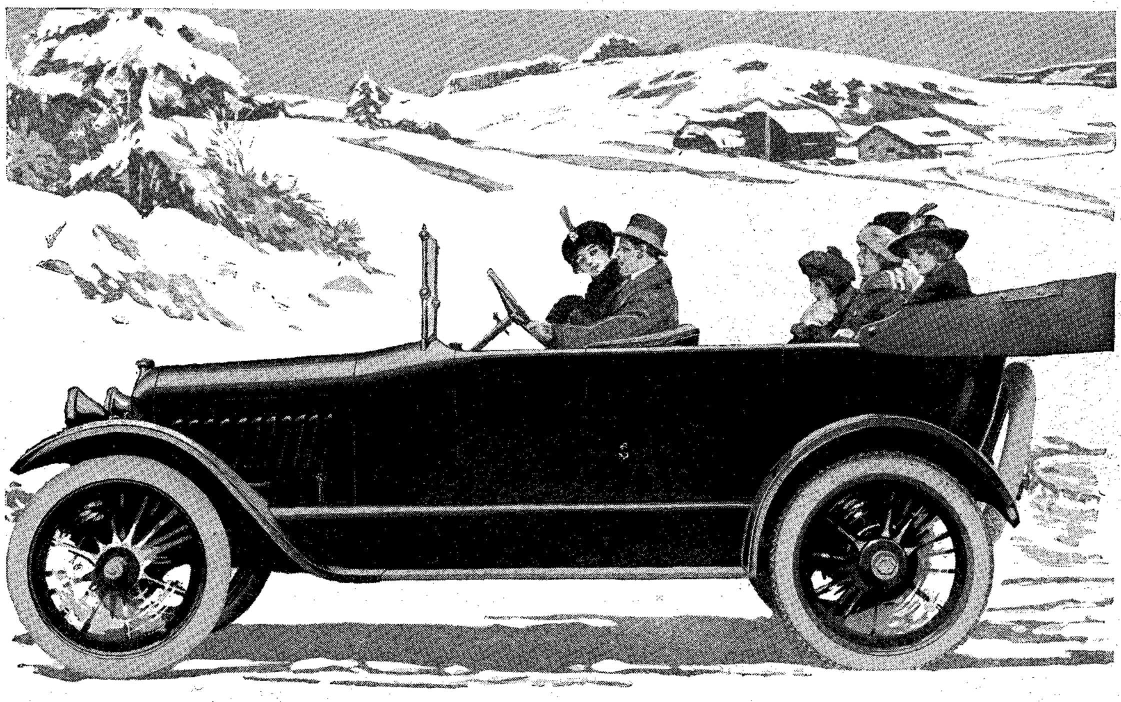
Vision

THE Scripps-Booth car was created of a vision of quality—of the luxury of the distinctive home, of the preferences of the woman of taste, of the judgment of the man of business, of the spirit of home happenings and gifts; all combining into a vision of a car of light weight but of maximum luxury which fits naturally into the highest home atmosphere.

No car ever before created can claim this spirit, nor take so intimate a relation to the home as the Scripps-Booth luxurious light car. It is this intimate spirit of design which has placed the Scripps-Booth car before the doors of the most luxurious homes in America, while the spirit of the car without has entered into the home itself and has moulded the home atmosphere.

Scripps-Booth Company
Detroit, Mich.

GRANT SIX $795



A Remarkable Combination of High Quality, Large Size and Low Price

IN those few words, you have the story of the Grant Six.

And you also have the reason why the Grant Six is enjoying unheard of popularity.

It explains why we have never been able to build enough cars to meet the demand. Why,—even ***on the basis of nine thousand cars a year,*** this season's program, we have been unable to keep pace with orders for immediate delivery, even with greatly increased facilities.

It has always been the Grant idea to make its product the literal expression of the utmost in motor car value.

We were the first to build a high quality six-cylinder car priced below a thousand dollars—and it is our sincere conviction that the Grant Six still leads in Quality, Size and Power for its price.

This car has marvelous flexibility. It throttles down to one and one-half miles an hour on high gear—and it speeds up to fifty miles. It has power to spare. Moreover, it is economical,—goes twenty miles to the gallon of gasoline (some owners say twenty-eight miles) and 900 miles to the gallon of oil. Of course, it is easy on tires.

And its true cantilever spring suspension makes it ***easy riding*** on any road. We emphasize this feature of the Grant Six because it deserves emphasis.

Consider the facts mentioned and you will quickly realize why the Grant Six looms large on the horizon of value.

There are three models, all built on one chassis: Five-passenger Touring Car $795; Three-passenger Roadster $795; Three-passenger Cabriolet $1025.

Send at once for the latest Grant literature.

GRANT MOTOR COMPANY, FINDLAY, OHIO

We Will Exhibit at New York and Chicago Shows

PERSONAL GLIMPSES

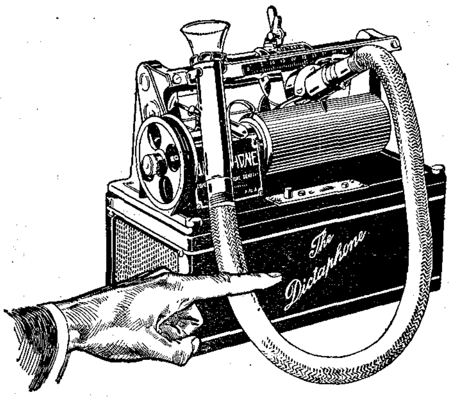
THE SANTA CLAUS SHOP

A MERRY CHRISTMAS—the merriest is, after all, the children's, and the merriest Christmas gift a toy, whether it be but a wooden doll or an electrical railroad with a block-signal system complete and a three-foot tunnel. We have all been making a great pother these last few weeks over our Christmas shopping. Probably our endeavor was to find "useful gifts," and we tried hard to have a good time at it; but the real good time, the toy spree, we saved until the end. We dragged the Christmas Spirit with us valorously enough, through aisles and aisles of department stores, striving ever so hard to hold on to him and to carry our ever-increasing armful of bundles at the same time. We succeeded fairly well, but at last, when all the "important" gifts were procured, we stopt a moment for breath, and then in spite of our weariness a new light smiled from our countenance. In our most casual tone, we said: "Done at last! Nothing more to do but run up and get a few toys for the children."

Meanwhile, the Santa Claus shops ran furiously, right up to Christmas eve. And the big one at the North Pole was not a bit busier nor more delightfully engaged than was a certain other one, much smaller, in the Diocesan Building, 416 Lafayette Street, New York City. If anything, the smaller shop was the more interesting, for here were many Santa Clauses rather than just one. And we can't help thinking that they were enjoying their Santa-ing much more than was the big fellow in reindeer-land, for he has done the same thing every year for so endlessly long a time that much of the charm must have worn off long ago. As for the Santas in New York, it was for them a brand-new experience, and to more than one it meant a rich and quickened interest in lives that, but for the Santa Claus Shop, must have seemed of little use to them or to any one any more.

When the "Mayor's Workshop" for the unemployed went out of existence last spring and its workers—the few left who had not yet secured regular employment anywhere else—were once more turned out upon the world, the little rival of the North Pole industry was started. They called it "The Old Men's Toy Shop," but that was just a disguise to deceive the "ultimate consumer," so that he might not begin aching for Christmas morning too soon in the year. Its organization was due to Miss Christine S. Foster, a young society woman who had already found much interest in the management of the "Mayor's Workshop." She had no experience or special knowledge, but she saw two needs, and, bringing them together, made of them a promising enterprise. About a dozen old men needed work, and many, many thousands of children needed toys whose production the war had curtailed. From these came the "Santa Claus Shop." She bought her material, a writer in the Sunday magazine of the New York *Times* tells us, and put in a few simple tools and some outline pictures of animals and a few workbenches. The old men came to work, at fifty cents a day, with ten cents for lunch, and the venture was started. The men, whose previous experience covered nearly every sort of trade imaginable except that of toy-making, took to the new work as tho they had never known any other. More men came. Expenses soon soared to a point that necessitated calling in the Society for Improving the Condition of the Poor as sponsors, but the work went on. Shortly before Christmas a shop on upper Fifth Avenue was donated, and there the fruit of months was displayed for sale in fascinating amplitude. In the article above mentioned we are introduced to a few of the new Santa Clauses, who have been rejuvenating during this seven months' preparation for the great holiday of rejuvenation. As the writer tells us:

> There are many interesting people among them, men who have been in all sorts and kinds of business. Most of them have lost their wives, and the children have gone off and left them. The younger generation found the old people "not stylish enough."
>
> The man who does the best painting in the toy-shop was a canal-boat man and lost a leg through an accident. He does even better work than one who was a painter by trade. There are several boatmen of different kinds—a pilot, a captain, and a man who for a number of years ran the excursion-boats to Glen Island. The group also includes a tailor, a jeweler, a pastry-maker, a bricklayer, a clerk, and a salesman.
>
> The oldest Santa Claus of all is "Daddy" Hughes, who is called that by the men because he is eighty-four. Daddy Hughes takes his work seriously. He is never absent a day, no matter how hard it storms, and he does not waste a minute of the working-hours from 10 A.M. until 5 P.M. He is an old-time grocer, and had his own shop for many years down in Tompkins Square. But if people keep on buying groceries, meaning to pay for them, of course, but never seeming to have the money—well, the business is apt to run down. That is why Daddy Hughes is making toys. His wife is dead, and his two children have gone off, he does not know where. He seems to enjoy the work. There is only one thing he is anxious about. He remembers that some one owes him a definite sum of ten dollars, and he is always looking forward to the time when it will come to him—when he will be a rich man.
>
> Then there is "Santa Claus." They are all Santas, of course, nice old men making toys for the children; but this one has the typical thick beard, and the other men recognized him at once, and nicknamed him. On one of his busy days he looks like the real Santa Claus, as you see him studying an animal upon which he is at work, while at one side, on the bench, are a gray cat and a duck, and on the other a black cat and one of the famous jumping-rabbits that the men make.



It is not The Dictaphone unless that word is on it!

And anything else offered you as *a Dictaphone* is a fraud.

The *only* Dictaphone is The Dictaphone. Every genuine Dictaphone bears that trade name and it bears also the Dictaphone trade-mark of the "man at the desk."

The trade name "Dictaphone" is registered in the United States Patent Office and is legally applied *exclusively* to the business graphophone, for dictating and transcribing, made only by the American Graphophone Company and sold through the Columbia Graphophone Company. There is only *one* Dictaphone made and that is *The* Dictaphone.

There is a very necessary reason for printing this message here at this time. You possibly may have gotten the idea or impression—either from the intentional or unintentional effort of some interested salesman or other person with an axe to grind and something else to sell—that *any* dictation machine is a Dictaphone. But we have tried to make clear in this advertisement that there is only *one* Dictaphone and that one is the dictation and transcribing graphophone made by this company. *And it is known as The Dictaphone, legally* and exclusively, and it is marked "The Dictaphone," plainly and distinctively and unmistakably.

Reach for your telephone and arrange for a demonstration on your own work now. If you do not find that name in the book, write to

THE DICTAPHONE
REGISTERED

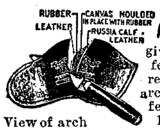
Suite 2207B, Woolworth Bldg.
New York

Stores in the principal cities —dealers everywhere

"How One Man Saved Money"—a book we should like to send you

Dictate to the Dictaphone
REGISTERED U.S. PAT OFFICE

This Advertisement was dictated to the Dictaphone

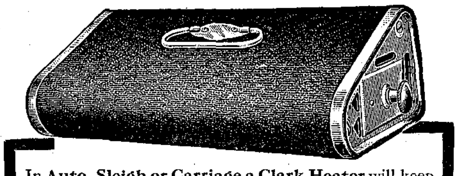


View of arch cut with knife.

Nathan Flexible No-Metal Arch Supports give immediate relief to tired, aching feet, rest the body and aid Nature to restore normal strength to weakened arches. Relieve and prevent flat feet. Write for Booklet and FREE 10-day Trial Offer. Fits any shoe.

Nathan Anklet Support Co., 90-A Reade St., N.Y.

Clark Heaters for WINTER DRIVING



In **Auto, Sleigh or Carriage a Clark Heater** will keep you warm in coldest weather — **no flame, smoke or smell**—fits in at the feet in any vehicle. 20 styles from 90c to $10—asbestos lined—carpet covered. **Ask your dealer for a Clark Heater** or write us for *free* catalog.

CHICAGO FLEXIBLE SHAFT COMPANY
88 N. La Salle Street, Chicago, Illinois

A copy of this booklet—FREE to every reader of the Digest

The coupon brings you without obligation of any sort one of the most valuable little volumes about books and their makers that you ever opened—a little thirty-two page book prepared to describe the famous

HARVARD CLASSICS

DR. ELIOT'S FIVE-FOOT SHELF OF BOOKS

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A REALLY delightful little book—a literary guide no book lover can afford to neglect. Thirty-two pages—some of the headings:

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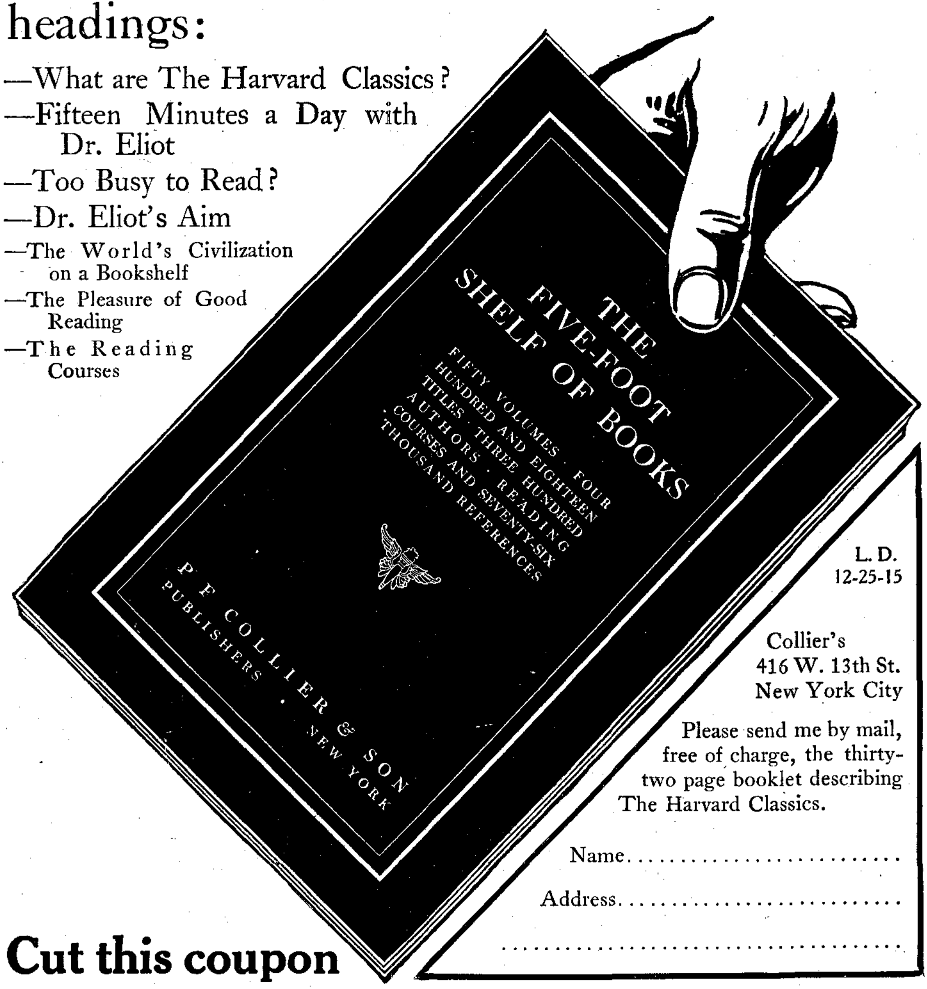
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FIFTY VOLUMES · FOUR HUNDRED AND EIGHTEEN TITLES · THREE HUNDRED AUTHORS · READING COURSES AND SEVENTY-SIX THOUSAND REFERENCES
P F COLLIER & SON
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416 W. 13th St.
New York City

Please send me by mail, free of charge, the thirty-two page booklet describing The Harvard Classics.

Name..........................
Address..........................
....

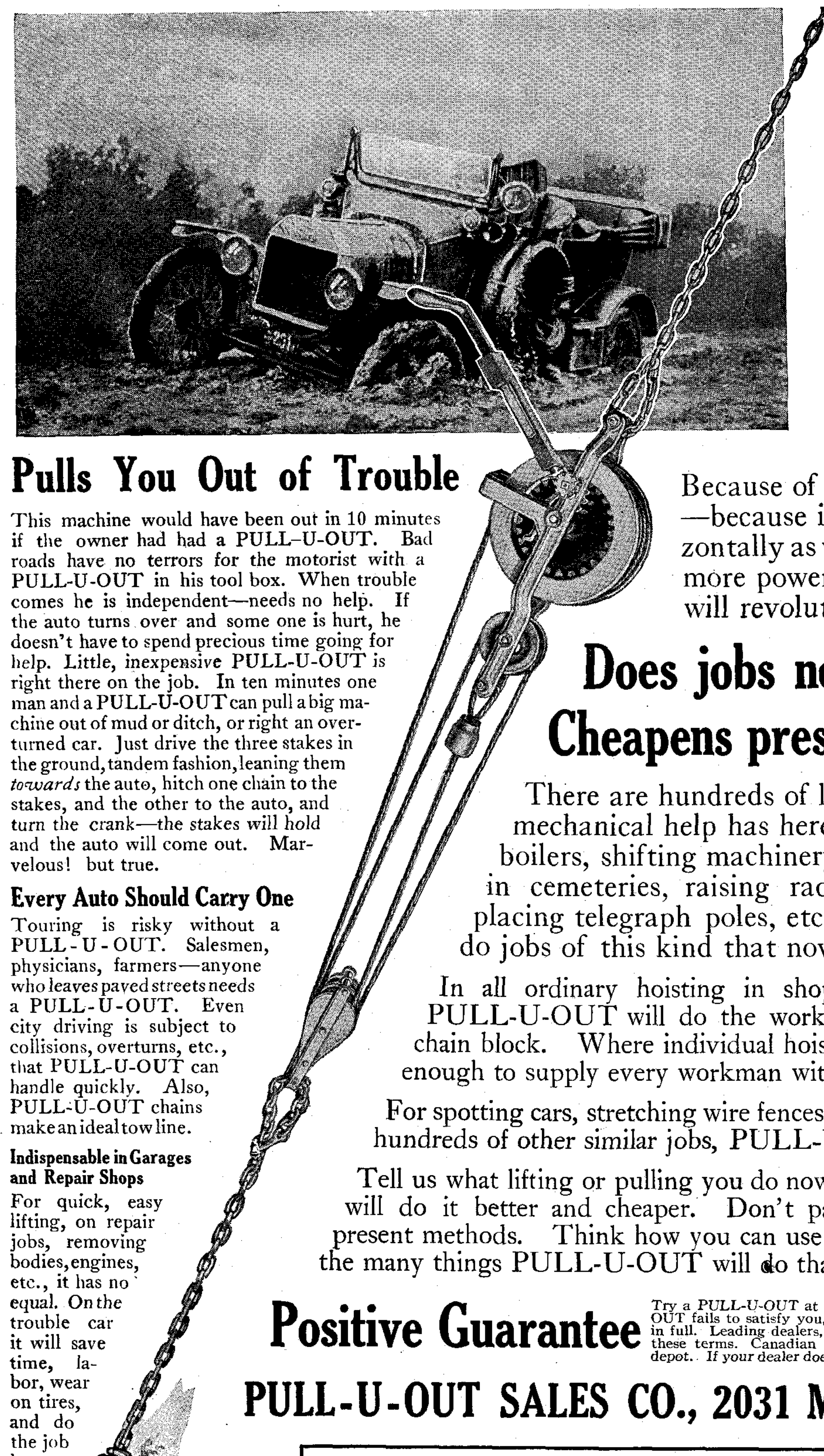
Cut this coupon

> "Santa Claus" was an actor. He was an extra man with Maude Adams at one time, and Shakespeare—well, he knows Shakespeare backward and forward. He has the appearance of what people call having just stept from a bandbox. He was immaculately clean when he first came to the shop, tho with coat and trousers pitifully fringed from wear. With the first day's money he bought a clean collar. Then he bought a tie. In two weeks he bought a second-hand frock coat. Then he moved. Now he has a basement room with a janitor, very comfortable. He could not stand the lodging-houses. They were not clean enough.
>
> There is another man of the New York Santa Claus band, 80 years old, who belongs to the old Schuyler family of New York. He had the family Bible with the family genealogy at one time. He was a hatter some years ago, and made one hundred dollars a week easily.

Permission to use the quarters in the Diocesan House was obtained through the kindness of Bishop Greer. Nearly a hundred men were employed in the toy shop by Christmastime, and a restaurant has been added to the establishment, where hearty, wholesome lunches replace the former ten-cent benefaction. But more interesting than this development is another—the Santa Claus Club. There is in this a real idea, which we may see taken up in many cities, for it solves a difficult problem—that of caring for aging men of meager means, without robbing them of their self-respect, and at the same time reviving their joy in life by renewing their sense of usefulness. Faced with no ready alternative to the ten-cent lodging-house as a "home" for her charges, Miss Foster discovered the club-house idea, and put it into action. This delightful and profitable solution of the problem was thus but another fruit of necessity.

The lodging-houses, unless the men were able to pay as much as 20 cents a night, left so much to be desired that after stopping in them they were not good company for other people, and it was impossible to keep them at work. Miss Foster felt the injustice of this keenly, and took it upon herself to find some way to help, which is described as follows:

> It is a five-room flat, and the rent is seventeen dollars a month. Here eight of the Santa Clauses make their home. There is the Master Santa, who has charge of the finances, and to him each of the others pays ten cents a night. That is eighty cents a day, six days of the week, and it pays all the expenses—the rent, gas, fuel, and the laundering of sheets and towels.
>
> It is a cooperative home, and the men take the entire care of it. It is always neat as a pin. The men get their own breakfasts and suppers, and do their own laundry work. It was not actually necessary, but they asked for an iron to press the clothes after they had washed them. They also begged a little unbleached muslin from the shop—strips that had been torn off, with blue lettering on them—and they washed these and made curtains.



Pull-U-Out

The little thing with the big pull

The Wonderful New Hoist

Consists of a winding drum, lever crank, 40 ft. of steel cable, two 7 ft. chains and 3 stakes.

Weighs only 28 lbs. and goes into space 4x6x14 inches, yet it has a dead-weight lifting capacity of 3000 lbs., and will pull 100,000 lbs. on wheels. (Larger sizes have considerably greater capacity.)

Because of its light weight, great power, low cost—because it will work in any position, pull horizontally as well as lift, and has a greater reach and more power than a chain block, PULL-U-OUT will revolutionize present methods of hoisting.

Pulls You Out of Trouble

This machine would have been out in 10 minutes if the owner had had a PULL-U-OUT. Bad roads have no terrors for the motorist with a PULL-U-OUT in his tool box. When trouble comes he is independent—needs no help. If the auto turns over and some one is hurt, he doesn't have to spend precious time going for help. Little, inexpensive PULL-U-OUT is right there on the job. In ten minutes one man and a PULL-U-OUT can pull a big machine out of mud or ditch, or right an overturned car. Just drive the three stakes in the ground, tandem fashion, leaning them *towards* the auto, hitch one chain to the stakes, and the other to the auto, and turn the crank—the stakes will hold and the auto will come out. Marvelous! but true.

Every Auto Should Carry One

Touring is risky without a PULL-U-OUT. Salesmen, physicians, farmers—anyone who leaves paved streets needs a PULL-U-OUT. Even city driving is subject to collisions, overturns, etc., that PULL-U-OUT can handle quickly. Also, PULL-U-OUT chains make an ideal tow line.

Indispensable in Garages and Repair Shops

For quick, easy lifting, on repair jobs, removing bodies, engines, etc., it has no equal. On the trouble car it will save time, labor, wear on tires, and do the job better.

Does jobs no other machine can do

Cheapens present methods of hoisting

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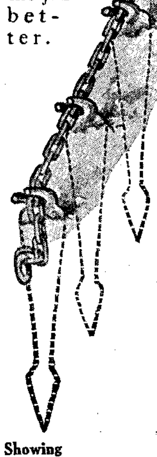
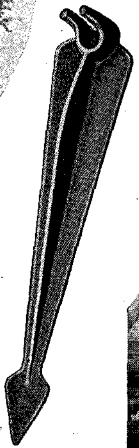


Showing how stakes are set in ground



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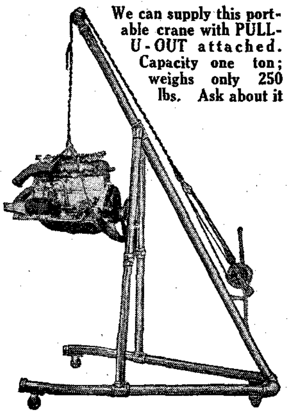

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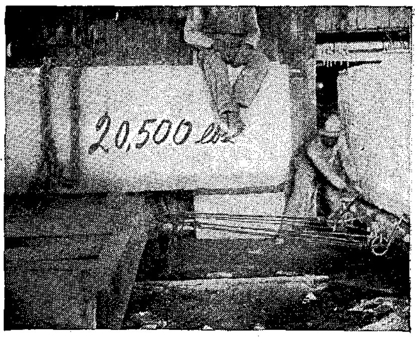

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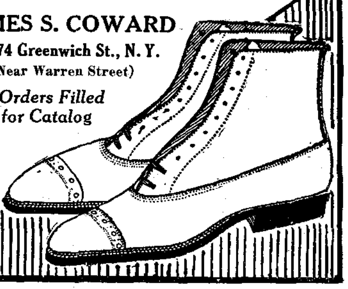

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EMPTY STOCKINGS

A CHRISTMAS dinner for the poor of the city seems to be considered by some good people sufficient to last until the next Christmas. Others look at the huge crop-reports as proving that there is "bread for all," without figuring out the slight detail of getting the bread to those who have nothing to pay. Then, too, it is true that the factories are running night and day, but that doesn't help the sick, the crippled, the little children, the aged, who can not work. Europe is "shipping us gold," but not to all of us. The comfortable feeling you have had about this Christmas may be deceptive. You, too, may be shocked as were the readers of the New York *Times* a few days ago when they were confronted in that paper by a list of the hundred neediest cases on the books of the Association for Improving the Condition of the Poor, the Charity Organization Society, the State Charities Aid Association, and the Brooklyn Bureau of Charities. It was a revelation of the bitter fight that is going on beneath the comfortable surface of a civilization that reads solemn dietary warnings against eating too much. The hundred neediest cases were picked from lists numbering thousands, and these cases are in New York City alone. Boston, San Francisco, and the stretches between—how many more could they supply?

Utter destitution is pitiable in whatever condition of life it appears, but most affecting of all these hundred appeals, perhaps, are the cases where a hard-working man, a mother and her brood, a good girl, a promising young boy, stands on the verge between a tolerable existence and utter ruin. In most of these cases, succor is not far off; given a month or two, or a "boost" through the winter, cash down for the rent, or some other purely temporary aid, and the home and the family would be saved. Deny these, and the expected assistance would come too late. No food, no bed, no roof for shelter—man can not long survive these. If they persist, he—or she—either goes wrong or goes under, and then, the friendly boost, the Christmas charity, may as well turn elsewhere, to those who still have their feet upon good solid earth. In the hundred cases there are many perilously near the edge and fighting for a foothold. Here is one, for example, reported by the Association for Improving the Condition of the Poor:

When her husband suddenly became insane, six months ago, and was sent to an asylum, Mrs. I. took his place as bread-winner for the family. There are three children—boys of seven and four years, and a ten-months-old baby girl—and an aged aunt to support. Never strong, cruelly shocked by her husband's tragic breakdown, still frail after her baby's birth, the mother took what work she could find—employment in a laundry at $5 a week. On that sum the family lived until a few weeks ago. Now the mother's fragile strength has given way. The family is penniless now. The four-year-old boy, too, is undernourished and ill. For seven years more the mother must support the family—until then there are no "working papers" in sight. And if she is to take up her burden, the sick woman must have rest and care for two months at least. Seventy-five dollars will give her that and meet the family's needs. And all she asks is to get really well so that she can go on again.

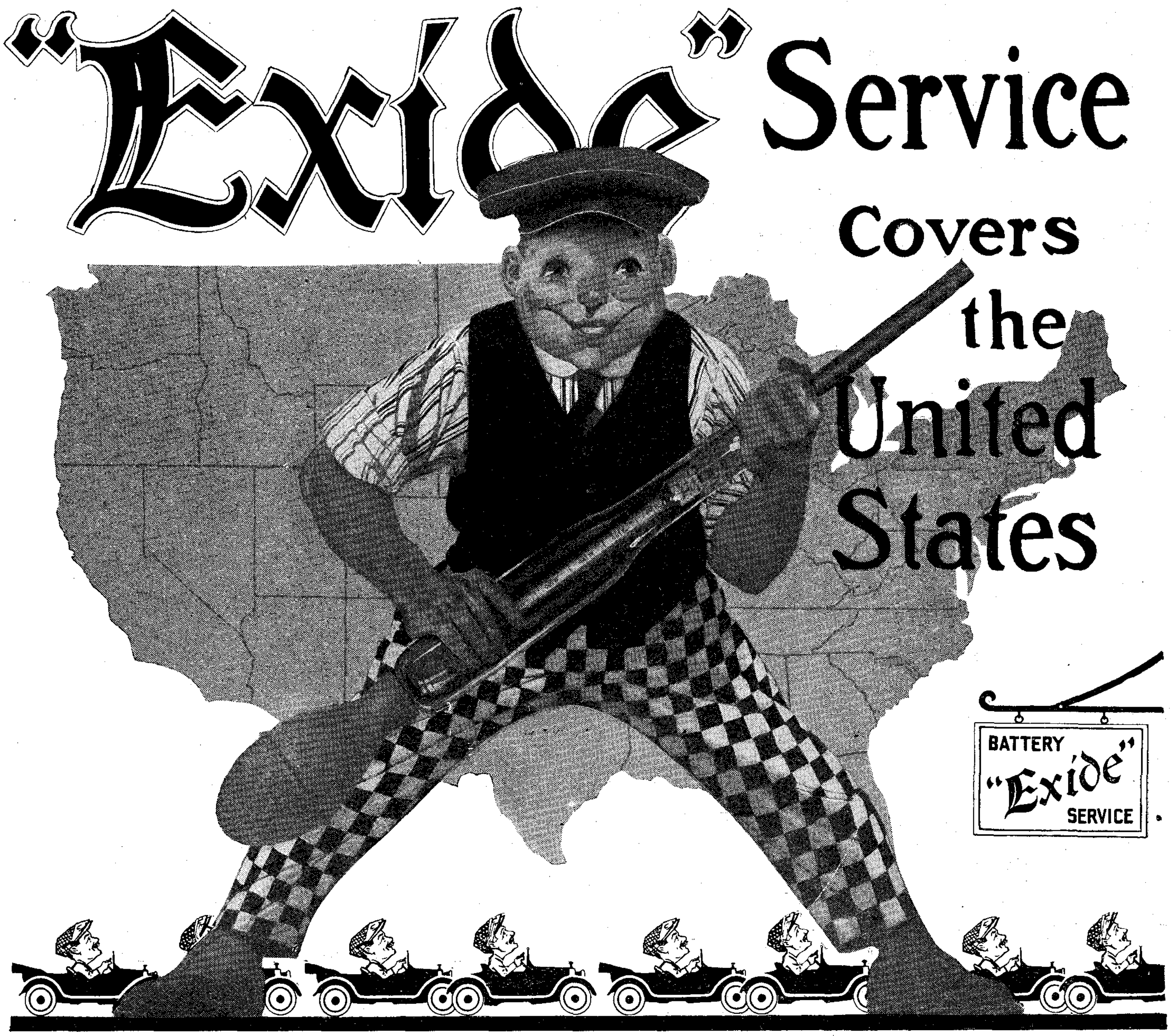
In a few days after the *Times's* list appeared, $10,000 had been contributed to the four organizations. The sum was gratifyingly large, but of course did not begin to solve those hundred human problems. There is plenty of opportunity still for the rest of comfortable New York, or, indeed, for those citizens of every city who recognize no geographical limitations in their giving. Here is Case 2, also reported by the A. I. C. P.:

Mrs. C. knows that she is going blind. She knows, too, that in two or three months her husband will be able to earn money for his children again. She knows, for the doctor has told her, that it is this present overwork that is blinding her. But there is nothing else for her to do. "Only three months at most," holds little hope when there are four children and a sick husband to be kept from starvation, and the grim business of keeping them for that time means that the mother will never be able to see again. The doctor says that Mr. C., who has had pneumonia, will be able to work within three months; he says that the mother will go blind unless she stops work now. One hundred and fifty dollars would save her. She has not one cent.

It seems like the most cruel injustice to make selections from this list, when all are so urgent; but the amplitude of a daily newspaper were needed to do justice to them all. Here is Case 5, reported by the Charity Organization Society, whose address is the same as that of the A. I. C. P., and the State Charities Aid Association—105 East 22d Street. It is one of the few cases directly traceable to the war:

A teacher, sixty-one years old, M. M., came to this country a little less than three years ago, leaving his wife and two children with relatives at home until he could establish himself here. At the outbreak of war the mother and children were stranded in France, penniless, and unable to get away. Three weeks ago efforts to reach this country were, through the aid of American representatives in France, finally successful. But the family's arrival finds the father in a hospital with a tumor, facing many weeks of slow convalescence before he is able to work. He can do nothing for them. The mother, with the horror of the war in France behind her, and the hope of a haven here, has neither food nor shelter. Seventy-five dollars, to keep herself and her children from starvation until the father can work again, is all her need for a "*joyeux noël.*"

Here follow two cases, numbers six and twelve respectively, in which the catastrophe is old age. Surely Santa Claus himself could not pass them by! Grandfather and



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grandmother do not always play that part in Christmas celebration, apparently, that the colored covers of our fiction magazines depict:

Her only son died in her arms a few days ago. And now old Julia must set to work to support herself and his delicate little boy, whose mother has deserted him. But the old woman's strength has failed, with her weeks of grief and worry, and before she takes up the burden that she is so willing to shoulder she must have rest. The boy has had an operation, but his little legs are not yet quite straight. He needs good food and care, and he has no warm clothes for the cold months. As soon as she is able the grandmother will take up housework. She is still naturally a sturdy woman and an excellent worker, and she is sure that she can give the frail child the home he needs. Forty dollars, to give her the rest she requires and provide the child with winter clothing, will mean a fair "start" for both.

(C. O. S.)

Old, and growing more feeble, Mr. X. is still able to do a few half-days' work a week. That is the proud bit of comfort that remains to him and his wife, now that they are old and alone, and for the first time in all their independent lives threatened with homelessness. For now, at this Christmastime, the old couple have been suddenly brought face to face with what for a long time they have been dreading; the husband's earnings are no longer enough to pay the rent. They are living in a two-room rear tenement. It costs $6.50 a month. It is a contented home to them, and it is full of cheery reminders of days that were busier and more prosperous. What the old people are facing now is not only destitution, but the disintegration of their lives and all that they have cared for. They can not live very long. Seventy-eight dollars would meet their need for a year, and keep them, for all their loneliness, happy in their home.

(C. O. S.)

Some time ago a certain woman prominent in affairs feministic proved to her own satisfaction that a working-girl can support herself decently on seven or eight dollars a week. Perhaps she could solve these two problems, given in Cases 8 and 15:

A few weeks ago Max H., a sober, home-loving, industrious man, was arrested for "disorderly conduct," and the neighbors said that he "must have gone crazy." That same night he cut his throat with a piece of glass. His wife, not yet fully recovered from her baby's birth a month before, is broken by her tragic grief, and the burden of supporting the family of seven falls upon the eldest girl, sixteen, who earns $4.50 a week. The mother must be guarded, not only from overwork, but from anxiety, and the younger children need good food and care. Four dollars and a half a week can't do much for the family. In a year the next child, a boy, will get his working-papers. Their need is desperate now.

(C. O. S.)

The father sick, the mother delicate, devitalized, overworked, the only support of the parents and ten children has been, for months, Jimmie's wages as an errand-boy. And Jimmie's wages are $4 a week. A few days ago the invalid father died, and in a few months the mother will be able to get her "widow's pension." But meanwhile she and her children are in pitiful straits. Last Christmas the family was comparatively comfortable, at least, and the household had a happy holiday. Then came "hard times," and the father lost his position as a waiter and had to seek other work. All he could find was labor too hard for his always meager strength; and his "breakdown" meant loss of support for his family. The mother has neither the time nor the health to earn money. Fourteen-year-old Jimmie has stood between the family and utter destitution. All the children, as well as the broken-down mother, need better food, warm clothing, money for fuel to warm their little tenement. Four dollars a week can not keep them from starvation. Until the pension begins, the desperate little household needs ninety dollars a month to meet its vital needs.

(A. I. C. P.)

In Case 19, the father is in the hospital, there are five children already of nine years and less, and one more shortly to arrive, and no money, no relatives, no friends with a copper to spare. The father can have his work back again, when he is well, but meanwhile his wife and children are threatened with eviction. The answer is $100 sent to the C. O. S.

Here is a problem that may be solved now with a little timely aid. If no aid comes now we shall have another chance to settle it, later on—in the Morgue, at Bellevue, or in the Night Court. Whether that will be the better way, the reader may decide for himself:

Ann has no father. Her mother is a bad woman, who has never given her little girl care or a home. Ann has just "shifted about" from one place to another for nearly all of her fourteen years. And she has St. Vitus's dance. Those are pretty nearly all the facts about Ann—except that she is a capable little girl, who does good work in school when she is able to go, and that she can be made self-supporting in a very short time. Just now Ann has nothing—clothes or food, or a home. The one bright thing about her life is that the long siege of illness is probably nearly over, if she can be given a home and medical care just now. Ann has had hospital treatment, and is better. If some one would supply money to pay the child's board with a kind family, would give her clothes, and thus make it possible for her to be cared for until she is strong enough, and sufficiently trained, to be self-supporting, her sadly handicapped life might have a new, fair, start, after all.

(S. C. A. A.)

Case 34 may appeal to the Big Brother or Sister who has a fellow-feeling for a plucky fighter:

Hetty's mother, tubercular and hopelessly insane, is confined in a State hospital. Her intemperate, shiftless father is a tramp. Hetty is sixteen, and for two years she has been practically self-supporting. Now she is completely independent. But there is Will. Will is not yet fourteen, and Hetty is devoted to him. They have always lived together, and Hetty is very anxious—more than anything else in the world—to keep her little brother with her until he can "get his working-papers" and support himself. They have found a place to board, with a good family whose meager household has offered them a real home. Neither child shows any effect of the "bad heredity" that their parents might have left them. Both are eager to be independent. Will feels sure that he can support himself by the time summer comes. But if he is not to be taken from Hetty as a "destitute child" he must have money to pay his board through the rest of the school-year. And he must have the clothes that Hetty can not give him.

(S. C. A. A.)

Many are the instances of youngsters who are not getting a fair deal in the first round of the game of life. Here is Lydia, who may suffer better fortune than others of her sort. The others have offered some of our most entertaining problems in criminal psychology. Lydia is not that kind of a problem—yet! At present she is only Case 27:

At six years of age Lydia's experience of life has been something that she hates to remember, that has made her distrustful, gloomy, constantly afraid. She has been taken away from her parents, not because they neglected her merely, but because they were actively cruel. And the workers of the State Charities Aid Association say that this baby needs "humanizing" almost as much as she needs food and clothes and a place to stay. Except for the tremendous, tho negative, joy of freedom from her parents' abuse, Lydia has nothing. She is a destitute and embittered person at six. If her life is to be made into something sane and independent, Lydia must have some great personal kindness—it will be the first she has ever known—as a Christmas gift.

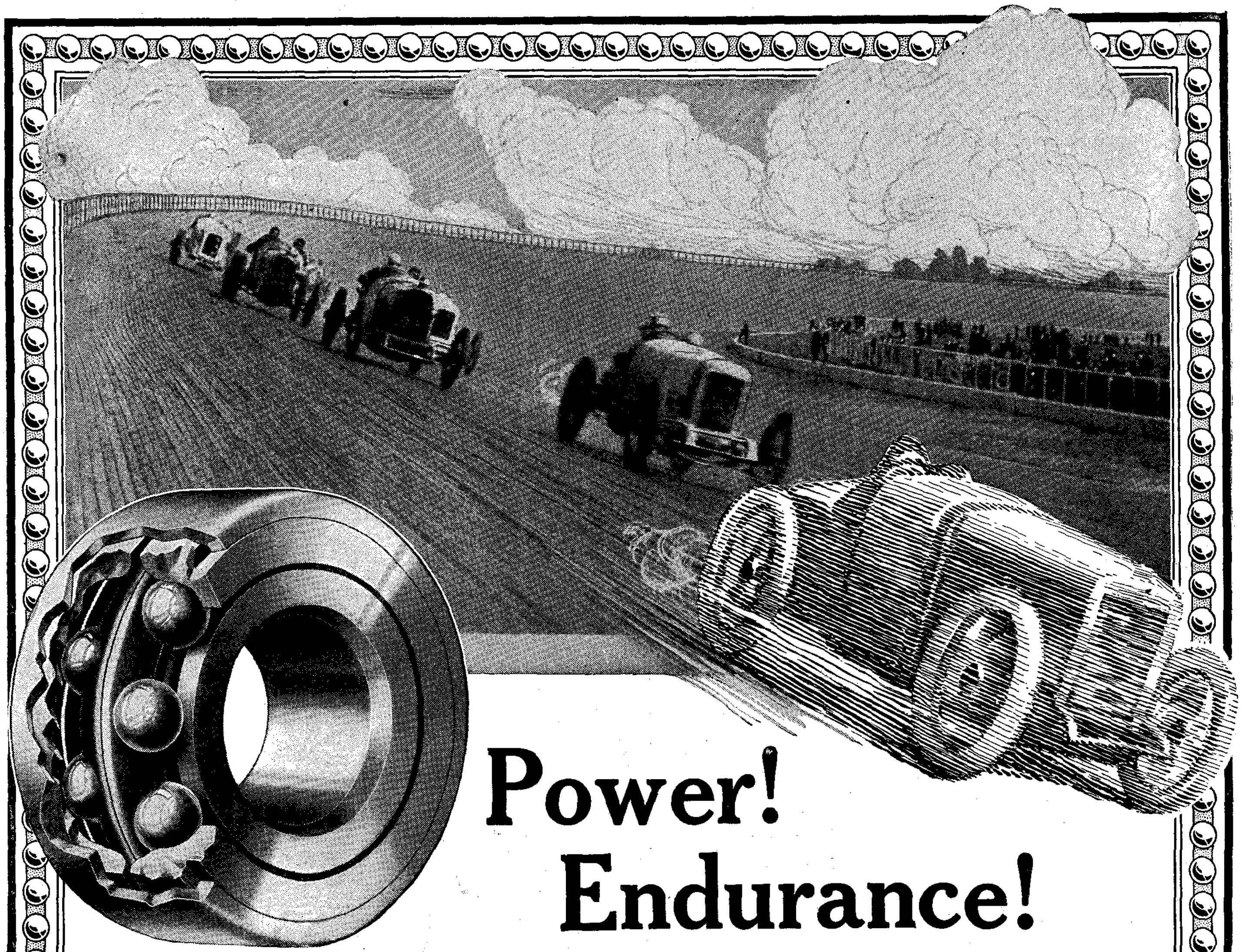
(S. C. A. A.)

Then there is the other side of the picture. *The Times* details how the aid received in the first two days after the appeals appeared was applied. A few of these follow:

Sylvia, the fifteen-year-old girl, who was betrayed and left with a fatherless baby to care for, has the assurance that she can keep her baby and that she need worry no more about her own maintenance. The sum of $170 has been sent to the State Charities Aid Association to enable Sylvia to recover her health and strength. Her pitiful story was 83 in the list of 100.

Four-year-old Philip is happy, too, for Santa Claus will see that he gets the strong new braces he needs, so that the frail little man can play in comfort this glad Christmas. Philip has not been in the world long or seen a great deal of it, but he knows it is a kind and beautiful world, else the $50 his braces are to cost would not be provided for him. Philip's appeal came from the State Charities Aid Association, and his case is 18.

The sixteen-year-old girl who lost her place because she was color-blind, and who has been ill and despairing ever since, now has provision for her care till she is able to go to work again where it will not matter if red looks yellow to her or not.



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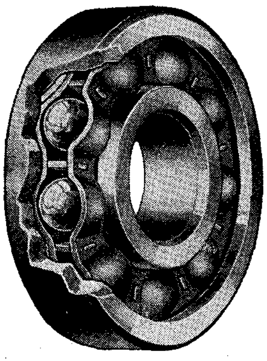

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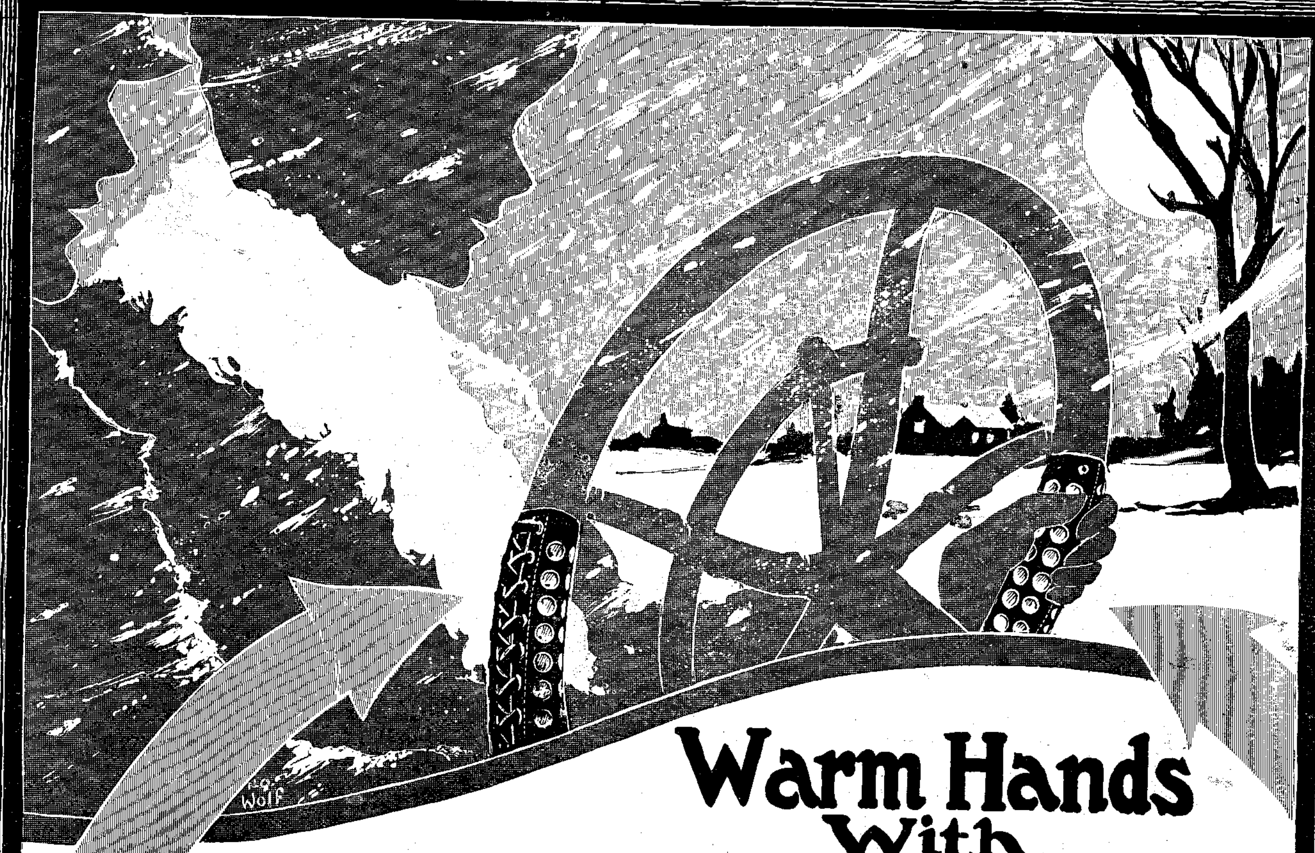

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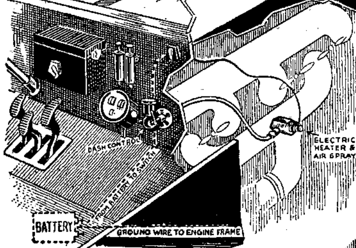

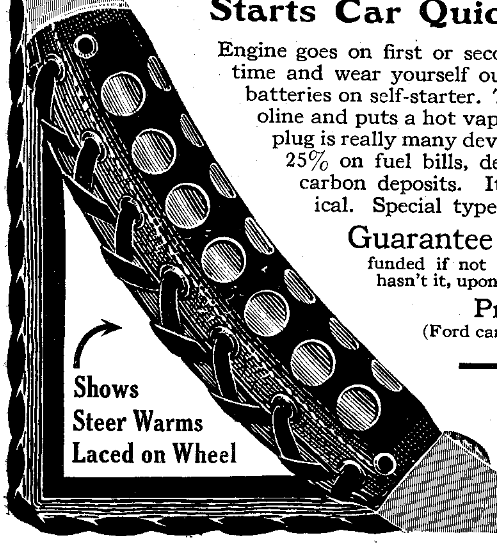

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PEACE AT ANY PRICE

"WAR is without reason or excuse—hideous, a shameful thing. I shall have nothing to do with it!" No doubt many Americans would echo these words, spoken over a year ago by a certain young Frenchman. But the Frenchman believed in "peace at any price"—and he paid the price. Would we go as far as that? War is unspeakable, of course; but if it is a question of killing for the sake of one's country or of being shot down for nothing but an empty conviction, he who does not accept his patriotic duty is a—what? Traitor, fool, or martyr?

Whatever he is, that was Paul Savigny. He did not believe in war and refused to take part in it, and it is no more healthy in France than in any other country of Europe just at present to evince a pronounced distaste for fighting. Especially is this true when you are a conscript, or reservist, as Savigny was. It proved fatal for him, for he was called upon to pay the "price" in full. His story is told in *The American Magazine* by E. Richard Schayer, an American who spent seven months with the British Army Service Corps and was honorably discharged. It is told in the words of an old schoolmaster of Montdidier, France, who had been young Savigny's friend and colleague. Even before the war the young man had exprest his hatred of the system which placed ability to destroy and wit to kill at a premium. When war was declared, he spoke even more strongly. The old schoolmaster could hardly comprehend, and replied, as he relates, in utter amazement:

"But then, you will have to go all the same, when the call for the reserves of your class comes."

He smiled gently. "No," he replied. "Nothing shall ever force me to take up arms against my fellow men."

"You mean," I cried, "that you will refuse to go when France calls?"

"Precisely," he replied.

"But that would be madness!" I exclaimed. "It would be shameful! They will force you to go—or imprison you—or worse."

"Whatever they do to me," he answered, "they can not make me fight. It is monstrous, this war. It is the work of diplomats and governments, not of the peoples. It is legalized murder. I shall not commit murder for my country nor for any power on the face of the earth. That is my resolve. Let us talk of something else."

Of course, they came for him in time, but the evil day of reckoning between this rebellious citizen and his State was postponed. Influential friends secured the promise of clerical work for Savigny, and on that understanding he reported for service. He went away with his regiment. It was many weeks afterward before he was heard from again, but at last:

One morning the school-door opened and in walked Paul. He was drest in his old suit of black. His face was haggard and drawn under his coat of tan, but his eyes blazed as ever with his unconquerable spirit. The children shouted with joy as they recognized him. Discipline thrown aside, they clamored about him and plied him with questions as he struggled forward to my desk and reached for my hand.

"Silence, my little ones," he cried. "I have come back to teach you. Return to your places."

It was almost the hour of recess, so I permitted the pupils to scamper off, shouting the glad tidings of Paul's return to every one they met on the street. Silently, I waited for his explanation. He looked at me, and smiled grimly.

"It is finished," he said. "They tricked me. I was not given a clerical position. My regiment was ordered to the front day before yesterday. . . . I came away. In the confusion I was not stopt at the railroad station. I have thrown my detestable uniform into the closet. This is my proper dress. I am a teacher, not a butcher. May I stay with you as of old until they come for me? It will not be long."

I pleaded with him in tears. I pictured the dangers of his position, the contempt and anger of his townsfolk—how they would misunderstand his motives and look upon him as a traitor and coward. I told him he would be tried, convicted, and probably shot.

"I know all that," he replied. "It is useless to argue with me. If you do not want me to come to the school, I shall stay away and wait for them in my room. But I should like to be here, at my work, when they send for me. Will you let me come every morning until it happens? It can only be a day or two."

By night all the town knew that Paul Savigny had left his regiment, resumed civilian attire, and was again teaching school. The news of his return reached the military authorities. I was visited by a staff officer and closely questioned. I gave as little information as possible.

No action was taken that night, but the next morning, while the children were in the midst of their grammar lesson and Paul stood demonstrating at the blackboard, the expected happened. We heard the thud of feet outside the door, a sharp command, the ring of rifle-butts on the cobbles, and the door was jerked open by a young officer.

"Paul Savigny," he demanded.

"I am here, Monsieur," answered Paul quietly from his post at the blackboard.

"You are wanted at headquarters at once. Come!"

Paul reached up to the top of the blackboard and wrote, in his firm clear hand, the little sentence you noticed to-day when you were in my schoolroom:

"*La guerre est une bête sauvage qui dévore la civilisation.*"

Turning to the children he said:

"Good-by, my little ones. That is my last lesson. Study it well, and never forget it."

Traitor, fool, or martyr—let us fling no harsher names after him; for this is a true story, and if a man pays as he goes he should go as he pleases. Mr. Schayer accompanies the old schoolmaster to a spot just outside the stucco wall of the cemetery, which he describes:

A narrow strip of grass separated the wall from the road. Here my guide came

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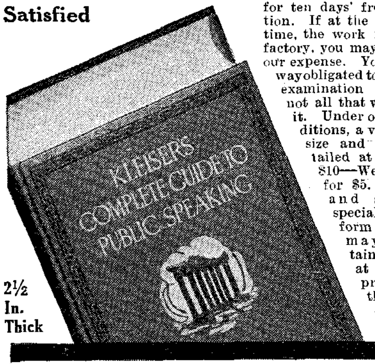

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to a halt and I saw, close against the wall, a low mound marked by a plain wooden cross. A faded wreath of wild flowers lay on the rough sod. There was no inscription on the cross to tell whose grave it was that lay in unhallowed ground, just outside the enclosure reserved for more worthy clay.

Removing his hat the old man raised his brimming eyes to mine and spoke at last, huskily, and tremblingly:

"You do not need to be told, Monsieur, what lies here. Observe. They dug this grave close to the wall. Beneath that poplar Paul embraced me in farewell. His last words were:

"'Some day France will know that I died, not as a traitor or coward, but in protest against tyranny and evil, and for my faith in the future regeneration of mankind.'"

HIGHER PREPAREDNESS

HOW EXCELLENT are the arguments for preparedness! As one reviews them, whether volunteered by zealous military authorities or by patriots in civilian dress, they seem unanswerable. For example, there was that cartoon that appeared early in November, showing the New England housewife before Thanksgiving. Who that looked on it could deny that, when the great American feast-day came to that household, preparedness would triumph, evidenced in this standing army of all the conceivable viands dear to our hearts—and stomachs? And this is only one of the multitudinous examples of preparedness in the humbler affairs of life upon which the various writers and speakers have drawn for proof that unpreparedness in the military field is folly. In the Saturday magazine of the New York *Evening Post*, Simeon Strunsky points to sport, and remarks on the excellent example of preparedness that the Harvard football team exhibits. Through Harvard's example American colleges have been taught that it is not sufficient to play football. The important thing is to win, and preparedness does it. Advancing his remarks to "the highest forms of preparedness," Mr. Strunsky continues:

> This consists in knowing exactly what you want and in making up your mind to pay the price. It consists in sweeping the brain clear of preconceived notions, of ancient prejudices, of enervating sentimentalities. It consists in recognizing that you can not eat your pie and have it. It is an ideal, but it may be attainable. The Germans come nearer to it than any of their opponents, when they set out to hack through in order to get at what they want. Anything else is hypocrisy or senility. The French think that wars may be won not by hacking through, but by dashing through magnificently like Bayard on horseback. The English think that wars may be won by debating through, according to set rules, like the House of Commons on the Wages of Domestic Servants (Ireland) Bill.
>
> This ideal of knowing what you are about has been attained by a writer on the *Evening Mail*, who signs himself "Ex-U. S. Officer":
>
> "And it would seem that the Germans have more truly grasped the philosophy of life. Is it not the ruthless ones who win? Do not those who live up to the teachings of Christ go down before the followers of *David Harum*, who taught, 'Do to others what they want to do to you, and do it first'? You know what happened to Christ?"
>
> Nietzsche tried to say this in a dozen volumes and did not quite succeed. It is Nietzsche with a punch to it. What a motto to print in red ink on the outside of preparedness envelops:
>
> "*Remember what happened to Christ!*"

WHY CHILDREN TRUST BEN LINDSEY

JUDGE LINDSEY, of the Juvenile Court of Denver, and of the *Oscar II.*, was recently fined $500 for refusing to betray the confidence reposed in him by a twelve-year-old boy. A higher tribunal termed his apparently Quixotic action contempt of court, inasmuch as the information the boy had given Judge Lindsey, under pledge of secrecy, was wanted as evidence in a sensational murder case. The Judge's own explanation of his stubborn silence is that, had he divulged the boy's secret, nearly all that he has accomplished in the handling of delinquent children in Denver during the past years would be instantly and utterly destroyed, as well as any chance of further work in the future. For his results are almost wholly gained by the establishment of relations of confidence between the small culprits and the Judge. He found early in his labors in the Juvenile Court that the easiest thing in the world is to get a plausible story from a child; and the hardest thing to get the truth. In the proceedings of other courts, it seemed to him, the State put a premium on lies. He was resolved that within his own jurisdiction new methods would be tried, and the premium would be placed upon truth. The old rule was: "Get a man and hurt him"—from this, he says, grew the "third-degree" examination. The trouble was, and is, that a hurt man always wants to hurt back. And so does a hurt boy. So the Judge tried gentler methods, perfecting them gradually as the years brought experience. He declares now that "I do not believe there is one case in a thousand where a child gets away from us with a lie on his soul," and this has been accomplished by substituting confidence for fear in the culprit's mind. The only danger in the gentler method is that the child as well as the Judge may be misled. How this may come about is exemplified by a story told in the course of an article by Judge Lindsey written for the Philadelphia *Public Ledger:*

> The little boy of ten had been in the habit of lying to his mother. She conceived the idea that it was because of her own severity, often the cause of lies among children.
>
> Mother came home and found a vase shattered on the floor. It had evidently been toppled from a pedestal in the room through the carelessness of Tommy.

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> Mother jumped to that conclusion. It seemed so natural.
>
> "Tommy," she said, "you broke that vase."
>
> "No, mama," said Tommy, "I didn't do it."
>
> "But you did," persisted mother. "You did, tho, and you mustn't lie to mother," and mother took little Tommy in her arms and told him how it hurt her much more to have him lie to her than the loss of the vase, and mother would cry if Tommy persisted in lying.
>
> "Now, Tommy," said mother, "you will tell mama the truth—I know you will. You broke the vase, didn't you?" And Tommy said, as he looked into mother's eyes:
>
> "Yes, mother, I did it; now, you won't cry, will you?"
>
> "No," said mother, "but you must never do it again."
>
> The next day mother gets a note from the gas company saying the meter-man stumbled against the pedestal in the house when moving the step-ladder and broke the vase. "If a bill is sent the damages will gladly be paid."
>
> Mother calls Tommy to know why he "lied." He explains:
>
> "But, mama, you said I did it, didn't you?—and you would cry if I didn't tell you, and I didn't want you to cry."
>
> Now, that is not a supposititious story. It actually happened. It is a fair illustration of the conflicts in a child's mind, of its mental difficulties, of its impressionable soul, of its own struggles; when you come to get the truth it all involves the psychology of fear on the one hand and love and confidence on the other. So, you see, in the hands of a bungler, or even an average mother, the thing can be overdone. It is simply misunderstood.

Children lie for various reasons, but one of the surest is that of fear. One of the charges brought against Judge Lindsey recently was that he had released a colored man who was charged with a statutory offense against a little girl. He admits that this happened, but the true story is, as he discloses it, illuminating. It was found that the little girl's fear of a scolding or perhaps a whipping, and her anxiety to explain an absence from home overnight that would surely incur punishment, had led her to evolve a tale, based on too literal warnings of danger in the streets at night, that was absolutely without foundation, but that came near sending a human being to prison on a "lynchable" offense. The result of such experiences as this is that there is never a threat of punishment in the Denver Juvenile Court, and the "third degree" there is of a new sort, based on practical child-psychology. Says the Judge:

> I would say that the chief factors in tests of this kind are confidence and understanding of human hearts and souls. Above all else is sympathy. Sympathy is a divine instrument when wisely used.
>
> You know, I suppose, that the average girl who has violated the moral law would rather tell almost any one but her own mother. Now, in getting the truth out of children, we invariably ask the parents for permission to talk with them in private. If it is a girl, I always sit with the woman assistant judge, herself a mother and teacher of experience. We find that almost immediately, when we are alone, the whole atmosphere seems to change; the child that was dumb and seemingly cold and obstinate perceptibly thaws; a new expression comes into the face; you feel in a different atmosphere. Where before she was silent, she is now animated with explanations and statements. In many cases it is as tho some spell had been broken.
>
> We first try to get the truth without entering into any deep, confidential relations. We get the truth so we can use it if it seems necessary.
>
> If it seems impossible to get the truth in that way we then enter the next stage of deepest confidence with the understanding that what is said will not be used against the child or any one else to her embarrassment; and that she need not tell the truth to any one else unless it is of her own free volition, altho we always advise that the truth be told to the parents. It is often the case that we can get the consent of the child to tell it to almost any one but her parents. This is particularly so in the case of girls whose reputations are involved.
>
> There are a number of theories as to why it is so. But the average man only need ask himself why it is so and he will perhaps find in his own soul a satisfactory answer. There are a few parents whose confidences are so wisely established between children that the child prefers mostly to tell the parent. I am inclined to believe that that is the exception rather than the rule, even with what we might call the best of parents. With some girls fear of hurting the feelings of their own parents is a moving cause, because they love their parents, and yet, again, because of their fear and hatred of the parent. We may have this same result from exactly opposite motives.

Judge Lindsey will say little in regard to the famous "Wright case" that led to his fine for contempt of court. We know only that Mrs. Bertha Wright was accused on rather strong circumstantial evidence of shooting and killing her husband, and was acquitted partly through her twelve-year-old son's testimony. The Judge refused to tell the Denver authorities whether the boy's testimony in the trial was corroborated by the story the boy had told him in confidence. But, sketchily, he gives us a hint as to how well his methods worked in this case:

> I am keeping notes of interesting cases that will furnish valuable material for a number of books that I hope to write when I shall cease to be the active Judge of the Juvenile Court of Denver. You might read a case then entitled: "The Strange Case of Bettie Bright, Charged with Murder." It might conclude with a statement something like this:
>
> "The real truth as to who fired the fatal shot that killed John Bright turned on the testimony of a twelve-year-old boy, but nobody got it right—neither the prosecution nor the defendant. Only two persons in the world know who fired the fatal shot. And it is positive that one of the persons who did not know who fired the shot that killed John Bright was the defendant herself. Yes, she honestly believes she did know, but I know that she didn't."
>
> And then the story might explain a strange and interesting test that has never failed to bring the truth, and, in my judgment, never will. It was tried upon Tommy Bright, and it worked. There were circumstances confused and misunderstood by others that made it absolutely positive that the test did work. It was reliable. It brought the real truth that has never come out, and perhaps never will—that was only supprest through the stupidities of the criminal law so that only two persons in the world know positively who fired the shot that killed John Bright, and the defendant in the case was not one of them. You may get something out of this and you may not. But you don't know what I know, and perhaps you never will. It is buried in the unuttered confidences of the new institution that in some respects is as strange and as misunderstood as it is new and glorious—the Juvenile Court.
>
> Isn't it better to get the truth under these conditions than not to get it at all, and isn't it better to have that truth reposing surely and certainly, known to be the truth, in the confidence of some one, especially if that some one is in a position to help and not hurt, to uplift and not degrade, to love and not hate, to be of real service to storm-tossed, broken, agonized, troubled, human souls? We know it has helped in the Juvenile Court when all else failed.

METROPOLITAN NIGHT'S ENTERTAINMENT

AN invasion of New York has taken place at last. For months we have been treated to lurid pictures and descriptions in many magazines of invasions by Germans or bombardments by the British fleet, and now at last when an invasion does come, it arrives peacefully in the middle of the night, and is well taken care of, not by our reserve army of fourteen men, but by two industrious, tho sorely beset, members of the metropolitan police force. It began with the wreck of the barge *El Paso*, which was rammed by the down-easter *North Star*. As an immediate result of this collision, the barge sank, and three hundred cattle and sheep were cast into the icy waters of New York Harbor. Of these some fifty puffed their way to the Battery and scrambled and plunged about along the sea-wall until Patrolmen Timmins and Fitzpatrick, with the aid of firemen from the fire-boat *New Yorker*, pulled them out. After this, the animals, in gratitude for having their lives saved, should have gratuitously rounded themselves up and corraled each other under the shadow of the Aquarium, until the somewhat bewildered patrolmen could decide what might be done with them. But, as the *Tribune's* account of the incident reminds us, "the simple country animals had no trust in city folk." Possibly scenting the lambs and bulls of Wall Street, they fled across the expanse of Battery Park, with the policemen after them. We read on:

> In a moment the whole park took upon

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(A Sequel to "How Many Hides Has a Cow?")

IT is a fact that more cars are now upholstered in Du Pont Fabrikoid than in any other material.

The number of automobiles upholstered in hide leather, counting all grades, *real grain leather* and *splits* or so-called "genuine leather," is steadily diminishing.

About 20% of the new pleasure cars sold in 1915 were upholstered in hides or hide splits. About 10% were upholstered in cloth. Of the remaining 70% upholstered in leather substitutes, the majority were in Du Pont Fabrikoid, Motor Quality.

Four years ago nearly all automobiles were upholstered in good leather, *but* 1915 production was just about twice that of 1912; in the meantime the hide supply has been steadily decreasing, and finally the war demand for shoe and harness leather has made prices soar.

The attempt to meet the famine in real grain leather, by splitting the hides and selling the coated and embossed splits as "genuine leather," has been a failure.

The public has learned by experience that there is a vast difference between real grain leather and so-called "genuine leather." Today automobile manufacturers face the choice of real grain leather or its nearest popular competitor, Du Pont Fabrikoid.

Real grain leather, because of its scarcity and high price, is out of the question for popular priced models that are produced in any considerable quantity. Therefore, since coated splits, masquerading as "genuine leather," have proved impractical, the decision of the greatest makers of popular cars has been in favor of Du Pont Fabrikoid, Motor Quality, proved the most desirable after several years' use on hundreds of thousands of automobiles.

Du Pont Fabrikoid is not leather, but a scientific substitute therefor, which has made good. It has the artistic appearance and luxury of real grain leather, and in addition is waterproof, washable, and will outwear the grade of "genuine leather" used on 90% of the cars that "have hides."

①
②
③
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This reputation aroused extraordinary expectations on the part of the public, when it was announced that they would build a motor car. Thousands of dealers were eager to represent them. Thousands of orders were placed by individual buyers.

But as manufacturers of motor cars Dodge Brothers were still on trial at the bar of public opinion.

The car as a car was an unknown quantity.

In January, 1915, a few of the cars began to be shipped from the factory; and a few individual good opinions began to be formed.

The growth of this volume of good opinion was in exact ratio, at first, to the growth of the volume of production.

But not many weeks had passed before the reputation of the car outstripped the capacity to produce.

The good news of its performance travelled faster than the supply—in sixty days' time there was a waiting list in all parts of the country.

Substantially the same state of affairs has existed ever since, and exists today, in spite of largely increased production.

There is a very pronounced and definite public opinion now in this country concerning Dodge Brothers car.

Nearly every man or woman you meet has a clear-cut idea of the kind of a car it is.

How friendly and how favorable that idea is you probably know so well that it is not necessary to go into details.

In twelve months' time the American people have bought more than thirty-five million dollars' worth of Dodge Brothers cars.

This is a notable record for one year even in an industry which has been marked by many amazing achievements. For a first year, it stands absolutely unique and alone.

But the sales growth, to our way of thinking, is as nothing, in importance, compared to the growth of a very favorable public opinion concerning the merits of the car.

This phase of the year's work is very gratifying to Dodge Brothers and to their representatives everywhere.

It goes without saying that Dodge Brothers will never do anything, or permit anything to be done, which might jeopardize the standing of the car with the American public.

DODGE BROTHERS, DETROIT

The price of the Touring Car or Roadster, complete,
is $785 (f. o. b. Detroit)
Canadian price $1100 (add freight from Detroit)

The price of the Winter Touring Car or Roadster,
complete, including regular mohair top, is
$950 (f. o. b. Detroit)
Canadian price $1335 (add freight from Detroit)

itself the appearance of a busy day on a ranch. Sheep darted here and there like rabbits. The lowing kine wound o'er the lea, not to mention park benches and lawn railings, with Fitzpatrick and Timmins two jumps behind. At the close of a half-hour the two patrolmen had each a minimum allowance of breath, two shins badly skinned through falling over obstructions which the steers jumped, and seventeen cattle and sheep penned in an impromptu barn-yard of park benches.

Firemen who had joined the chase had eight more. The lure of the great city had got the remainder of the survivors. Longshoremen in one of the water-front saloons were seized with a sudden fit of temperance when a soaked sheep poked its head through the half-open door and then withdrew, leaving a pool of water on the floor from its dripping fleece.

This wanderer was later picked up in Wall Street sitting on the curb and shivering. It was added to the Battery stockyard, controlled by Timmins & Fitzpatrick, Ltd.—chiefly ltd., that is, as to wind and temper. Several more of the lost lambs wandered in the direction of Washington Street, and were seen no more. Only the Greek and Syrian housewives know their fate.

Still others strayed toward the Staten Island ferry, where commuters for Richmond, being of frugal instincts, lent them the price of the ride across the bay.

"For Heaven's sake, where did them sheep come from?" a gateman demanded when asked if he had seen any of the scattered flock. "Seven men went across on the last boat, each of them leading a woolly lamb. I thought I had the willies."

When the state of affairs was explained, he grunted. "Lamb chops," he announced enigmatically. "I know one of those fellers, and I bet I get some."

HORRORS FOR SALE

THE auctioning off of Eden has commenced. Last summer it was announced that New York's famous old-time entertainment-house, the Eden Musée, was soon to close its doors. That was sad news enough, for, tho but thirty years old, the Eden Musée was a landmark in the city. Its "Chamber of Horrors" was at one time better known throughout the country than was the Senate Chamber of the Capitol at Washington. But now falls due the unhappy task of actually routing out from their established niches all the frightful celebrities and the celebrated frights planted there during the past three decades. It is a humiliating moment, for even a waxen celebrity has his dignity to preserve; and especially hard it is for those effigies whose fame has outlived that of their flesh-and-blood counterparts. Auctioneers, however, wait for no man, nor are they respecters of persons living or waxen, and under the hammer all must go. As the New York *Tribune* describes the situation:

Kaiser Wilhelm and all his properties, consisting of one tin helmet, one papier-mâché breastplate, two lead medals, one suit of white broadcloth, and one pair of dragoon boots which he has not had off in twenty years, will be sold at auction on Monday. With him on that date will pass into the limbo of yesterday King George, Marshall P. Wilder, Mayor Mitchel, Julius Cæsar, Woodrow Wilson, Czar Nicholas, Anna Held, Cleopatra, Queen Victoria, Mutt and Jeff, other famous characters of history, and the Eden Musée.

The Dying Gamekeeper has given up gasping after a thirty-year struggle for life, and now lies stark and still in the Chamber of Horrors. Over him in an even deeper gloom than heretofore shrouded that shrine of terror bends the villainous poacher. It took him a generation and a half to get his victim, but he has done it now, and he grins in horrid satisfaction in the darkness that shrouds the old Musée.

At the gate, the "amazingly lifelike representation of a New York policeman," a relic of the time when cops were seven feet tall and wore their beards in the fashion of the Third Empire, is near the end of his vigil.

Once upon a time the horse-cars running down Twenty-third Street stopt before the door of the Eden Musée, and on Broadway and Sixth Avenue the passenger was advised to "change here" for the waxworks palace. Now it stands with darkened doors, while humanity-packed trolleys plunge past, and the crowds it lured in former times are thronging the Hippodrome two miles away. A *Tribune* reporter sought entrance to the edifice soon after the auctioneers had taken possession. He describes the scene of desolation:

Inside, where a few electric bulbs still glimmered, the Rulers of the World, the Heroes of History, and the Favorites of the Stage stood in the gloom, mute beneath the indignity of a tag, bearing a lot-number. Workmen moved to and fro, their irreverent footfalls echoing loudly, their arms filled with costumes, which they were sorting. Piled on the floor were Roman togas, plush doublets, savage trappings, crowns, and scepters, helmets and breastplates. Stretched along a rail was the crimson and gold train of the Empress Josephine, real velvet bordered with real ermine, which cost when new $12,000.

In a corner the lady who yester-year, and many before that, was wont to powder her nose and then glance shyly at her escort, had violated all feminine tradition by stopping after a generation of constant practise.

Below, in the crypt, the auctioneers were busy taking inventory of the assorted horrors.

"Electric chair," one of them droned. "Guillotine, elephant squashing a nigger, twenty-four death-masks of the Presidents."

From behind the grille, where she had waited momentary execution since 1883, Charlotte Corday looked imploringly at her deliverers.

On the floor above the workmen had tramped away. Only one man remained, a portly person in a gray uniform, last of the guards of the passing Musée. Amid the ruins of a former day he appeared wobegone and hopeless.

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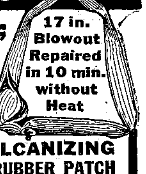

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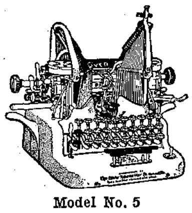

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"It's kind of sad to see it go," he said, patting the knee of Queen Victoria affectionately. "It was nice, wasn't it, when there weren't no movies to steal your nickels, and all the folk from Newark, and even Philadelphia, used to flock here? Many a kid I've carried outa the chamber below, howling his head off, and having a wonderful time. There was a million dollars spent in this place, first and last, and now they are going to sell the statues and gowns and everything. The old building is coming down, too, and a sixteen-story sky-scraper going up in its place."

He paused, choked with emotion. Deep silence came over the shadow-filled hall, broken only by the snore of the Sleeping Guard, that marvelous waxwork that has slumbered on a chair in the corner of the Grand Hall so long that he has out-Ripped Van Winkle.

AMERICA ONCE MORE INVADED

ONE of America's favorite pastimes at present, seemingly, is the invasion of America. *The Metropolitan Magazine* devastates New England and 42-centimeters New York City into débris. *McClure's* has us overrun with Teutons. *The Fatherland* smuggles in a British army that wreaks havoc in various portions of our fair land. The New York *American* presents a horde of Japanese, whose cleverness is only equaled by their industry in destroying our commercial and social fabric and reducing the United States to a dependency of Japan. Nor are these the only trouble-makers. The New Zealander perched upon one of the broken piers of London Bridge is outstript and outdone by General von Hindenburg's famous dinner in the ceilingless ballroom of the Vanastor-Plazabilt, by Field-Marshal Joffre's commandeering of the New York Hippodrome for his Staff's headquarters (with the famous stage tank for his own private bath), and General Oyosha Hoshi's cleverness in harnessing Mt. Lassen and converting that conveniently placed volcano into the most horrible engine of death yet known to man. A weekly or monthly publication that has not as yet invaded America and destroyed at least one of its great cities (New York, for choice, its sky-line forms so excellent a target) may well consider itself behind the times. This is, at any rate, the opinion of Simeon Strunsky, who presides over the first page of the New York *Evening Post Sunday Magazine.* He resolves that his own readers shall not be slighted, and consequently, in order that they may be appeased for any delay on his part in joining the invaders' ranks, he attempts gallantly to outdo all the others. Stanchly, and little recking for his own danger in the dangerous company that he keeps, he gathers together all the belligerents in Europe and Asia who have in the last thousand years displayed a quarrelsome disposition, and, placing in their midst a conveniently vague and ambiguous plot, permits it to hatch. Behold the result:

> Early in the morning of May 12, 1917, Field-Marshal von Hindenburg sat in the parlor of the bridal suite at the Hotel Biltmore studying a map of the marshes in Jamaica Bay. It was a map prepared by the German General Staff, with characteristic Teuton thoroughness. It showed not merely every hotel and bungalow in Jamaica Bay, but the sites of all projected bungalows when the marshes should be filled in and disposed of at a nominal monthly payment to home-builders. Suddenly the door opened and a fair-haired Prussian officer entered, saluted, clicked his heels, and laid a telegram before his chief.
>
> Von Hindenburg's iron features relaxed into a grim smile as he handed the message to Field-Marshal French. "Things are working out exactly," said the Commander-in-Chief of the German armies. He turned to a wall map of the United States. "Here," he said, "from Lake Champlain to Trenton is General Wood's First Army. Here, from Palm Beach to Wilmington, N. C., is General Scott's Second Army. Von Kluck is already on the march to throw himself into the gap between the two armies. The rest is mere detail."
>
> The British commander made no attempt to conceal his delight. "Really," he said and twisted his mustache. There is a limit even to Anglo-Saxon self-control.

Having presented this staggering situation, Mr. Strunsky delves into the dark days of the hypothetical "past." This, be it said, closely follows the best usage of all our paper-and-ink invaders. It begins *pianissimo, adagio con moto.* Through this prelude the irrepressible *vivace* of the plot *motif* becomes gradually clearer, developing into an international *rondo* of extreme complexity. As we read:

> Lapped in soft dreams of world-peace the nation had lain supine. The stroke fell out of a clear sky. On April 3, 1917, six months after the signing of the treaty which brought the war in Europe to an end, news came from Geneva by way of Madrid that Germany had declared war on Great Britain and that Italy had sent an ultimatum to France. From London and Paris it was reported that the British and French fleets had gone to sea with decks cleared for action. People had no time to think of the why of it all. They waited for news from the North Sea and the Mediterranean. But no news came for a week. Had the hostile fleets completely destroyed each other, leaving no survivor to tell the tale? Then the truth broke like a thunderclap upon this unprepared nation. It came from Nantucket Lightship, which reported a great armada headed due west. . . .
>
> The Great Conspiracy had been hatched with devilish cunning. The German declaration of war on Great Britain was a ruse. So was Italy's ultimatum to the French Government. The fleets had not fought. They had met off the Azores and made their way across the Atlantic in six days accompanied by transports carrying three million men. All the details of the Great Conspiracy had been worked out. England was denuded of her troops for the mortal stroke against us and London was garrisoned by a division of the Prussian Guards. Ten thousand men of the Czar's Imperial Guard had entered Constantinople, releasing an equal number of Turkish first-line troops for service across the Atlantic. Why such substitutions should have been made is not yet clear. The future historian must decide that. But that is the way Great Conspiracies go. Europe had learned from Germany the secret of quiet preparation. In six months the merchant navies of Europe had increased their speed from six knots to an average of twenty-five.

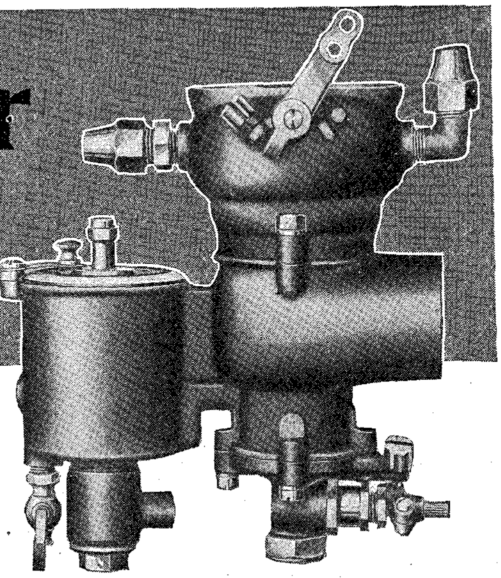
If we continue the musical analogy further, we must characterize the next section of the invader's story as *scherzo*—the pitiably comic attempt of America to meet this unprecedented situation:

> When the situation was realized at Washington, orders were immediately issued for the mobilization of the fleet. Just one-fifth of our paper strength was available. Two of our newest superdreadnoughts were off the coast of Greenland escorting a party of marine biologists from the Smithsonian Institution. Two other battle-ships were near Samoa on their way to attend the twenty-fifth anniversary of the accession of the Sultan of Sulu. Eleven of our superdreadnoughts were in dry dock. It is true that we had only one dry dock capable of accommodating a superdreadnought, but there are the facts.
>
> In this crisis our Navy behaved in a way to justify Augustus P. Gardner's fondest hopes. The captain of the *Saratoga* did not know which was the bow of his ship and which was the stern. He ordered full steam ahead and rammed South Brooklyn in the vicinity of Thirty-ninth Street. The captain of the *Paducah* managed to get to sea, but in trying to climb the fighting-mast he fell and was seriously incapacitated; the steel-work had been allowed to rust and gave way at the first opportunity. The commander of the submarine *F-34* submerged and sailed up the Hudson under the impression that it was the Ambrose Channel; when he came to the surface he was opposite the Catskills. Nevertheless, some of our ships managed to get out of the harbor and steamed east at their maximum speed, which was two knots. Off Montauk they met the hostile armada. They fired one broadside into each other and ran away. They were hunted down and sunk separately, some off Buenos Aires, one off the Cape of Good Hope, one in the Bering Sea.

And then upon the necks of our mourning and decimated hundred millions fell the final stroke:

> I will not describe the heartsickness and the scene of utter desolation that was New York when the Allied armies entered the city. The streets were deserted. The Allied troops were quartered all over town, the Turks under Enver Bey in the Moorish Room of the Waldorf-Astoria, the Germans in the Hofbrau, the British in Mr. Morgan's offices. Our little army from Governor's Island retreated across the Hudson and prepared to make a stand on the Palisades. But the Allies sank the *Vaterland* in the channel and the *Queen Elizabeth* on top of the *Vaterland* and the *Victor Hugo* on top of that, and other ships on either side, and so bridged the river.
>
> And our men could not hold the line of the Hudson because of the menace in their rear. A Japanese army had landed in Los Angeles!

The Super Carburetor for all types of Modern Motors



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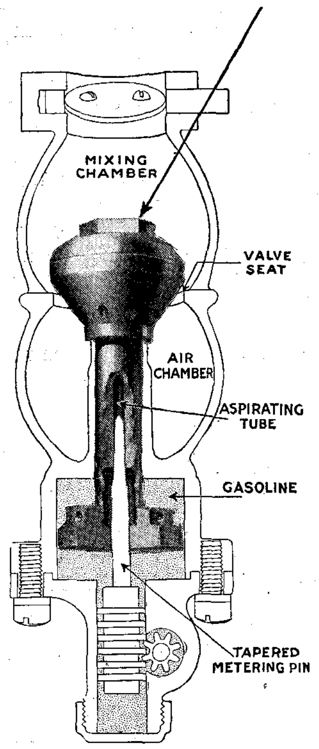
A careful inspection of the accompanying sectional view will do much to explain its simplicity, and will illustrate the principle of

THE AUTOMATIC METERING VALVE



The Automatic Metering Valve

The Automatic Metering Valve (shown in the cut at the middle of its stroke) is perfectly free to slide up and down and would normally rest on its seat, entirely closing the air passage through the carburetor.

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The greater the amount of air the engine draws through the carburetor, the higher the valve must lift.

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BOMB MOTS

THE French soldiers do not tell funny stories, declares Herbert Corey. Their wit is often biting, but there is little laughter in it. On the other hand, the English soldiers care for little else by way of conversation when they are off duty. Carnage is a monotonous subject. There are few of the men who can do justice to a tithe of that which all of them see daily. They do not talk of the horrors of war, but of its drolleries. As might be expected, their humor is "more than apt to have a Rabelaisian flavor." In the New York *Globe* Mr. Corey gives us a few samples. There is, for example, the bitter disappointment of a well-intentioned war-nurse:

For the truth of this yarn I can vouch. A young American girl joined the force of the American Ambulance at Neuilly. She was genuinely desirous of helping, but she also had a selfish purpose in mind. She wanted to better her French. Some time later a friend met her.

"How is your French coming on?" he asked.

"Not very well," she confest. "You see, every man in the ward in which I work has a broken jaw."

The Canadians are credited with the story of the stupid Yorkshire sentry:

The first night he stood guard he hailed an approaching officer in proper form:

"'Oo goes there?"

"Canadian Rifles."

There was a moment of silence. Then the Yorkshireman repeated:

"'Oo goes there?"

"The Canadian Rifles," was the impatient answer. More silence. Then the Yorkshireman again challenged:

"'Oo goes there?"

"The Canadian Rifles, you qualified blighter," shouted the enraged officer. There was a long period of quiet while the Canadian watched the Yorkshireman's obviously ready rifle. Then there was heard a moan from the sentry:

"Blowed if I hain't forgot what to say next."

Here is a story of a London "nut" who had mounted guard for the first time:

The colonel had just given him a wigging because of the state of his equipment. A little later the colonel passed his post. The nut did not salute. The indignant colonel turned and passed again. The nut ignored him.

"Why in the qualified blazes don't you salute?" the colonel roared.

"Ah," said the nut, softly, "I fawncied you were vexed with me."

Then there is the hospital story, a general favorite that has been used in turn in connection with every hospital in France:

The story-tellers relate that during a rush of wounded from the front one night some sturdy nursing sisters of Belgium were called in to help. As the wounded men were carried in or hobbled in, in their filthy, blood-stained, verminous uniforms, these courageous women hurried them into the bath. Then they were equipped with bed-gowns and taken to the wards to have their wounds drest. A tall young man wandered in and was rushed through the routine. He seemed astonished, but submitted. Half-way through the bath the nurse in charge said:

"But you are not wounded!"

"No," said he. "I am the colonel's orderly."

One bit of humor came to the soldiers from home when the pages of a copy of the London *Chronicle* were eagerly unfolded in the trenches. There the headline stood:

KING GEORGE SHAKES HANDS
WITH V. C.

GALLANT FEAT THAT COST A LEG.

A NINE-LIVED PRINCE

HOWEVER slightingly some Americans were tempted to regard Germany's Crown Prince before the war, it must now be confest that he has won his spurs. Many Germans in these last sixteen months have gained a place upon the indelible scroll of history through their great generalship, but none other has equaled his record. Were they willing to die for their country?—ah, yes, but it was with the wish that they "had more than one life to give"—a confession of incompetence. It remains for the Crown Prince to shame them by carelessly throwing away life after life with patriotic abandon. So at least it has seemed to us who have had no better information than the news-reports to rely upon. A Danish news-writer has summed up, as a valuable contribution to history, the chronology of Prince Friedrich Wilhelm Victor August Ernst's part in the war. Circulated by the Overseas News Agency, it has appeared in many publications in this country, as follows:

August 5, 1914—Victim of an attempt against his life in Berlin.

August 18—Severely wounded on the French frontier.

August 20—Second attempt against his life, in which he loses one leg.

August 24—Third attempt against his life.

September 4—Committed suicide.

September 13—Died in a Brussels hospital.

September 15—Commanded an attack near Verdun.

September 16—Wounded by a shrapnel in Poland.

September 18—Once more wounded on the French front.

September 20—Is hastened to his death-bed.

October 24—Buried in Berlin.

October 24—His body found on the battle-field.

November 3—Once more buried.

November 4—Once more killed by the French.

November 8—Insane; taken to a lonely castle.

November 13—Appointed chief commander on the East front.

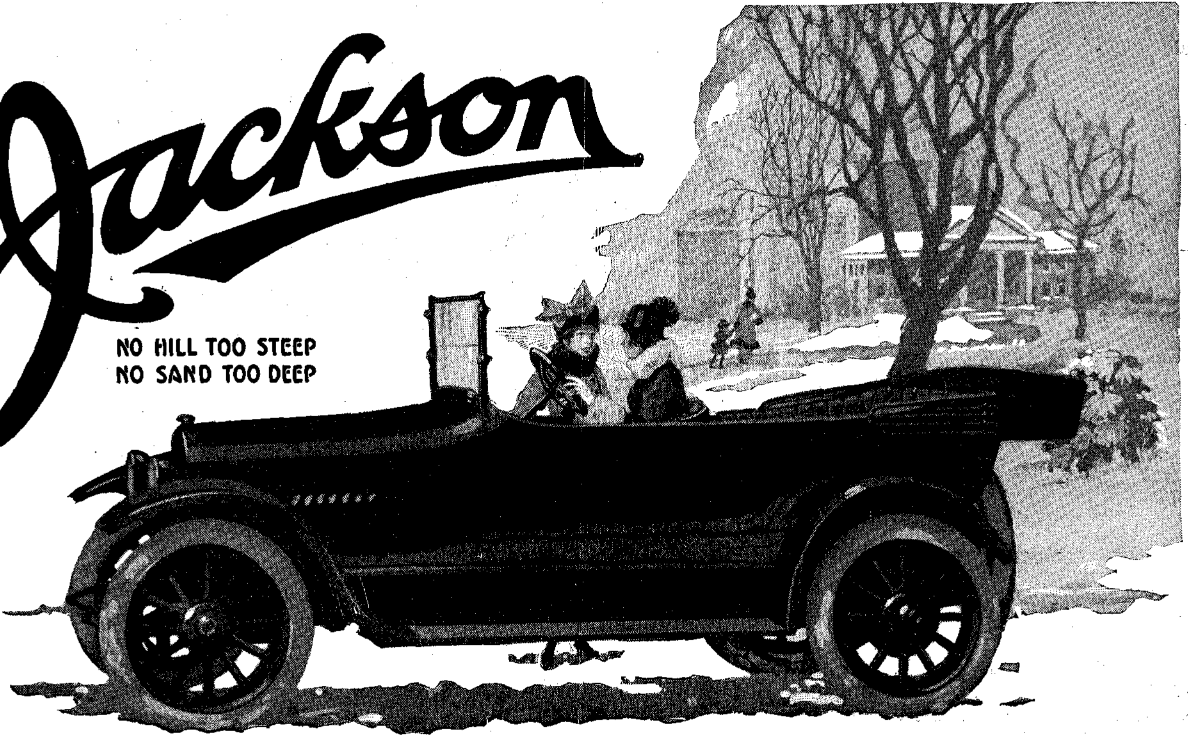
November 17—Once more killed.

January 16, 1915—Once more wounded.

February 3—Sent home.

Jackson

NO HILL TOO STEEP
NO SAND TOO DEEP



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And you will expect even more than we have said. And you will not be disappointed. We suggest you get in immediate touch with the Jackson dealer—make arrangements to get an early delivery if you can. Enjoy your car now.

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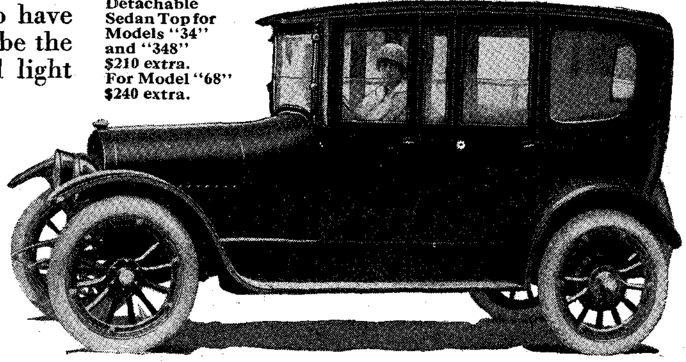

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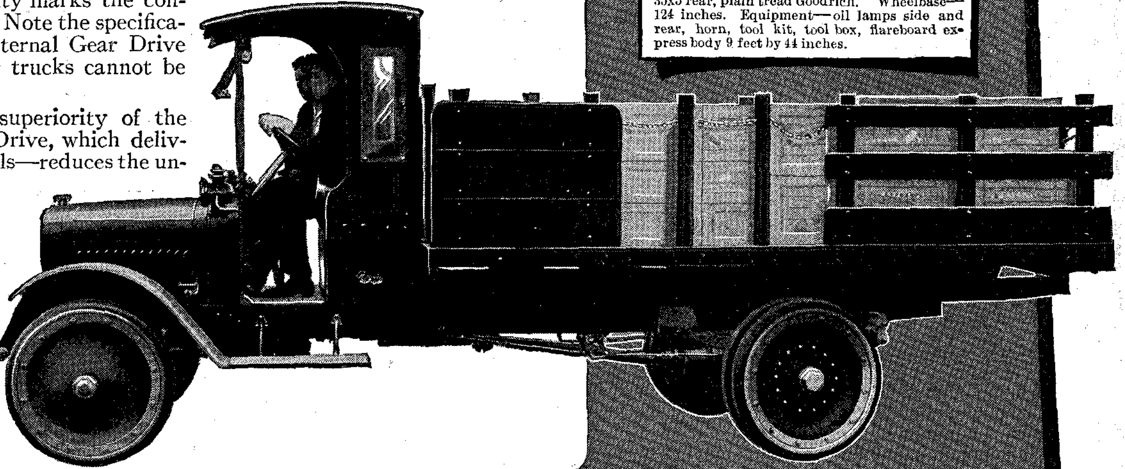
Motor—Continental—long stroke—3½ x 5. Bosch high-tension magneto. Stromberg carburetor. 10-face dry disk clutch. Selective sliding gears—3 forward, 1 reverse. Left drive, center control. Nickel-steel gears. Ratio 6½ to 1. Tires—Firestone 35x3 front, 35x3½ rear; or pneumatic tire equipment 32 x 4½ front, 35x5 rear, plain tread Goodrich. Wheelbase—124 inches. Equipment—oil lamps side and rear, horn, tool kit, tool box, flareboard express body 9 feet by 44 inches.



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Motor—Buda 4¼x5½. Bosch high-tension magneto Stromberg carburetor. Centrifugal pump and fan. 16-face multiple disk clutch. Speeds—4 forward, 1 reverse. Drive thru two-piece tubular shaft with three universal joints. Wood or steel wheels optional. Tires—Firestone rear 37x5 dual, front 37x5 single. Left drive—center control. Wheelbase—165 in. Dimensions back of driver's seat 37x146 in. 185-inch wheelbase $50 net extra. Equipment—oil lamps side and rear, horn, tool kit, tool box.

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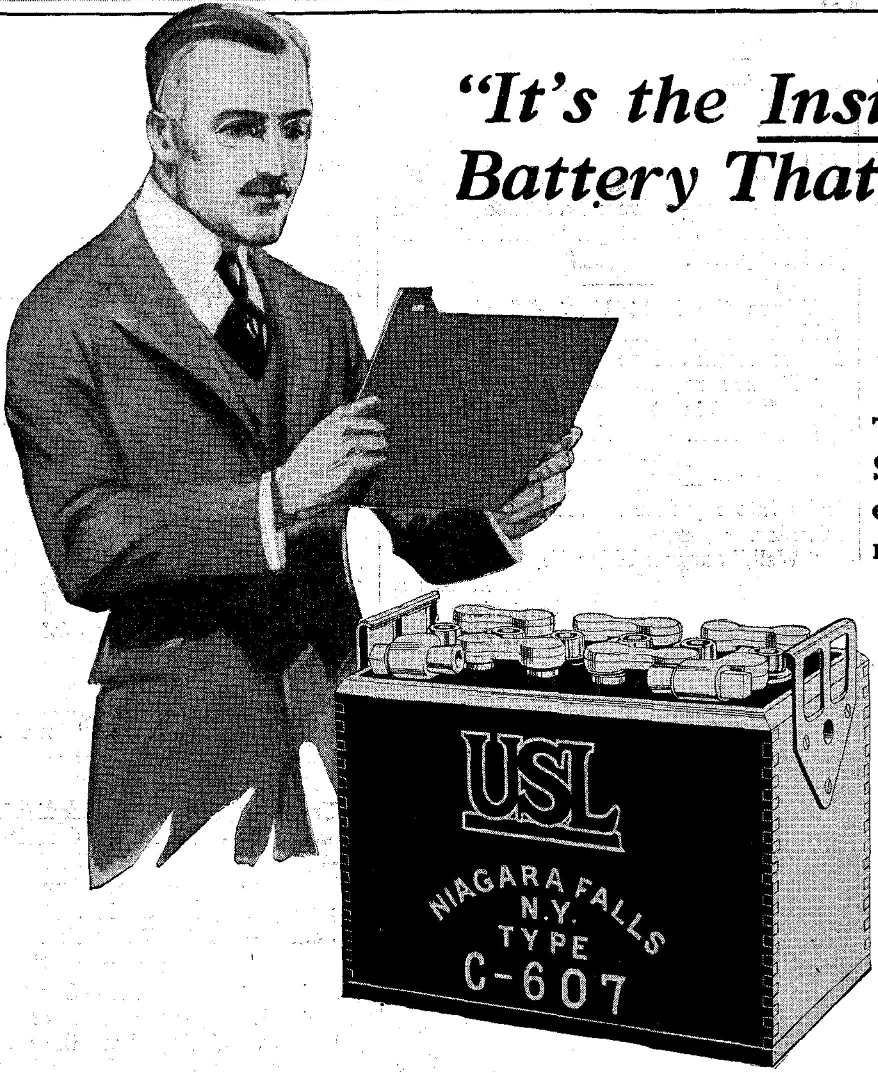
REPUBLIC MOTOR TRUCK Co.
ALMA, MICH.

"It's the Inside of the Battery That Counts"



The New-type USL Starter Battery equipped with the marvelous *machine pasted plates* does away with old style storage battery troubles.

The Triumph of the "Machine Pasted" Plate

THE absolute superiority of the wonderful USL *machine pasted starter battery plates* has been proved beyond question.

They are *demanded* by motor car owners who *know.*

In thousands of automobiles New-type USL starting and lighting batteries with *machine pasted plates* are outlasting, sometimes two and three to one, batteries equipped with the common type of "hand pasted" plates.

The New-type USL *machine pasted plates* contain no flaws. They do *not* "wash" away. They do *not* crumble or break down under road shock or vibration.

USL plates are placed in an ingenious machine and the oxide paste, upon which the current and power depend, is pressed in from both sides *at once.*

It is pressed in evenly and compactly. *More* of it is pressed into the grid than by the old method of hand pasting, resulting in longer life.

Then, too, it "sets" as a mass—absolutely without flaws. The result is a solid plate, equal in density all the way through, which gives off a steady, constant, *dependable* flow of power, wears evenly, stands up under hard service, and *lasts longer than any other starting and lighting battery plate in the world.*

It is easy for any manufacturer—if he will spend the money—to duplicate USL *outside* features—doweled and dovetailed boxes, lead coated handles, terminals, etc. These are mere mechanical details.

But what others *can't* duplicate are USL *exclusive machine pasted plates.*

Remember always that it is the inside of a battery that does the work—not the paint and pretty things on the outside.

Buy New-type USL batteries and get away from old style battery troubles.

Let us tell you about this wonderful battery. Send for our battery book, "The Black Box of Mystery Explained," price 50c, but free to you if you give us the name and model of your car. Write for your copy today.

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Washington *San Francisco* *Kansas City*

Service stations maintained in every section of the country

THE SPICE OF LIFE

Why.—“I can't say I like your new tooth-paste.”

“That's shaving-cream.”—*Yale Record.*

Costly Ablutions.—“LADIES—30 pounds washed and dried, $1; excess, 4 cents per pound. Denver Wet Wash. Phone Gallup 1234.”—*Rocky Mountain News.*

A Hard Tale.—FOND MOTHER—“Ay, dear lad, there's not a day passes but what I think of you in that awful sub'arine, with only the peroscup to breathe through.”—*Punch.*

Half and Half.—“Timothy came last, looking half scared, half sheepish, and half amused.”—*Young's Magazine.* Timothy must have been a big chap, at least.—*New York Tribune.*

Of Some Use.—“Gentlemen,” remarked the professor, “the general function of the heads of several learned members of this class is to keep their neckties from slipping off.”—*Harvard Lampoon.*

Noblesse Oblige.—In the privacy of his home the village butcher was telling his wife of the arrival of a new summer resident.

“She came in to-day,” he said, with enthusiasm, “and I can tell you she's a real lady, brought up select and exclusive. She don't know one cut o' meat from another, nor veal from mutton.”—*Christian Register.*

Joy of Eating.—A well-known banker in a down-town restaurant was eating mush and milk.

“What's the matter?” inquired a friend.

“Got dyspepsia.”

“Don't you enjoy your meals?”

“Enjoy my meals?” snorted the indignant dyspeptic. “My meals are merely guide-posts to take medicine before or after.”—*Illustrated Sunday Magazine.*

A Coaxer.—The latest American church device for “raising the wind” is what a religious paper describes as “some collection-box.” The inventor hails from Oklahoma. If a member of the congregation drops in a twenty-five-cent piece or a coin of larger value, there is silence. If it is a ten-cent piece a bell rings, a five-cent piece sounds a whistle, and a cent fires a blank cartridge. If any one pretends to be asleep when the box passes, it awakens him with a watchman's rattle, and a kodak takes his portrait.—*London Christian World.*

Paying His Way.—In a rural court the old squire had made a ruling so unfair that three young lawyers at once protested against such a miscarriage of justice. The squire immediately fined each of the lawyers $5 for contempt of court.

There was silence, and then an older lawyer walked slowly to the front of the room and deposited a $10 bill with the clerk. He then addrest the judge as follows:

“Your Honor, I wish to state that I have twice as much contempt for this court as any man in the room.”—*Youth's Companion.*

Short and Sweet.—PAT—“I hear you and the boys struck for shorter hours. Did you get 'em?”

MIKE—“Sure. We're not working at all now.”—*Columbia Jester.*

Why Not Steppes?—THE LADY—“Don't you think that Muscovite onslaught is awful?”

THE GENT—“I've never tried it; can you show me the steps?”—*Leland Stanford Chaparral.*

Where the Debt Lies.—“I observe,” said the fiend, “that Mr. Rockefeller says he owes much of his success to golf.”

“It was my notion,” said the low-brow, “that most men owe much of their golf to success.”—*St. Louis Republic.*

Promising.—“Every time the baby looks into my face he smiles,” said Mr. Meekins.

“Well,” answered his wife, “it may not be exactly polite, but it shows he has a sense of humor.”—*Pacific Unitarian.*

Making Sure.—MEMBER OF THE TOURING COMPANY—“My good lady, the last place I stayed at the landlady wept when I left.”

LANDLADY—“Oh, did she? Well, I ain't going to. I wants my money in advance.”—*Tit-Bits.*

Man's Adaptability.—It's funny how a man whose health is so poor that his wife has to carry the baby when they go out anywhere can walk fifteen miles around a lodge-room with sixty pounds of robes and knickknacks on him.—*Puck.*

A Long Walk.—Fred had been permitted to visit a boy friend on the condition that he return home not later than five o'clock. He arrived at seven, and insisted that he had not loitered.

“Do you mean,” demanded the mother, “that it took you two hours to walk a quarter of a mile?”

“Yes, mother; Charlie gave me a mud-turtle and I was afraid to carry it, so I led it home.”—*Christian Register.*

Making It All Right.—Katherine and Margaret found themselves seated next to each other at a dinner-party and immediately became confidential.

“Molly told me that you told her that secret I told you not to tell her,” whispered Margaret.

“Oh, isn't she a mean thing!” gasped Katherine. “Why, I told her not to tell you!”

“Well,” returned Margaret, “I told her I wouldn't tell you she told me—so don't tell her I did.”—*Everybody's.*

Classified.—“Please stop at Regent Street!” said the passenger inside the bus, curtly.

“Right, sir!” replied the conductor, obligingly.

Presently he rang the bell, and the bus stopt in the middle of a wide and very muddy street.

“Here you are, sir,” said the conductor.

“Can't you drive a little closer to the curb?” growled the fussy passenger as he prepared to alight.

“Right, sir!” said the conductor again. Then he shouted loudly to the driver: “Pull up closer to the pavement, Bill! The gent cleans his own boots!”—*Tit-Bits.*

Proverbial.—Success has turned many a man's head—in fact it's a long head that has no turning.—*Boston Transcript.*

Never Ask for This.—Bismethylaminotetraminoarsenobenzenehydrochloride contains 26.5 per cent. of arsenic.—*Cincinnati Enquirer.*

Rapping Somebody.—“Seymour has a number of men who take in every important public meeting. Their wives take in washing.”—*From the Seymour (Ind.) Democrat.*

One Lie Nailed.—“I had a seventy-mile drive yesterday,” she said enthusiastically.

“There ain't no such thing,” retorted the golf-player, grimly.—*Detroit Free Press.*

The Cause.—“So this is your studio?”

“As you see.”

“But it is very cold here.”

“Yes,” said the artist, “just now I am painting a frieze.”—*Grand Rapids Press.*

Showing Off.—COLONEL (of a very gallant Colonial regiment)—“Now, boys, here's the English general coming to inspect you. Keep steady, no spitting, and, for heaven's sake, don't call me Alf!”—*Tatler.*

Unfair.—“Oh, no,” soliloquized Johnny bitterly; “there ain't any favorites in this family! Oh, no! If I bite my finger-nails I get a rap over the knuckles, but if the baby eats his whole foot they think it's cute.”—*Ladies' Home Journal.*

Not a Hearth-fender.—CLERGYMAN (to tattered hobo)—“Instead of spending your life wandering about the countryside and sleeping under hedges, why can not you act like a man and go out and fight for your hearth and home?”—*Punch.*

Wrong Cue.—“Evidently that young man I met at your party does not know who I am,” remarked Mr. Cumrox to his wife.

“What makes you think so?”

“If he appreciated the extent of my financial influence he would have laughed at my jokes instead of my grammar.”—*Washington Star.*

Perfect Fit.—“Yes, grandma, I am to be married during the bright and gladsome yuletide.”

“But, my dear,” said grandma, earnestly, “you are very young. Do you feel that you are fitted for married life?”

“I am being fitted now, grandma,” explained the prospective bride sweetly. “Seventeen gowns!”—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

Wager Spoiled.—“Halloa! Are you Bafy's, the butcher?”

“Yes.”

“Well, this is Mrs. Brown's residence. Will you please send me a large, thick steak by twelve o'clock?”

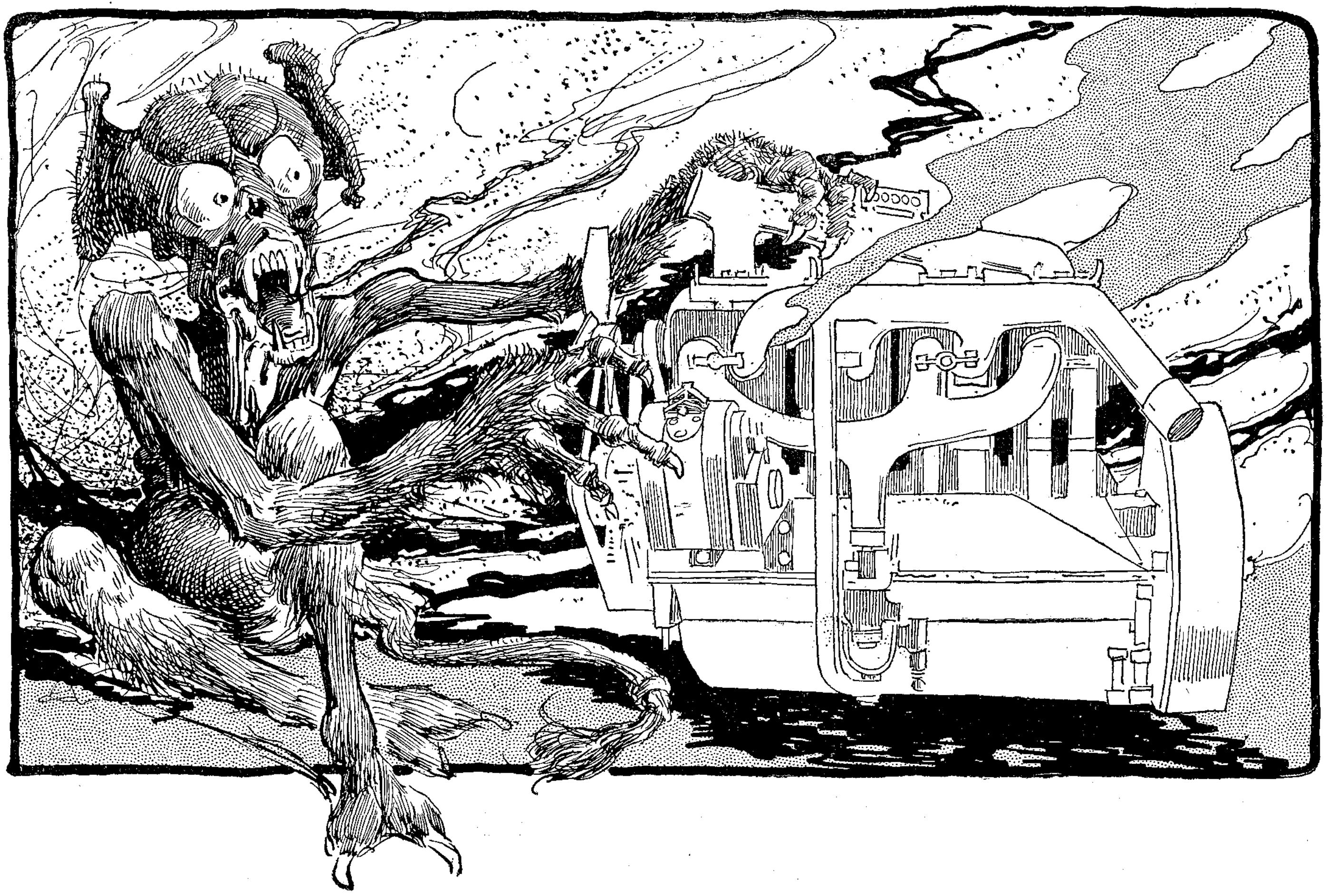
“Well, you just bet your sweet life I will.”

“Do you know, sir, to whom you are speaking?”

“Sure I do. You're Jenny, Mrs. Brown's cook.”

“You are mistaken, young man. You are speaking with Mrs. Brown herself.”

“Is that so? Then in that case, madam, we'll call the bet off.”—*Tit-Bits.*



Keep your motor FREE from the clutches of old demon CARBON

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There is only one way to get carbon out of your motor. You can't dissolve it—you must loosen it. And the best way to loosen it is with live steam—which will break it up in particles. And the best way, proven *best* by test and by practice on thousands of cars, is the way of the Hart-Bell Carbon Remover.

It is an ingenious mechanical device, quickly, easily and permanently attached to your motor (you can attach it yourself). Then all you have to do is simply start your engine, turn on a valve and let the engine run for ten or fifteen minutes. A flow of live steam is introduced into the cylinders, loosening the particles of carbon, breaking it up and shooting it out in chunks and smudge through the exhaust.

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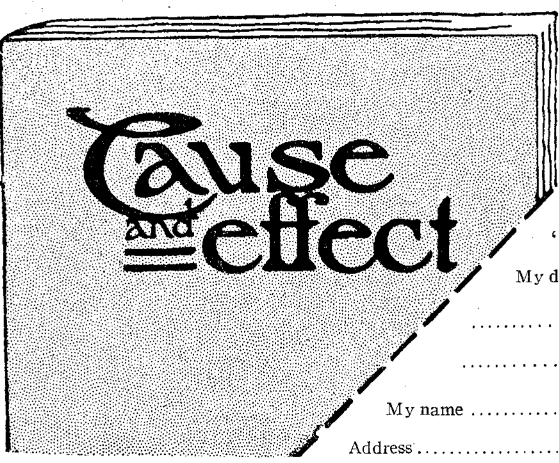

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INVESTMENTS - AND - FINANCE

MUCH HEAVIER BANK-CLEARINGS

NOVEMBER was a month marked by "cumulative gains in economic affairs," according to *Bradstreet's*, which added that "top speed characterized operations in various industries." Lagging lines of activity "either came into the circle or got close to it," collections improved, exports expanded, grain went forward in large volume, railway traffic suffered from congestion, pay-rolls were increased, the labor-supply fell short, many new and large enterprises were launched, sales of bonds were "the heaviest in more than six years," and distributive trade continued still to grow. With such factors prominent in the nation's business-life, *Bradstreet's* was not astonished to find that bank-clearings in November were "of extraordinarily heavy proportions." The total was $14,249,621,805, the second largest total ever recorded in this country, the largest having been in October, when clearings "reached peak-point." In October they were 4 per cent. higher than in November. The writer finds the showing further remarkable in that November was marked by two widely observed legal holidays. He comments further on the subject:

"The total for the country outside of New York, $7,420,202,070, represents a new high record, the exhibit for October having been surpassed to the extent of 1.4 per cent. Incidentally, the grand total for the eleven months ended November 30, $165,936,226,917, exceeds that of 1912, heretofore the banner period. For the month, every one of the seven groups set out in our compilation shows a gain over November of 1914 as well as over that month in 1913, and of the 121 cities but three display losses from November, 1914. Moreover, St. Louis, Kansas City, Cleveland, Detroit, Indianapolis, St. Paul, Duluth, Denver, Salt Lake City, and Richmond scored new high records.

"The grand total of $19,249,621,805 for November of this year exceeds that of the corresponding month last year by 70.5 per cent., while it reflects a gain of 40 per cent. over November, 1913, and shows an increase of 26.4 per cent. over the like month in 1912, heretofore the best November in history, at least as regards bank clearings.

"Payments at the metropolis for November aggregated $11,829,419,735, which sum displays a loss of 7 per cent. from the high level set up in October, but manifests a gain of 119.1 per cent. over November, 1914, while it exhibits an increase of 55.9 per cent. over the same month in 1913, and denotes an advance of 34.1 per cent. over the corresponding month in 1912. Outside of New York the total for November, $7,420,202,070, as already stated, sets up a new high level, displaying a gain of 1.4 per cent. over October, of 32.8 per cent. over November, 1914, of 20.5 per cent. over that month in 1913, and of 15.7 per cent. over November, 1912.

"The middle group, with 106.5 per cent., has the heaviest ratio of gain over November, 1914, while comparison with the like month in 1913 shows an increase of 51 per cent.

"The western group, which displays a rise of 48.8 per cent. over November of last year, also scores an advance of 36.1 per cent. over that month in 1913.

"For the New England group, the increment over November, 1914, is 45.5 per cent., and as compared with 1913 it is 25 per cent.

"The southern division reflects an advance of 34.3 per cent. over November of last year and about 5 per cent. over 1913.

"The southwestern group reports gains of 33.5 per cent. and 36 per cent., respectively, over November of the two preceding years.

"The northwestern group, with an increase of 25.5 per cent. over November, 1914, experiences a gain of 17 per cent. over the same month in 1913.

"The far-western group discloses an accretion of 16.2 per cent. as compared with November of last year, and contrast with that month in 1913 reveals a rise of 7 per cent.

"For eleven months of this year the grand total for all cities is $165,936,226,917, a rise of 17.2 per cent. over the like time in 1914, of 8 per cent. over the corresponding time in 1913, and of 6.1 per cent. over the best previous total, that for the eleven months of 1912. New York City's contribution to the foregoing sum, $97,873,252,317, reveals a rise of 27.9 per cent. over the eleven months of 1914, of 13 per cent. over that time in 1913, and of 6.4 per cent. over the corresponding period in 1912. Outside of New York the showing for eleven months ending November 30, $68,062,974,600, represents a gain of 4.6 per cent. over the like time last year and of 1.7 per cent. over the record period of 1913. For the eleven months' period, one group, the southern, displays a loss of one-tenth of 1 per cent. from 1914, and the far-western group reports a small gain of two-tenths of 1 per cent. The middle group indicates an increase of 24.8 per cent., while the southwestern reflects an advance of 12.9 per cent., and the western contributes a gain of 8.5 per cent. The New England and northwestern divisions report increments of 7.2 per cent. and 2 per cent., respectively. The following gives a ten-year comparison of the figures for eleven months:

1915	$165,936,226,917	1910	$148,181,000,000
1914	141,499,000,000	1909	148,352,000,000
1913	153,537,000,000	1908	116,845,000,000
1912	157,307,000,000	1907	134,724,000,000
1911	144,178,000,000	1906	144,631,000,000

ELECTRIFICATION ON A TRANSCONTINENTAL ROAD

Figures continue to come to hand as to the progress which the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railroad is making in the electrification of its Far Western roadway on mountain grades. Operations already show a surprizing decrease in the cost of hauling trains over the Rockies. An electric locomotive, it is found, will haul 30 per cent. more in train-load than steam will haul, and will do it at 40 per cent. less cost, the time made being 16 miles an hour. Two of these engines will do the work of three steam ones. That the St. Paul road was fully justified in making the large expenditure involved in this work has already been demonstrated. Following are other interesting items given by *The Wall Street Journal:*

"The use of the electricity presents some new and interesting features. The trains are actually braked on the down grades by shutting the current off; and, still more remarkable, the railroad returns to the plants from which it rents the power the surplus electricity it does not use. Getting electricity on approval is certainly a new departure.

"The St. Paul, between Harlowton,

Mont., and Avery, Idaho, is electrifying 440 miles of its track, on the Rocky Mountain section, exclusive of the Cascade range. The whole problem has been under arduous study for five years, and is now approaching completion. One section of 110 miles will be in operation before the first of the year, and approximately two-fifths of the total distance some time in April.

"To say that an electric locomotive will haul, over a mountain grade, 30 per cent. more train-load, at a cost yet to be determined, but approximately 40 per cent. less than a steam-locomotive, and that it is guaranteed to perform this unprecedented feat at sixteen miles an hour, as against nine miles for heavy freight-trains under steam, often with two locomotives to pull and one to push, means that the single-track road increases its facilities to a double-track standard in the matter of speed, weight, and length of train, to say nothing of enormous savings in cost of operation.

"When three steam-locomotives are used to drive a heavy freight-train over the Rockies it is necessary to have an engine crew of six men. But for two electric locomotives used to perform the same work (and there is good reason to believe that one will do it), only two men are necessary, because these locomotives can be linked together indefinitely, and the same control operates them. Moreover, the engineer of a steam-locomotive understanding his air-brake can be taught to drive an electric motor in an inconsiderable time.

"It was the St. Paul which first took its courage in both hands and led the way in this great improvement. It is true that the Butte, Anaconda & Pacific has been running for three years, on a practically level grade, a 28-mile electric road, hauling heavy trains with an astounding saving in shop-labor, cleaning, minor engine-house repairs, and fuel, but it was the St. Paul which first attempted to apply, with the aid of ample electricity created by water-power, this principle to heavy grades over so extended a mileage.

"As to the advantages of running under electricity, there can be no question. Everybody knows how small a proportion of power is derived from coal in the locomotive. Probably 14 per cent. would be a liberal estimate. Not only is the locomotive of the heavy Mallet type burning 1,000 pounds of coal an hour, but the locomotive waiting in the sheds, with steam up, is burning 300 pounds an hour. At the end of its run, or a trifle over 100 miles, the engine has to be overhauled with all the hostler attentions, and it is not available for immediate service. With the merest inspection, at points two hundred or more miles apart, the electric locomotive now installed on the St. Paul can run one thousand miles, and it does not have to be taken to pieces if any defects develop; its parts are standardized, and the enormous difference in operating costs will be apparent to anybody who has watched the stripping of a steam-locomotive in the shops in order to make some relatively minor repair.

"No wonder the St. Paul, after examining every phase of the subject, feels justified in spending somewhere between twelve and fifteen million dollars in this electrification. It is a safe guess that the extension from Avery, the western end, over the Cascade Mountains, the northern extension of the Coast Range, to Seattle, will be made on the completion of the present 440 miles on January 1, 1917. All the needed power is available from Seattle.

"It is fair to surmise that from the commencement of the eastern rise in Montana down to the Pacific Coast at Seattle, a few short years will see that great and most extensive portion of the St. Paul road entirely electrified. Such a conversion established between these points may ultimately mean the production of electricity

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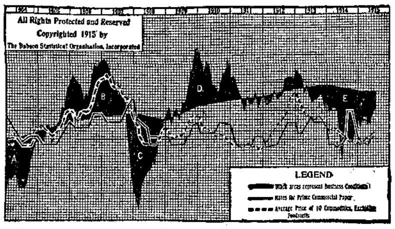

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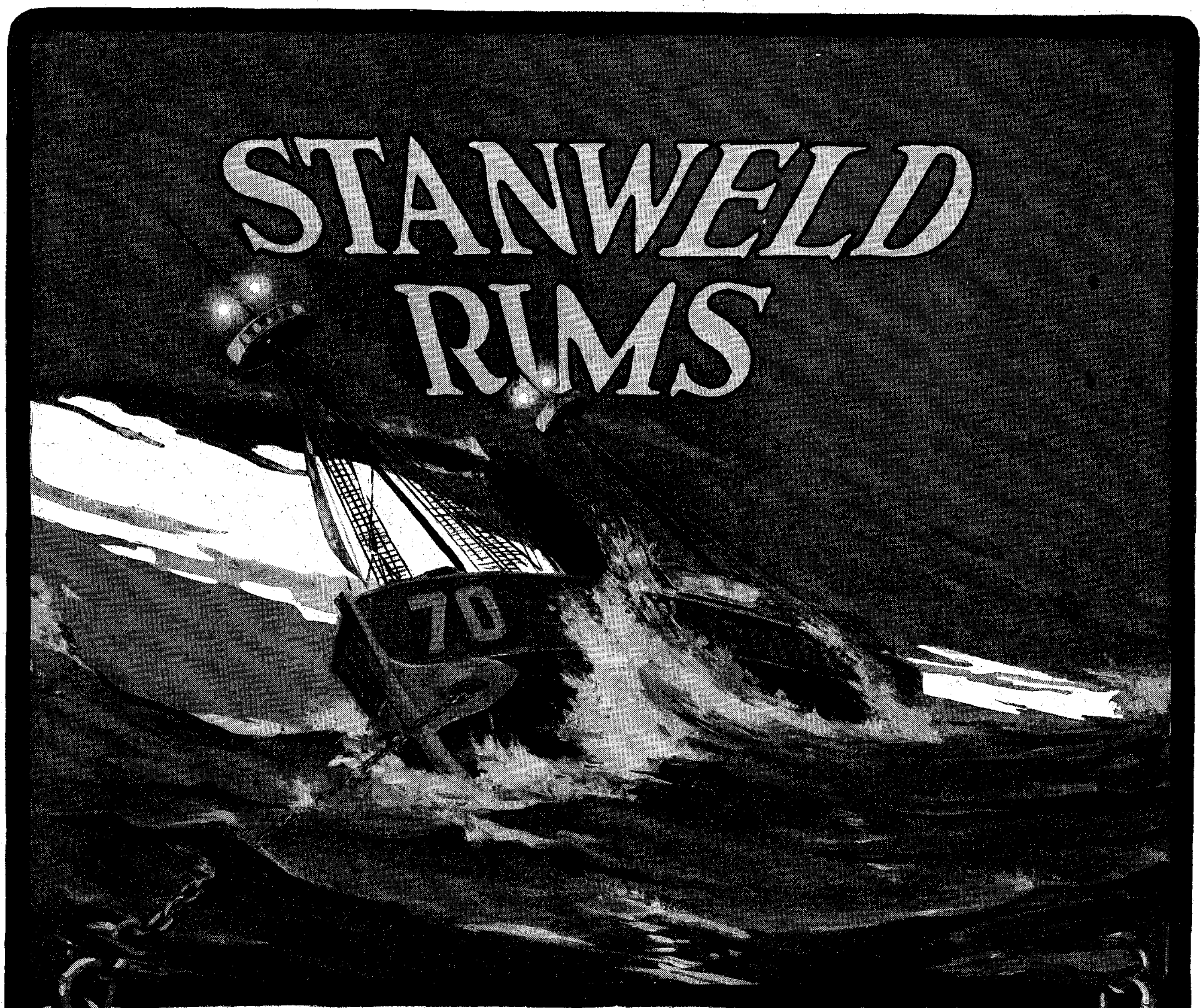

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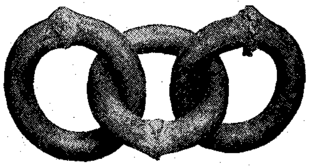

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Welded for Government Test by the Stanweld Process of Electric Welding

Outside Diameter of Links	*12"*
Thickness of Links	*2½"*
Elastic Limit after Welding	*99,850 lbs.*
Ultimate Strength after Welding	*113,650 lbs.*

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for locomotives by coal, and this is a new departure, being by no means so simple as electrification through cheap water-power. As one of the officials of the St. Paul truly says, it seems economically better to have one boiler and one engine, in producing power, than to have two hundred boilers and two hundred engines, or in other words, it is better to have the economical use of the fuel in the power-house, perhaps saving 40 per cent. of its value, as against the present uneconomical waste on locomotives by firemen, some good, some bad, and most indifferent."

LARGE EARNINGS FOR TWO GREAT TRUNK LINES

Statements by the Pennsylvania and New York Central roads for October, and for the ten months ending on October 31, show notably large earnings. They point to a year's earnings for the New York Central of at least 10 per cent. on the stock, and for the Pennsylvania of more than 9 per cent. Since October 1 "an extraordinary rush of traffic" set in on both lines. A writer in *The Wall Street Journal* says:

"Especially was the statement of the New York Central surprizing. These official figures show, for the Central itself, a balance after charges for ten months of $19,729,360, or 7.90 per cent. on $249,590,000 stock. This is equivalent to an annual rate of 9.48 per cent. Boston & Albany, which is reported separately in the monthly statements, is financially an integral part of the Central, being leased to it at a fixt rental. In the ten months the Boston & Albany earned a surplus after charges and the 8 per cent. guaranteed upon its stock of $482,747. Combining this with the Central's surplus, the latter becomes $20,212,107, or 8.08 per cent. earned on Central's outstanding stock in the ten months. This is equivalent to an annual rate of 9.66 per cent.

"Pennsylvania Railroad's surplus for the ten months of $31,035,766 means 6.20 per cent. on $500,000,000 stock, or at the rate of 7.44 per cent. a year. But the real earnings of the Pennsylvania stock are considerably more than this, inasmuch as the parent company owns every share of the $80,000,000 stock of the Pennsylvania Company. This subsidiary has so far paid but 2 per cent. dividends. This means that only $1,600,000 of the Pennsylvania Company's ten months' surplus of $5,318,063 has been included in the Pennsylvania Railroad's income as reported for that period. Taken together, the two companies earned a surplus applicable to dividends on the parent company's stock of $34,753,829, or 6.95 per cent. This again is equivalent to an annual rate of 8.34 per cent.

"It is to be remembered, further, that these roads ordinarily carry a heavy traffic in the last few months of the year and that this year especially the earnings have shown a cumulative improvement throughout the second half of the year almost unprecedented in their history. Both systems are now, at the opening of December, struggling to keep even with the traffic-demand upon them. It follows that for November and December their earnings will show gains approximating those of October.

"In other words, the New York Central is practically assured of earning upward of 10 per cent for its stock for the entire calendar year 1915, and the Pennsylvania of earning more than 9 per cent. Whether the New York Central will really earn a larger percentage upon its stock this year than the Pennsylvania depends somewhat upon the final dividend declarations of subsidiaries to be made this month. If it does, this will be the first year in the past twenty that it has done so.

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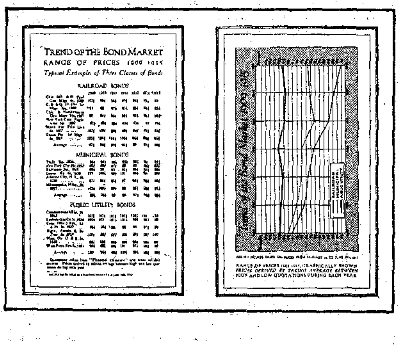

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"In that case, however, it would not necessarily follow that Pennsylvania stock, as an investment, is losing ground relatively to New York Central stock. The result is partly attributable to the large proportion of its financing that the Pennsylvania has done with stock during the past ten or fifteen years. Roughly, the Pennsylvania has twice as much stock as bonded debt outstanding, whereas the New York Central has about three times as much debt as stock."

THE RETURN OF AMERICAN SECURITIES BY EUROPEAN INVESTORS

The return of American securities—stocks and bonds—by European investors, as a consequence of the war, has thus far in large measure been financed by the New York banks. The support of these banks enabled the country to take them up on a great scale. At the same time, these banks enabled this country to grant to European nations great amounts of credit, these credits being used to promote exportations of our products. From a recent circular issued by the National City Bank, it appears that there was an increase in loans in one year by the New York banks of a full billion of dollars. The circular adds, however, that the present surplus reserves in these banks "would scarcely permit of another one billion dollars' increase," since it is "not desirable that the surplus be exhausted." But while our foreign trade continues to run as heavily in our favor as it has done for many months, the available credits and cash reserves in New York banks will probably continue to increase heavily, while back of the whole situation will lie the Federal Reserve System "with its resources as yet practically unemployed." Following are other items set forth in this interesting circular:

"The deposits of the sixty banks which are members of the New York Clearing House, thirty of them national banks and thirty State institutions, have increased in the year by over $1,300,000,000, not to speak of the deposits that have been transferred from them to the Federal Reserve Bank of this city. This is an extraordinary showing.

"Furthermore, while the loans of all the banks of the national system have been increasing in the total sum of about $356,000,000, the loans and investments of the Clearing-House banks have been increasing $953,000,000. Evidently the banks of other localities, unable to employ their funds elsewhere, have allowed them to accumulate in this city. The enormous exports which are payable through New York have created immense credits here.

"An increase of about $1,000,000,000 in the loans of the banks of New York City in one year, and that a year of light commercial demands, is something to take note of. It is more than double the increase shown by the entire national banking system, including the national banks of New York, in any year of its history. It is also significant that rates are now at the lowest point of the year, so that there is every encouragement for the expansion to go on. The stock of money in the country is increasing rapidly by the importation and production of gold, and the gain practically all finds its way here. The net importations of gold since January 1, 1915, have been about $360,000,000. The expansion of loans is due in the main to the foreign borrowing, the large purchases of American securities, principally bonds, from foreign holders and the expansion of stock-exchange business. The new loans are undoubtedly good in the sense that they are based upon sound collateral at a safe valuation, for the general list of standard stocks and bonds is still at a very moderate price-level, income considered. This class of loans, however, is not self-liquidating, and it is agreed that they are not the best kind of an investment for temporary deposits. To what extent the present volume of deposits in New York is temporary remains to be seen; there are signs that, despite the decentralizing purposes of the Federal Reserve Act, New York is about to develop into a much greater monetary center than it has been in the past. These new deposits of New York City consist largely of new capital which the country has not had before, and, as the whole country is making capital rapidly, the deposits of New York will be permanently larger. This will certainly be the case if we are to have a larger part in international finance and trade."

Referring to the opportunities the war has furnished for this country to become more of a world-power, the circular says:

"The war has stopt the flow of capital from Great Britain and Europe, and South America has felt the deprivation severely. At the recent Pan-American Conference the burden of every discussion was the problem of how to raise the capital necessary to enable these countries to continue their development. They do not want new capital in the form of money; they want it in the form of machinery, equipment, warehouses, facilities, and goods of various kinds which they do not produce, but which we can supply.

"China, with a vast population of industrious people, is inviting us to name the terms upon which we shall supply them with the modern equipment by which they may increase their production and lift themselves to a more comfortable level of existence. Russia, with its great undeveloped resources, is in the same position.

"The United States is in a position to play a large part in this world-development if its resources are properly organized for the task. We are buying back our own securities from foreign holders as fast as they are offered, and we can do more than that with our savings. Wealth is accumulating so rapidly that a portion of it can be spared for investment abroad. Internal development will go on and even be promoted and placed upon a surer basis by foreign investments which create profitable trade, open up new supplies of raw materials, and broaden the footing under our industries."

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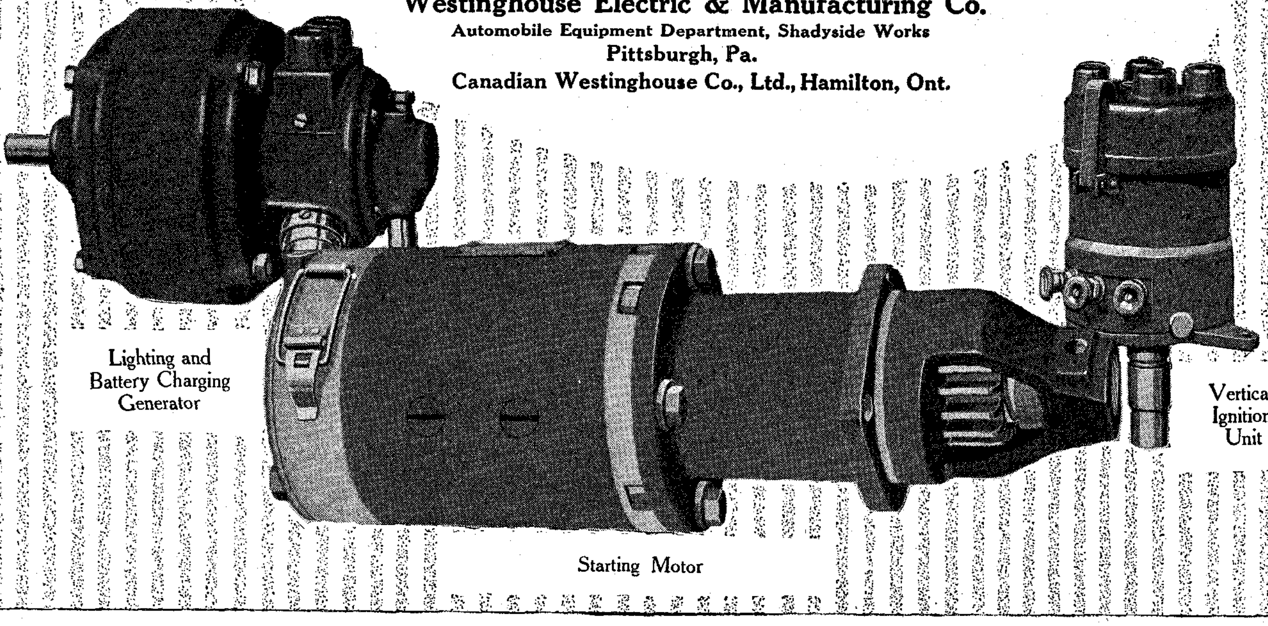

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WINTER TRAVEL NORTHWARD

SOME winter travelers there are who spurn the idea of seeking a warmer climate when snow, ice, and sleet fasten their grip on the Northern States. For them the greatest delight is to seek a still colder clime, where plentiful snow and boundless ice give opportunity for sport both exhilarating and health-bestowing. Fortunately for the devotees of this strenuous midwinter variety of sports there are plenty of opportunities in both the United States and Canada. The latter country has long been famous for its midwinter carnivals of skiing, snowshoeing, skating, ice-racing, tobogganing, and the like, and the ice-palaces of Montreal, Quebec, etc., have gained a far-reaching reputation. In our own White Mountains the same sports are enjoyed in midwinter, but for the New Yorker and resident of other Eastern States the Adirondacks, easily reached by New York Central and Delaware & Hudson lines, offer the most convenient field. Here is opportunity for every sort of winter sport imaginable, from old-fashioned sledding to scientific ice-hockey and fancy-dress carnivals. The spirit of the region has found expression in the Lake Placid Club, for membership in which full sympathy with the outdoor life in both summer and winter is necessary.

He who has not seen Niagara in its winter robe has missed one of the strikingly beautiful sights of the world. No words can describe the sublime effect of the huge masses of frozen spray piled up at the foot of the cataract, nor the silvery, gossamer appearance of the trees and shrubs with their sparkling garments of transformed mist. Over all an enveloping mantle of silver snow completes a picture more wonderful than the gifted artist could paint. A great flow of ice comes to the falls from Lake Erie and, plunging over, is jammed into a solid mass below. The famous ice-bridge is thus formed from shore to shore.

Among the health resorts of the Northern States that remain open the year around mention may be made of the Watkins Glen Springs, N. Y. The crisp, dry cold of the region makes winter a real delight and the health-giving mineral waters of the springs send one back to work with renewed vitality and ambition.

Saratoga Springs, New York, has an established reputation of having had a brilliant and famous past; a scarcely less brilliant and famous present; also of always being exceptionally healthful. The scientific analyses of its many and varied waters show them to possess properties exceedingly helpful and efficacious for scores of human ills. The State Commission now have in operation the famous Kayaderosseras Bath, hitherto found in European spas only.

Poland Spring, out of which perpetually boils up from a great depth, at the rate of eight gallons a minute, the Poland water, is in the town of South Poland, Maine, twenty-six miles north of Maine's greatest city, Portland. The salutary effects of the waters of this famous Spring are attracting a large and growing stream of desirable visitors in quest of health and pleasure.

If the fields of European travel are still missed it must be by those blind to the opportunities at our very doors. Unless one's life is long and one's ability to travel unbounded, the travel resources of America and her neighbors are inexhaustible.

CURRENT EVENTS

EUROPEAN WAR

IN THE BALKANS

December 9.—The Allied troops withdrawn from Krivolak are falling back so far in good order, according to their own statement, in which the outcome of a two-days' battle with the Bulgars is described. At present the French hold the line west of the Vardar, from Ghevgeli to Demir-Kapu, thence across the river and east to the Bulgarian border and south to Valandovo. From here south to Doiran the eastern front is supported by the British, who thus hold the approach to Strumitsa. Slight successes of the Bulgars on the east front are admitted. A responsible dispatch from Saloniki gives assurance of the permanence of the Allied expeditionary movement, which is establishing itself for the winter in the Greek seaport.

December 10.—After destroying the bridge across the Vardar, the Allies have apparently retreated from Demir-Kapu in good order along both banks of the river. Tho forced out of Gradec, some fifteen miles below, the French troops on the east bank succeed in building a bridgehead at a point still farther south. East of Valandovo the Bulgars attack the British line furiously, forcing it into new positions where it is reenforced by a segment of the French line.

Russian activities along the Roumanian border are declared to be in full swing, particularly about the Danube port of Reni, where troops are concentrating. Here and at Kilia in the delta munition-depots are being hastily erected.

December 11.—Rome receives word from Albania that the people there are at the point of starvation, unable to resist the rigors of winter.

A withdrawal by the British from Lake Doiran is made possible only by the gallant defense of three regiments of Irish troops, acting as rear-guard.

December 12.—The retreating Allies pass into Greece, leaving the border cities of Ghevgeli and Doiran in Bulgar hands. The German official report claims that "practically two British divisions were annihilated." The Bulgarian War Office issues a report of the successful expulsion of the Allies, declaring it a ten-days' operation in which the Bulgars were faced by 97,000 French and 75,000 British, 600 field guns, 130 mountain guns, and 80 heavy howitzers.

December 13.—Montenegro reports the repulse of several violent attacks along the sanjak front.

TURKISH CAMPAIGNS

December 8.—Turkey now admits that the British Mesopotamian forces are holding their position at Kut-el-Amara most stubbornly, but declares that a Turkish movement toward Sua-ik-Saad threatens their ultimate retreat.

December 9.—A dispatch from Aden states that between that city and Mahadi, southern Arabia, engagements result in Turkish successes, and declares the Turks marching on Aden and the fortifications of the Suez Canal.

December 10.—In the Caucasus, Russia claims the advantage over Turkey, in the coastal region of the Black Sea, southwest of Khopa, where an attempted Turkish advance is checked with heavy loss.

December 11.—At Kut-el-Amara the British successfully repluse several fierce attacks without much loss. Reenforcements are being rushed to their aid.

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When you have dismissed these, then direct your thoughts in other channels—toward other factors which may make or unmake your physical comfort and your mental ease.

First, simply sit in the Cadillac.

Observe the depth of upholstery—how you recline in the seats as you do in your favorite arm chair at home. Your position is one of rest and repose.

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Sit behind the wheel and ***drive*** the Cadillac yourself.

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Then drive the Cadillac ***again.***

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Take the bad roads—the worse the better. Drive through sand and mud, hard roads and soft roads, up hill and down dale.

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Observe how much more easily you release the clutch, how much more easily you shift into "second"—then into "high."

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You come to a bad stretch of road, with irregular, weaving wheel tracks. Observe how much more easily the Cadillac is controlled—how it holds the road.

Observe how much more easily you turn the corners. No abnormal strength required to guide the car—just a gentle influencing of the steering wheel.

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Remember, that upon the ease and sureness in handling, the steering and the braking, ***your safety depends***—regardless of whether you drive your own car or employ a chauffeur.

Observe that in the Cadillac, a sense of velvet softness characterizes every motion of the car and every action in its operation.

Observe that after a long drive, you have no feeling of fatigue, but in its place—one of intense exhilaration.

Now, recall the thoughts we asked you to dismiss—the wonderful smoothness—the swift acceleration—the remarkable flexibility—the marvelous activity—the unusual hill climbing powers—the incomparable roadability—the superb luxury.

Add to these the things which you have demonstrated to yourself—the extreme ease of operation and control—the absence of fatigue.

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Cadillac Motor Car Co. Detroit, Mich.

It is stated that the Dardanelles campaign is held up by blizzards. Winter finds the Turks wholly unprepared, and the British forces are hindered by severe floods that even necessitate the evacuation of their trenches.

December 12.—Constantinople describes a naval bombardment of Turkish positions at Anafarta and an unsuccessful attempt by the enemy at Sedd-el-Bahr to storm the Turkish trenches.

FRANCE AND BELGIUM

December 9.—West of Souain in the Champagne region, say dispatches, the French have driven the Germans out of all but a small portion of their advance trenches, and with constant battery-fire prevent them from reestablishing themselves. Northeast of Souain progresses an artillery-duel. The French bombardment of Pilken, on the Belgian line, results in a counter artillery attack on Ypres by the Germans. Elsewhere desultory engagements and much mining continue.

December 11.—Artillery-dueling continues prevalent along the line, occasionally supporting mining operations of considerable extent.

December 12.—A bombing party at Neuve Chapelle is successful in clearing out a German advance trench, but eventually retires. An Allied bombardment of the German line near Wez-Marquart and La Boutellerie is in progress. Cité St. Elie is on fire from Allied shells. Stormy weather prevails, hindering air-scouting.

December 14.—Artillery-bombardments continue below Arras and about Ypres. Cold weather has begun.

GENERAL

December 1.—British officers' casualty lists to November 29 give a total of casualties for the war as 6,527 killed, 12,866 wounded, and 1,733 missing. There is a pronounced falling off in the casualties of the last three weeks to date.

December 9.—Berlin publishes stories of a serious and wide-spread revolt against Italian rule in Tripoli, in which, at Kasasyrt, the Italians are utterly routed with losses of 6,000 of their number.

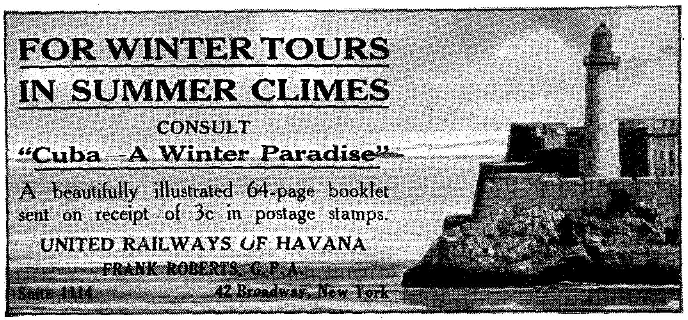
December 10.—The positions along the whole line in Russia remain unchanged. It is rumored that Lemberg, Galicia, is evacuated by the Austro-Hungarian forces on account of an outbreak of scurvy that has assumed alarming proportions.

An Austrian seaplane squadron bombards Ancona, on the Adriatic coast of Italy, with considerable effect, asserts Vienna.

December 11.—At the conclusion of the period set by the Earl of Derby for voluntary British enlistments it is estimated that 80 per cent. of the available men are enrolled.

Amsterdam declares that the Berlin *Post*, leading conservative newspaper, has been suspended for publishing an article hostile to any form of peace that

Travel and Resort Directory



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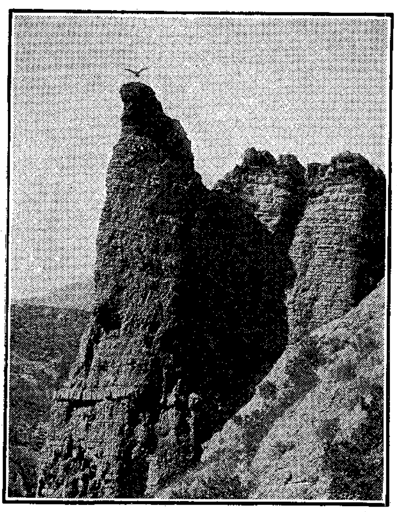

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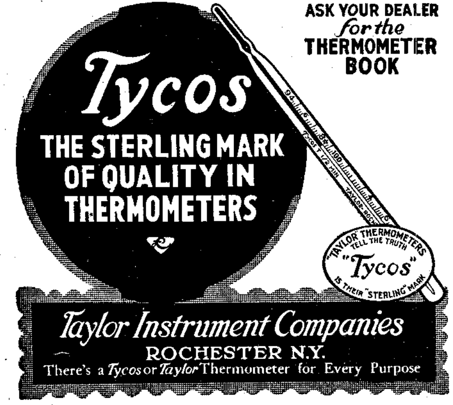
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should not include German retention of all conquered territory.

December 14.—Gorizia is still under bombardment by the Italian forces. Elsewhere the Isonzo front is reported as inactive.

General Sir Horace Smith-Dorrien is appointed Commander-in-Chief in British East Africa.

It is officially announced that England holds 45,749 prisoners of war, of whom 32,274 are civilians, and 13,475 are naval and military men.

December 15.—General Sir Douglas Haig is appointed to the post of Commander-in-Chief of the British forces in France and Belgium in place of Sir John French, who becomes Commander-in-Chief of the armies in the United Kingdom and is created Viscount of the United Kingdom in recognition of his services.

GENERAL FOREIGN

December 9.—A labor organization numbering 2,000,000 members, the largest in the country's history, is formed in England for offensive and defensive action in matters respecting wages and conditions of work.

December 11.—Yuan Shi Kai, President of the Chinese Republic, accepts the throne of China, tendered him by the Council of State as the result of an overwhelming vote in favor of a change of government.

December 13.—Melbourne, Australia, cables that drought in Santa Cruz and the Solomon Islands kills over 4,000 natives, causing the depopulation of whole villages.

DOMESTIC

December 9.—The French cruiser *Descartes* halts the Porto Rico liner *Coamo* a few miles off San Juan and takes off four firemen of Teutonic nationality. A German chief steward also is taken by the same war-ship from the Porto Rico liner *Carolina*.

The annual report of the Secretary of War concentrates on an analysis of plans for a bigger Army and, among other specifications, asks for 500,000 men.

December 10.—The New York and Porto Rico liner *San Juan* is stopt by the French cruiser *Descartes* and two second-class passengers are taken off. The prisoners are Germans, residents of New Orleans.

Captains Karl Boy-Ed and Franz von Papen are recalled officially by Kaiser Wilhelm, and are granted unconditional safe-conducts by the Allied Governments.

December 12.—Count von Bernstorff, in his Government's behalf, announces that Germany disavows all connection with Capt. Franz von Rintelen who, now in the Tower of London, is charged with coming to this country to incite strikes in munition-factories, and is said to have financed the organization known as "Labor's National Peace Council."

The annual report of Secretary Daniels estimates the "five-year" naval program recommended by the President to Congress will cost $502,482,214. He recommends, among other things, a substantial increase in the officer list, an extension of the naval reserve, increased naval militia appropriations, an adequate ($5,000,000) scientific laboratory for naval research boards, and minor improvements.

December 13.—Baron George Wilhelm von Brincken, attaché of the German consulate at San Francisco, and two employees are indicted by the grand jury on a charge of hindering and attempting to destroy interstate and national commerce, and a second charge of using the mails to incite arson, assassination, and murder.

December 14.—The American International Corporation, the new $50,000,000 foreign-trade organization, purchases from the Pacific Mail Company, now undergoing liquidation, seven of its steamers for use in trading between our west coast and South America.

Three Germans and an Austrian are caught on the army transport *Sheridan* at San Francisco disguised as American soldiers. Four members of the crew; are arrested for conspiracy.

THE LEXICOGRAPHER'S EASY CHAIR

In this column, to decide questions concerning the current use of words, the Funk & Wagnalls New Standard Dictionary is consulted as arbiter.

Readers will please bear in mind that no notice will be taken of anonymous communications.

"W. H. T.," Uniontown, Ala.—"(1) What is the derivation of the word *church?* I am familiar with the ordinary derivation from the Greek. That does not satisfy me either philologically or scientifically. To me it seems conclusive against such a derivation that none of the Latins used the word. This seems to show that the word must be Teutonic. I have seen a suggestion of its derivation from 'Clachna.' (2) Also, give me the word for *priest* in Anglo-Saxon and German. What I wish to know is what Hengist and Horsa used in place of Hiereus; what was called the priest of Thor or Odin."

(1) The NEW STANDARD DICTIONARY gives the etymology as follows: From Anglo-Saxon *circe*, from Greek *kyriakon*, from *kyriakos*, of the Lord, from *kyrios*, lord, from *kyros*, might. This is the etymology recognized by practically all scholars, and the LEXICOGRAPHER can see no valid reason for departing from it. The derivation from *clachna* is not accepted historically or phonetically. The word is, as you say, common to a number of Teutonic languages, as the Dutch *kerk*, Danish *kirke*, Swedish *kyrka*, German *kirche*, etc., but all these are probably borrowed from the Greek *kyriakon*. (2) As to *priest*, the Old High German and Old Saxon terms for *priest* were *ewart* and *esago*, literally, "keeper or guardian of the law" and "proclaimer of laws." There is also an Old High German word *wizzago*, literally, "knowing me," meaning a priest or magician. Probably the priests of Thor or Odin were known by one of these names to Hengist and Horsa.

"L. E. R.," Pittsburg, Pa.—"Kindly decide the following: 'A' bought one fly for fishing. 'B,' having knowledge of this purchase, tells 'A' that he ('A') has not succeeded in getting any flies. 'A' replies that he has, and produces the one fly, but 'B' contends that 'A' has not succeeded in getting any flies unless he has got more than one. Who is right?"

The point raised depends upon the meaning of the word *any*. Etymologically *any* is from the Anglo-Saxon *ænig*, which means "one." As in common use to-day the word means, "one or some (indefinitely); *one* or more persons, things, or portions (indefinitely)." Therefore, "A," having purchased *one* fly, wins.

"L. E. Y.," Sharon, Pa.—"In criticizing a letter recently, exception was taken to the phrase, 'When you was at our office.' Is this incorrect? If so, why?"

It is incorrect, because a finite verb must agree with its subject in person and number, and does so when a verb in the singular is used to agree with a singular subject, or when a plural is used to agree with a plural subject. "You" is a personal pronoun, second person *plural*, and "was" is the first or the third person *singular* of the verb *to be*. *You* is now used instead of "Thou" in addressing a single person, and originally, as the *pronomen reverentiæ* was addressed to kings. *You* as a singular in "you was" attained wide use, even literary, in the eighteenth century, *but it is now illiterate*, and *you* is used with the plural construction in direct address; as "*you are* a man indeed"; "*are you* all there?"